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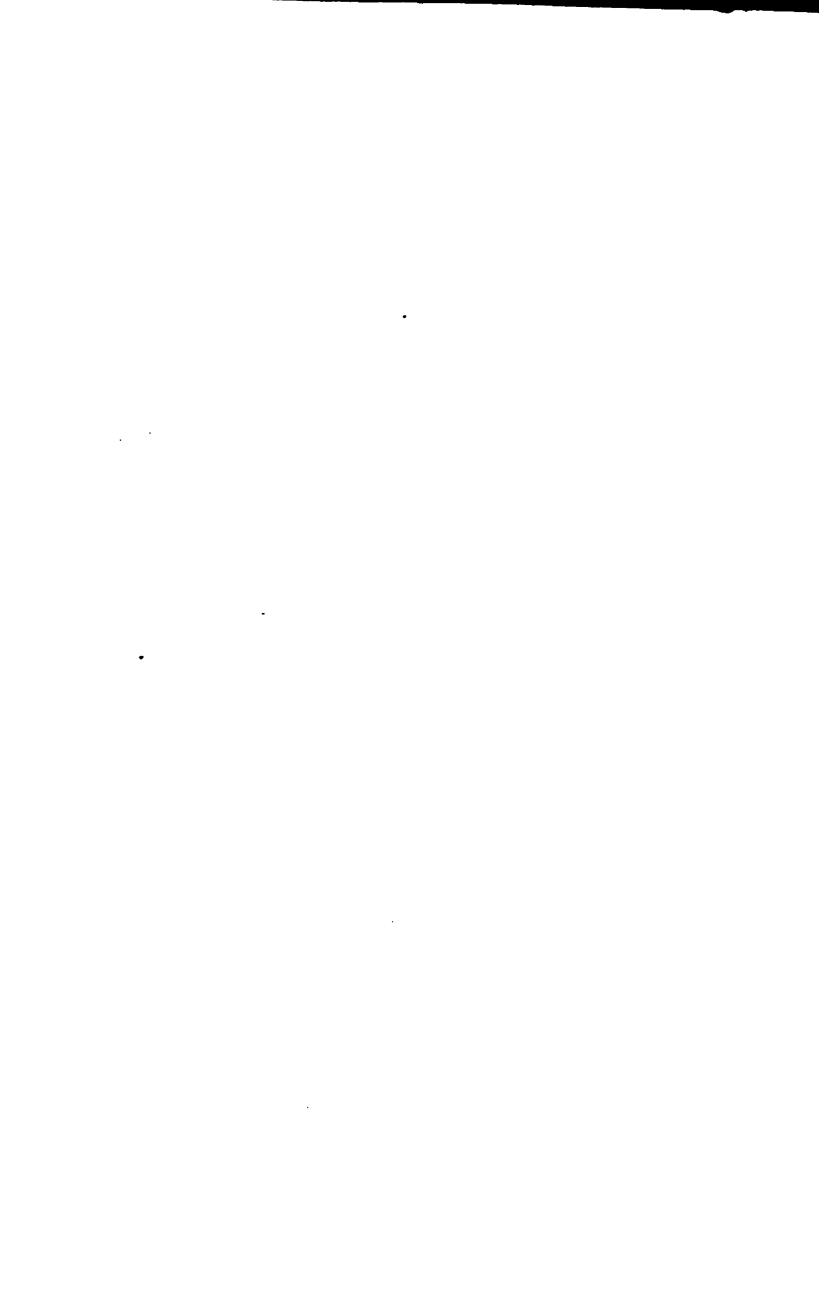


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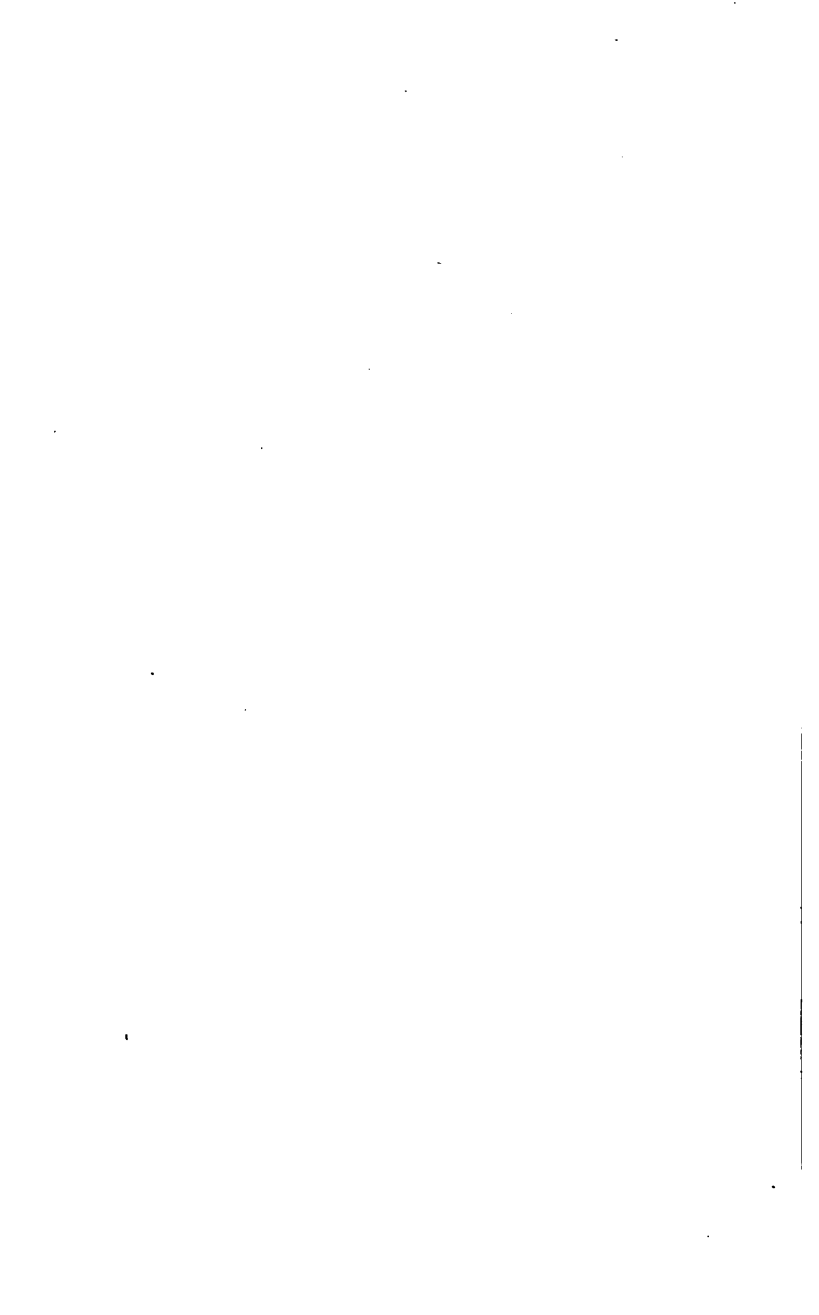


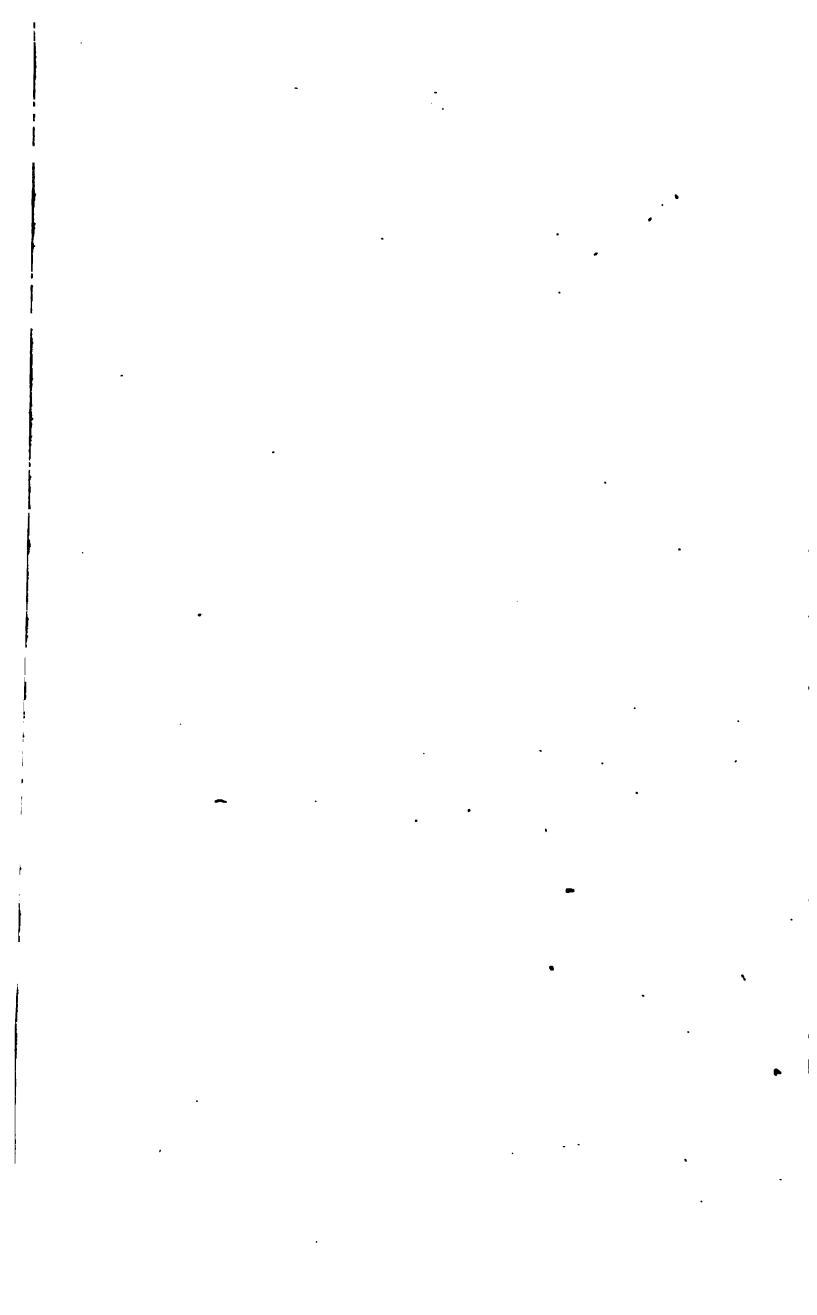
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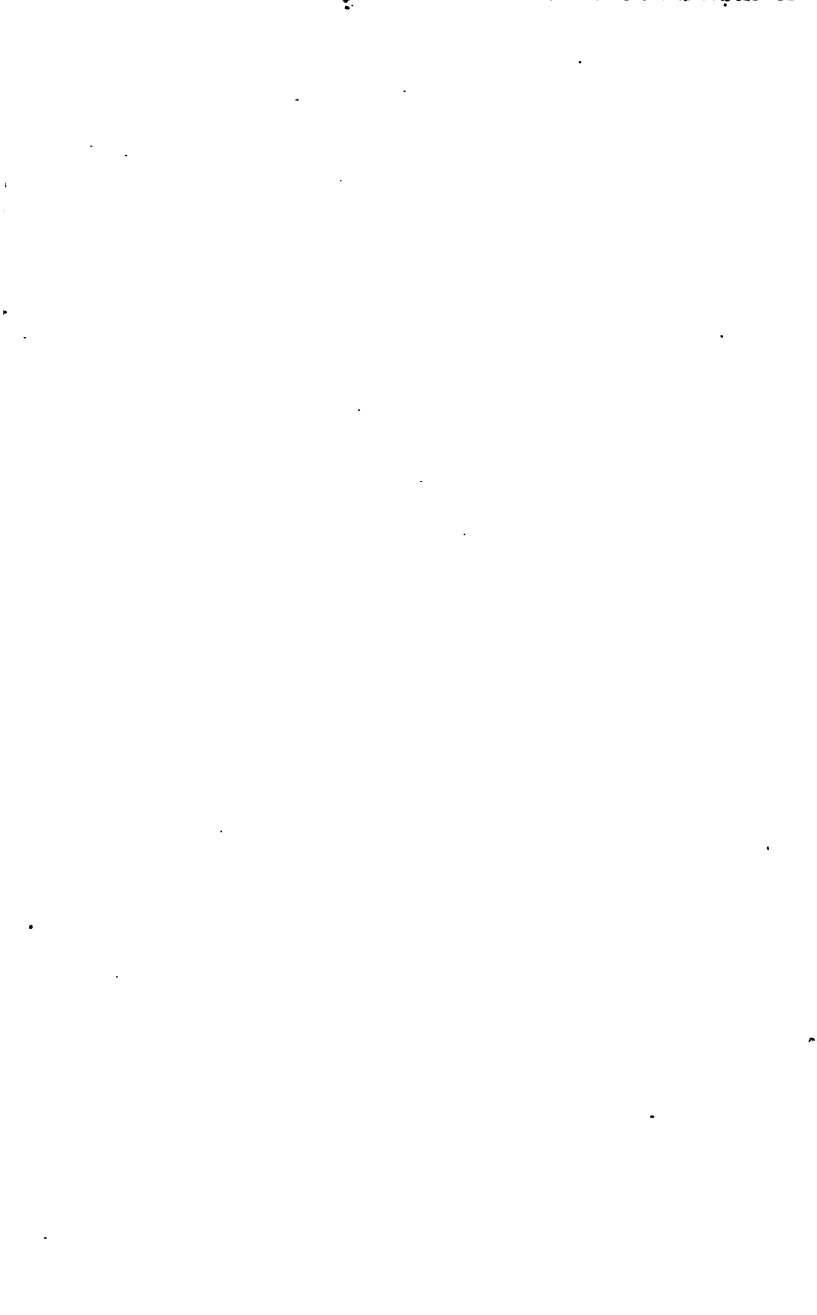
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James Watt

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# BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES.

BY

SAMUEL SMILES,

AUTHOR OF "SELF-HELP," AND "LIFE OF GEORGE  
STEPHENSON."

**With Steel Portraits.**

Might I give counsel to any young man, I would say to him, Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life, that is the most wholesome society. Learn to admire rightly : the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired : they admired great things. Narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly.

W. M. THACKERAY.

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## P R E F A C E .

THE author has pleasure in offering to the American public, through the medium of the Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, — at whose request the collection has been made, — the following Brief Biographies, many of which have been published by him at various times in English periodicals, in the hope that their perusal will be found not without some instruction and interest. One of the articles in the volume is from the pen of an American friend.

LONDON, July 24, 1860.





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## JAMES WATT.

**T**HE inventor of the steam-engine, now so extensively applied to production in all the arts of industry, is entitled to be regarded as one of the most extraordinary men who has ever lived. Steam is the very Hercules of modern mythology. In the manufactures of Great Britain alone, the power which it exercises is estimated to be equal to the manual labor of four hundred millions of men, or more than double the number of males supposed to inhabit the globe. Steam has become the universal lord. It impels ships in every sea, and drags tram-loads of passengers and merchandise in all lands. It pumps water, drives mills, hammers iron, prints books and newspapers, and works in a thousand ways with an arm that never tires. All this marvellous and indescribable power has flowed from the invention of one man, the subject of the following memoir.

JAMES WATT was born at Greenock on the Clyde, on the 19th of January, 1736. His parents were of the middle class,—honest, industrious people, with a character for probity which had descended to them from their “forbears,” and was the proudest inheritance of the family. James Watt was thus emphatically well-born. His grandfather was a teacher of navigation and mathematics in the village of Cartdyke, now part of Greenock, and dignified himself with the name of “Professor.” But as Cartdyke was as yet only a humble collection of thatched hovels, and the

shipping of the Clyde was confined principally to fishing-boats, the probability is, that his lessons in navigation were of a very humble order. He was, however, a dignitary of the place, being Bailie of the Barony, as well as one of the parish elders. His son, James Watt, the father of the engineer, settled at Greenock as a carpenter and builder. Greenock was then little better than a fishing-village, consisting of a single row of thatched cottages lying parallel with the sandy beach of the Frith of Clyde. The beautiful shore, broken by the long, narrow sea-lochs running far away among the Argyleshire hills, and now fringed with villages, villas, and mansions, was then as lonely as Glencoe; and the waters of the Frith, now daily plashed by the paddles of almost innumerable Clyde steamers, were as yet undisturbed, save by the passing of an occasional Highland coble. The prosperity of Greenock was greatly promoted by Sir John Shaw, the feudal superior, who succeeded in obtaining from the British Parliament, what the Scottish Parliament previous to the Union had refused, the privilege of constructing a harbor. Ships began after 1740 to frequent the pier, and then Mr. Watt added ship-carpentering and dealing in ships' stores to his other pursuits. He himself held shares in ships, and engaged in several foreign mercantile ventures, some of which turned out ill, and involved him in embarrassments. A great deal of miscellaneous work was executed on his premises, — household furniture and ship's carpentry, — chairs and tables, figure-heads and capstans, blocks, pumps, gun-carriages, and dead-eyes. The first crane erected on the Greenock pier, for the convenience of the Virginia tobacco-ships, was supplied from his stores. He even undertook to repair ships' compasses, as well as the commoner sort of nautical instruments then in use. These multifarious occupations were the result of the smallness of the place, while the business of a single calling was yet too limited to yield a competence. That Mr. Watt was a man

of repute in his locality is shown by his having been elected one of the trustees to manage the funds of the borough in 1741, when Sir John Shaw divested himself of his feudal rights, and made them over to the inhabitants. Mr. Watt subsequently held office as town-treasurer, and as bailie or magistrate.

Agnes Muirhead, the bailie's wife, and the mother of James Watt, was long remembered in the place as an intelligent woman, bountifully gifted with graces of person as well as of mind and heart. She was of a somewhat dignified appearance; and it was said that she affected a superior style of living to her neighbors. One of these, long after, spoke of her as "a braw, braw woman, none like her now-a-days," and commented on the extraordinary fact of her having on one occasion no fewer than "two lighted candles on the table at the same time"! The bailie's braw wife was, perhaps, the only lady in Greenock who then dressed à-la-mode, — the petticoat worn over a hoop, and curiously tucked up behind, with a towering head-dress over her powdered hair. This pretentious dame, as she appeared, probably did no more than adapt her mode of living to Mr. Watt's circumstances, which seem to have enabled him to adopt a more generous style than was usual in small Scottish towns, where the people were for the most part very poor, and accustomed to slender fare.

From childhood, James Watt was of an extremely fragile constitution, requiring the tenderest nurture. Unable to join in the rude play of healthy children, and confined almost entirely to the house, he acquired a shrinking sensitiveness which little fitted him for the rough battle of life; and when he was sent to the town-school it caused him many painful trials. His mother had already taught him reading, and his father a little writing and arithmetic. His very sports proved lessons to him. His mother, to amuse him, encouraged him to draw with a pencil upon paper, or with chalk upon the

floor, and he was supplied with a few tools from the carpenter's shop, which he soon learned to handle with considerable expertness. The mechanical dexterity he acquired was the foundation upon which he built the speculations to which he owes his glory, nor without this manual training is there the least likelihood that he would have become the improver and almost the creator of the steam-engine. Mrs. Watt exercised an influence no less beneficial on the formation of his moral character; her gentle nature, strong good-sense, and earnest, unobtrusive piety, strongly impressing themselves upon his young mind and heart. Nor were his parents without their reward; for as he grew up to manhood he repaid their anxious care with warm affection. Mrs. Watt was accustomed to say, that the loss of her only daughter, which she had felt so severely, had been fully made up to her by the dutiful attentions of her son.

From an early period he was subject to violent headaches, which confined him to his room for weeks together. It is in such cases as his that indications of precocity are generally observed, and parents would be less pleased at their appearance did they know that they are generally the symptoms of disease. Several remarkable instances of this precocity are related of Watt. On one occasion, when he was bending over a marble hearth, with a piece of chalk in his hand, a friend of his father said, "You ought to send that boy to a public school, and not allow him to trifle away his time at home." "Look how my child is occupied," replied the father, "before you condemn him." Though only six years of age, he was trying to solve a problem in geometry. On another occasion, he was reproved by Mrs. Muirhead, his aunt, for his indolence at the tea-table. "James Watt," said the worthy lady, "I never saw such an idle boy as you are; take a book, or employ yourself usefully; for the last hour you have not spoken one word, but taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again, holding now a cup, and now a

silver-spoon, over the steam, watching how it rises from the spout, catching and counting the drops it falls into ; are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way ?” In the view of M. Arago, “the little James before the tea-kettle becomes the mighty engineer preparing the discoveries which were to immortalize him.” In our opinion, the judgment of the aunt was the truest. There is no reason to suppose that the mind of little James was occupied with philosophical considerations on the condensation of steam. This is an afterthought borrowed from his subsequent discoveries. Nothing is commoner than for children to be amused with such phenomena, in the same way that they will form air-bubbles in a cup of tea, and watch them sailing over the surface till they burst ; and the probability is that little James was quite as idle as he seemed.

At school, where a parrot-power of learning what is set down in the lesson-book is the chief element of success, Watt’s independent observation and reflection did not enable him to distinguish himself, and he was even considered dull and backward for his age. He shone as little in the playground as in the class. The timid and sensitive boy found himself completely out of place in the midst of the boisterous juvenile republic. Against the tyranny of the elders he was helpless ; their wild play was completely distasteful to him ; he could not join in their sports, nor roam with them along the beach, nor take part in their hazardous exploits in the harbor. Accordingly, they showered upon him contemptuous epithets ; and, the school being composed of both sexes, the girls joined in the laugh. Continual ailments, however, prevented his attendance for weeks together.

When not yet fourteen, he was taken by his mother for change of air to some relatives at Glasgow, then a quiet place, without a single long chimney, somewhat resembling a rural market-town of the present day. He proved so wakeful during his visit, and so disposed to indulge in that



story-telling which even Sir Walter Scott could admire at a late period of his life, that Mrs. Watt was entreated to take him home. "I can no longer bear the excitement in which he keeps me," said Mrs. Campbell; "I am worn out with want of sleep. Every evening, before our usual hour of retiring to rest, he adroitly contrives to engage me in conversation, then begins some striking tale, and, whether it be humorous or pathetic, the interest is so overpowering, that all the family listen to him with breathless attention; hour after hour strikes unheeded, but the next morning I feel quite exhausted. You must really take home your son." His taste for fiction never left him; and to the close of his days he took delight in reading a novel.

James Watt, having finished his education at the grammar-school of his native town, received no further instruction. As with all distinguished men, his extensive after-acquirements in science and literature were entirely the result of his own self-culture. Towards the end of his school career his strength seems to have grown; his progress was more rapid and decided; and before he left he had taken the lead of his class. But his best education was gathered from the conversation of his parents. Almost every cottage, indeed, in Scotland, is a training-ground for their future men. How much of the unwritten and traditionary history which kindles the Scotchman's nationality, and tells upon his future life, is gleaned at his humble fireside! Moreover, the library shelf of Watt's home contained well-thumbed volumes of Boston, Bunyan, and "The Cloud of Witnesses," with Harry the Rhymer's "Life of Wallace," and old ballads tattered by frequent use. These he devoured greedily, and re-read them until he had most of them by heart.

During holiday times, he indulged in rambles along the Clyde, sometimes crossing to the north shore, and strolling up the Gare Loch and Holy Loch, and even as far as Ben Lomond itself. He was of a solitary disposition, and loved

to wander by himself at night amidst the wooded pleasure-grounds which surrounded the old mansion-house overlooking the town, watching through the trees the mysterious movements of the stars. He became fascinated by the wonders of astronomy, and was stimulated to inquire into the science by the nautical instruments which he found amongst his father's ship-stores. It was a peculiarity which characterized him through life, that he could not look upon any instrument or machine without being seized with a determination to unravel its mystery, and master the *rationale* of its uses. Before he was fifteen, he had twice gone through, with great attention, S'Gravesande's Elements of Natural Philosophy, which belonged to his father. He performed many chemical experiments, and even contrived to make an electrical machine, much to the marvel of those who felt its shocks. Like most invalids, he read eagerly such books on medicine as came in his way. He went so far as to practise dissection; and on one occasion he was found carrying off the head of a child who had died of some uncommon disease. "He told his son," says Mr. Muirhead, "that, had he been able to bear the sight of the sufferings of patients, he would have been a surgeon." In his rambles, his love of wild-flowers and plants lured him on to the study of botany. Ever observant of the aspects of nature, the violent upheavings of the mountain ranges on the northern shores of Loch Lomond next directed his attention to mineralogy. He devoured all the works which fell in his way; and on a friend advising him to be less indiscriminate, he replied, "I have never yet read a book, or conversed with a companion, without gaining information, instruction, or amusement." This was no answer to the admonition of his friend, who merely recommended him to bestow upon the best books the time he devoted to the worse. But the appetite for knowledge in inquisitive minds is, during youth, when curiosity is fresh and unslaked, too insatiable to be fastidious, and the volume

which gets the preference is usually the first which comes in the way.

Watt was not a mere bookworm. In his solitary walks through the country, he would enter the cottages of the peasantry, gather their local traditions, and impart to them information of a similar kind from his own ample stores. Fishing, which suited the tranquil character of his nature, was his single sport. When unable to ramble for the purpose, he could still indulge the pursuit while standing in his father's yard, which was open to the sea, and the water of sufficient depth, at high tide, to enable vessels of fifty or sixty tons to lie alongside.

Watt, as we have seen, had learnt the use of his hands, a highly serviceable branch of education, though not taught at schools or colleges. He could ply his tools with considerable dexterity, and he was often employed in the carpenter's shop in making miniature cranes, pulleys, pumps, and capstans. He could work in metal, and a punch-ladle of his manufacture, formed out of a large silver coin, is still preserved. His father had originally intended him to follow his own business of a merchant, but having sustained several heavy losses about this time, — one of his ships having foundered at sea, — and observing the strong bias of his son towards mechanical pursuits, he determined to send him to Glasgow, to learn the trade of a mathematical-instrument maker.

In 1754, when he was in his eighteenth year, he accordingly set out for Glasgow, which was as different from the Glasgow of 1860 as it is possible to imagine. Little did he dream, when he entered it a poor prentice lad, what it was afterwards to become, through the result of his individual labors. Not a steam-engine or a steamboat then disturbed the quiet of the town. There was a little quay on the Broomielaw, partly covered with broom; and this quay was fitted with a solitary crane, for which there was but small use, as boats of more than six tons could not ascend the Clyde. Often

not a single masted vessel was to be seen in the river. The chief magnates of the place were the tobacco-merchants and the Professors of the College. Next to tobacco, the principal trade of the town with foreign countries was in grindstones, coals, and fish, — Glasgow herrings being in great repute.

Inconsiderable though Glasgow was at the middle of last century, it was the only place in Scotland which exhibited signs of industrial prosperity. About the middle of last century Scotland was a poor and haggard country. Nothing could be more dreary than those Lowland districts which now perhaps exhibit the finest agriculture in the world. Wheat was so rare a plant, that a field of eight acres within a mile of Edinburgh attracted the attention of the whole neighborhood. Even in the Lothians, Roxburgh, and Lanarkshire, little was to be seen but arid, bleak moors and quaking bogs, with occasional patches of unenclosed and ill-cultivated land. Where manure was used, it was carried to the field on the back of the crofter's wife; the crops were carried to market on the back of the plough-horse, and occasionally on the backs of the crofter and his family. The country was without roads, and between the towns there were only rough tracks across moors. Goods were conveyed from place to place on pack-horses. The trade between Glasgow and Edinburgh was conducted in the same rude way; and when carriers were established, the time occupied going and coming between Edinburgh and Selkirk — a distance of only thirty-eight miles — was an entire fortnight. The road lay along Gala Water, and in summer the driver took his rude cart along the channel of the stream, as being the most level and easy path. In winter the road was altogether impassable. Communication by coach was scarcely anywhere known. A caravan, which was started between Glasgow and Edinburgh in 1749, took two days to perform the journey. For practical purposes, these towns were as distant from London as they now are from New York. As

late as 1763, there was only one stage-coach which ran to London. It set out from Edinburgh once a month, and the journey occupied from fifteen to eighteen days. Letters were mostly sent by hand, and after mails were established the post-bags were often empty. Sir Walter Scott knew a man who remembered the London post-bag, which contained the letters from all England to all Scotland, arriving in Edinburgh with only one letter. In 1707, the entire post-office revenue of Scotland was only £ 1,194; in 1857, the penny-postage of Glasgow alone produced £ 68,877. The custom-dues of Greenock now produce more than five times the revenue derived from the whole of Scotland in the times of the Stuarts. The Clyde, which less than a century ago could scarcely admit the passage of a herring-boat, floats down with almost every tide vessels of thousands of tons burden, capable of wrestling with the hurricanes of the Atlantic. The custom-duties levied at the port of Glasgow have been increased from £ 125 in 1796, to £ 718,835 in 1856. The advance has been nearly the same in all the other departments of Scotch industry.

At Glasgow, Watt in vain sought to learn the trade of a mathematical-instrument maker. The only person in the place dignified with the name of "Optician" was an old mechanic who sold and mended spectacles, constructed and repaired fiddles, tuned the few spinnets of the town and neighborhood, and eked out a slender living by making and selling fishing-rods and fishing-tackle. Watt was as handy at dressing trout and salmon-flies as at most other things, and his master no doubt found him useful enough; but there was nothing to be learnt in return. Professor Dick, having been consulted as to the best course to be pursued, recommended the lad to proceed to London. Watt accordingly set out for the metropolis in June, 1755, in the company of a relative, Mr. Marr, the captain of an East-Indiaman. The pair travelled on horseback, and performed the journey in

thirteen days. Arrived in town, they went about from shop to shop without success. Instrument-makers were few in number, and the rules of the trade, which were then very strict, only permitted them to take into their employment apprentices who should be bound for seven years, or journeymen who had already served their time. "I have not," said Watt, writing to his father about a fortnight after his arrival, "yet got a master; we have tried several, but they all make some objection or other. I find that, if any of them agree with me at all, it will not be for less than a year, and even for that time they will be expecting some money." At length, one Mr. Morgan, an instrument-maker in Finch Lane, consented to take him for a twelvemonth, for a fee of twenty guineas. He soon proved himself a ready learner and skilful workman. The division of labor, the result of an extensive trade, which causes the best London-built carriages to be superior to any of provincial construction, was even then applied to mathematical instruments. "Very few here," wrote Watt, "know any more than how to make a rule, others a pair of dividers, and such like." His discursive mind would under no circumstances have allowed him to rest content with such limited proficiency, and he probably contemplated setting up in Scotland, where every branch of the business would have to be executed by himself. He resolved to acquire the entire art, and from brass scales and rules proceeded to Hadley's quadrants, azimuth-compasses, brass sectors, theodolites, and the more delicate sort of instruments. By the end of the year he wrote to his father that he had "just made a brass sector with a French joint, which is reckoned as nice a piece of framing work as is in the trade." To relieve his father of the expense of his maintenance, he wrought after-hours on his own account. His living cost him only eight shillings a week; and lower than that, he wrote, he could not reduce it, "without pinching his belly." When night came, "his body was

wearied and his hand shaking from ten hours' hard work." His health suffered. His seat in Mr. Morgan's shop during the winter being close to the door, which was frequently opened and shut, he caught a severe cold. But in spite of sickness and a racking cough, he stuck to his work, and still earned money in his morning and evening hours.

Another circumstance prevented his stirring abroad during the greater portion of his stay in London. A hot press for sailors was then going on, and as many as forty press-gangs were out. In the course of one night they took a thousand men. Nor were the kidnappers idle. These were the agents of the East India Company, and had crimping-houses, or depots, in different parts of the metropolis, to receive the men whom they secured for the Indian army. When the demand for soldiers slackened, they continued their trade, and sold the poor wretches to the planters in Pennsylvania and other North American colonies. Sometimes severe fights took place between the press-gangs and the kidnappers for the possession of the unhappy victims who had been seized. "They now press anybody they can get," wrote Watt in the spring of 1756, "landsmen as well as seamen, except it be in the liberties of the city, where they are obliged to carry them before the Lord Mayor first; and unless one be either a prentice or a creditable tradesman, there is scarce any getting off again. And if I was carried before my Lord Mayor, I *durst not* avow that I worked in the city, it being against their laws for any non-freeman to work, even as a journeyman, within the liberties." What a curious glimpse does this give us into the practice of man-hunting in London in the eighteenth century!

When Watt's year with Mr. Morgan was up, his cold had assumed a rheumatic form. Distressed by a gnawing pain in his back, and depressed by weariness, he determined to leave London, although confident that he could have found remunerative employment, and seek for health in his native air,

among his kinsfolk at Greenock. After spending about twenty guineas in purchasing tools, together with the materials for making many more, and buying a copy of Bion's work on the construction and use of mathematical instruments, he set off for Scotland, and reached Greenock in the autumn of 1756. Shortly after, when his health had been somewhat restored by rest, he proceeded to Glasgow and commenced business on his own account, at twenty years of age.

In endeavoring to establish himself in his trade, Watt encountered the same obstacle which, in London, had almost prevented his learning it. Although there were no mathematical-instrument makers in Glasgow, and it must have been a public advantage to have him settle in the place, he was opposed by the corporation of hammermen, on the ground that he was neither the son of a burgess, nor had served an apprenticeship within the borough. He had been employed, however, to repair some mathematical instruments bequeathed to the University by a gentleman in the West Indies; and the Professors, having an absolute authority within the area occupied by the college buildings, determined to give him an asylum, and free him from the incubus of Guilds. By the midsummer of 1757 he was securely established within the College precincts, where his room, which was only about twenty feet square, is still to be seen, and is the more interesting that its walls remain in as rude a state as when he left it. It is entered from the quadrangle by a spiral stone staircase, and over the door in the court below Watt exhibited his name, with the addition of "Mathematical-Instrument Maker to the University."

Though his wants were few, and he subsisted on the humblest fare, Watt had a hard struggle to live by his trade. After a year's trial of it, he wrote to his father, in September, 1758, "that unless it be the Hadley's instruments, there is little to be got by it, as at most other jobs I am obliged to



do the most of them myself; and as it is impossible for one person to be expert at everything, they very often cost me more time than they should do." Of the quadrants, he could make three in a week, with the assistance of a lad, and the profit upon the three was 40 s. But the demand was small, and, unless he could extend his market, "he must fall," he said, "into some other way of business, as this will not do in its present situation." Failing sufficient customers for his instruments in Glasgow, he sent them to Greenock and Port Glasgow, where his father helped him to dispose of them. Orders gradually flowed in upon him, but his business continued to be very small, eked out though it was by map and chart selling.

The most untoward circumstances have often the happiest results. It is not Fortune that is blind, but man. The fame and success of Watt were probably due to his scanty trade, which made him glad to take any employment requiring mechanical ingenuity. A Masons' lodge in Glasgow desired to have an organ, and he was asked to build it. He was totally destitute of a musical ear, and could not distinguish one note from another. But he accepted the offer. He studied the philosophical theory of music, and found that science would be a substitute for his want of ear. He commenced by building a small organ for Dr. Black, and then proceeded to the large one. He was always, he said, dissatisfied both with other people's work and his own, and this habit of his mind made him study to improve upon whatever came before him. Thus in the process of building his organ he devised a number of novel expedients, such as indicators and regulators of the strength of the blast, with various contrivances for improving the efficiency of the stops. The qualities of the organ when finished are said to have elicited the surprise and admiration of musicians. He seems at one period to have been almost as much a maker of musical as of mathematical instruments. He constructed and repaired

guitars, flutes, and violins, and had the same success as with his organ.

Small as was Watt's business, there was one circumstance connected with his situation which must have been peculiarly grateful to a man of his accomplishments and thirst for knowledge. His shop, being conveniently situated within the College, was a favorite resort for professors as well as students. Amongst his visitors were the famous Dr. Black, Professor Simson, the restorer of the science of geometry, Dr. Dick, and Dr. Moor; and even Dr. Adam Smith looked in occasionally. But of all his associates none is more closely connected with the name and history of Watt than John Robison, then a student at Glasgow, and afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University. He was nearer Watt's own age than the rest, and stood in the intimate relation of bosom friend as well as fellow-inquirer in science. Robison was a prepossessing person, frank and lively, full of fancy and good humor, and a general favorite in the College. He was a capital talker, an extensive linguist, and a good musician; yet, with all his versatility, he was a profound thinker and a diligent student, especially of mathematical and mechanical philosophy, as he afterwards abundantly proved in his able contributions to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," of which he was the designer and first editor.

Robison's introduction to Watt has been described by himself. After feasting his eyes on the beautifully finished instruments, Robison entered into conversation with him. Expecting to find a workman, he was surprised to discover a philosopher. "I had the vanity," said Robison, "to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favorite study (mathematical and mechanical philosophy), and was rather mortified at finding Mr. Watt so much my superior. But his own high relish for these things made him pleased with the chat of any person who had the same tastes with himself; and

his innate complaisance made him indulge my curiosity, and even encourage my endeavors to form a more intimate acquaintance with him. I lounged much about him, and, I doubt not, was frequently teasing him. Thus our acquaintance began." Shortly after, Robison, who had been originally destined for the Church, left College. Being of a roving disposition, he entered the navy as a midshipman, and was present at some of the most remarkable actions of the war; and, amongst others, at the storming of Quebec. Robison was on duty in the boat which carried Wolfe to the point where the army scaled the heights the night before the battle, and, as the sun was setting in the west, the General, doubtless from an association of ideas which was suggested by the dangers of the coming struggle, recited Gray's Elogy, and declared that "he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French on the morrow."

When Robison returned from his voyagings in 1763, a travelled man, — having had the advantage during his absence of acting as confidential assistant of Admiral Knowles in the course of his marine surveys and observations, — he reckoned himself more than on a par with Watt; but he soon found that his friend had been still busier than himself, and was continually striking into new paths, where Robison was obliged to be his follower. The extent of the mathematical-instrument maker's investigations was no less remarkable than the depth to which he pursued them. Not only did he master the principles of engineering, civil and military, but he diverged into studies in antiquity, natural history, languages, criticism, and art. Every pursuit became science in his hands, and he made use of this subsidiary knowledge as stepping-stones towards his favorite objects. Before long he was regarded as one of the ablest men about the College; and "when," said Robison, "to the superiority of knowledge, which every man confessed, in his own line, is joined the naïve simplicity and candor of his character, it is

no wonder that the attachment of his acquaintances was so strong. I have seen something of the world, and I am obliged to say that I never saw such another instance of general and cordial attachment to a person whom all acknowledged to be their superior. But this superiority was concealed under the most amiable candor, and liberal allowance of merit to every man. Mr. Watt was the first to ascribe to the ingenuity of a friend things which were very often nothing but his own surmises followed out and embodied by another. I am well entitled to say this, and have often experienced it in my own case." There are few traits in biography more charming than these generous recognitions of merit, mutually attributed by the one friend to the other. Arago, in quoting the words of Robison, has well observed that it is difficult to determine whether the honor of having uttered them be not as great as that of having inspired them.

By this high-minded friend the attention of Watt was first directed to the subject of the steam-engine. Robison in 1759 suggested to him that it might be applied to the moving of wheel-carriages. The scheme was not matured, and indeed science was not yet ripe for the locomotive. But after a short interval Watt again reverted to the study of steam, and in 1761 he was busily engaged in performing experiments with the humble aid of apothecaries' phials and a small Papin's digester. There were then no museums of art and science to resort to for information, and he perhaps cultivated his own powers the more thoroughly, that he had no such easy methods of acquiring knowledge. He mounted his digester with a syringe a third of an inch in diameter, containing a solid piston. When he turned a cock the steam rushed from the digester against the lower side of the piston in the syringe, and by its expansive power raised a weight of fifteen pounds with which the piston was loaded. Then again turning the cock, which was arranged so as to cut off the communication with the digester, and open a passage to the air,

the steam escaped, and the weight upon the piston, being no longer counteracted, forced it to descend. He saw it would be easy to contrive that the cocks should be turned by the machinery instead of by the hand, and the whole be made to work of itself with perfect regularity. But there was an objection to the method. Water is converted into vapor, as soon as its elasticity is sufficient to overcome the weight of the air which keeps it down. Under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere the water acquires this necessary elasticity at  $212^{\circ}$ ; but as the steam in Papin's digester was prevented from escaping, it acquired increased heat, and by consequence increased elasticity. Hence it was that the steam which issued from the digester was not only able to support the piston and the air which pressed upon its upper surface, but the additional load with which the piston was weighted. With the imperfect mechanical construction, however, of those days, there was a risk that the boiler in which this high-pressure steam was generated would be burst by its expansive power, which also enabled it to force its way through the ill-made joints of the engine. This, conjoined with the great expenditure of steam, led Watt to abandon the plan. The exigencies of business did not then allow him to pursue his experiments, and the subject again slept till the winter of 1763 - 64.

The College at Glasgow possessed a model of one of Newcomen's engines, which had been sent to London for repair. It would appear that the eminent artificer to whom it had been intrusted paid little attention to it, for at a University meeting in June, 1760, a resolution was passed to allow Mr. Anderson "to lay out a sum not exceeding two pounds sterling to recover the steam-engine from Mr. Sisson, instrument-maker, at London." In 1763 this clumsy little engine, destined to become so famous, was put into the hands of Watt. The boiler was somewhat smaller than an ordinary tea-kettle, the cylinder two inches in diameter, and the math-

ematical-instrument maker merely regarded it as "a fine plaything." When, however, he had repaired the machine and set it to work, he found that the boiler, though apparently sufficiently large, could not supply steam fast enough, and only a few strokes of the piston could be secured. The fire under it was stimulated by blowing, and more steam was produced, but still the machine would not work properly. Exactly at the point where another man would have abandoned the task in despair, the mind of Watt became thoroughly roused. "Everything," says Professor Robison, "was to him the beginning of a new and serious study; and we knew he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificance, or had made something of it." Thus it happened with the phenomenon presented by the model of the steam-engine. He endeavored to ascertain from books by what means he was to remedy the defects; and when books failed to aid him, he commenced a course of experiments, and resolved to work out the problem for himself. In the course of his inquiries he came upon a fact which more than any other led his mind into the train of thought which at last conducted him to the invention of which the results were destined to prove so stupendous. This fact was the existence of latent heat. But before we go on to state his proceedings, it is necessary to describe the condition at which the steam-engine had arrived when his investigations commenced.

Steam had not then become a common mechanical power. The sole use to which it was applied was to pump water from mines. A beam, moving upon a centre, had affixed to one end of it a chain, which was attached to the piston of the pump; to the other end of it a chain, which was attached to a piston that fitted a cylinder. It was by driving this latter piston up and down the cylinder that the pump was worked. To communicate the necessary movement to the piston, the steam generated in a boiler was admitted to the

bottom of the cylinder, forcing out the air through a valve, and by its pressure upon the under side of the piston counterbalancing the pressure of the atmosphere upon its upper side. The piston, thus placed between two equal and opposite forces, was then drawn up to the top of the cylinder by the greater weight of the pump-gear at the opposite extremity of the beam. The steam, so far, only discharged the office which was performed by the air it displaced; but if the air had been allowed to remain, the piston once at the top of the cylinder could not have returned, being pressed as much by the atmosphere underneath as by the atmosphere above it. The steam, on the contrary, could be condensed, by injecting cold water through the bottom of the cylinder. This caused a vacuum below the piston, which was now unsupported, and descended by the pressure of the atmosphere upon its upper surface. When the piston reached the bottom, the steam was again let in, and the process was repeated.

This was the machine in use when Watt was pursuing the investigations into which he was led by the little model of the Newcomen engine. Among other experiments, "he constructed a boiler which showed, by inspection, the quantity of water evaporated in a given time, and thereby ascertained the quantity of steam used in every stroke of the engine." He was astonished to discover that a *small* quantity of water, in the form of steam, heated a *large* quantity of water injected into the cylinder for the purpose of cooling it; and upon further examination, he ascertained that steam heated six times its weight of well-water to  $212^{\circ}$ , which was the temperature of the steam itself. Unable to understand so remarkable a circumstance, he mentioned it to Dr. Black, who then expounded to him the theory of latent heat, which this great chemist had already taught his pupils, unknown to Watt. This vast amount of heat stored up in the steam, and not indicated by the thermometer, involved a proportionate consumption of coals. When Watt learnt that water, in its

conversion into vapor, became such a reservoir of heat, he was more than ever bent upon economizing it, striving, with the same quantity of fuel, at once to augment its production and diminish its waste. "He greatly improved the boiler," says Professor Robison, "by increasing the surface to which the fire was applied; he made flues through the middle of the water, and made his boiler of wood, as a worse conductor of heat than the brick-work which surrounds common furnaces. He cased the cylinder and all the conducting-pipes in materials which conducted heat very slowly; he even made them of wood." But none of these contrivances were effectual; for it turned out that the chief expenditure of steam, and consequently of fuel, was in the re-heating the cylinder after it had been cooled by the injection of the cold water. Nearly four fifths of the whole steam employed was condensed on its first admission, before the surplus could act upon the piston. Watt therefore came to the conclusion, that, to make a perfect steam-engine, it was necessary that the cylinder should be always as hot as the steam that entered it; but it was equally necessary that the steam should be condensed when the piston descended, — nay, that it should be cooled down below  $100^{\circ}$ , or a considerable amount of vapor would be given off, which would resist the descent of the piston and diminish the power of the engine.\* The two conditions seemed quite incompatible. The cylinder was never to be at a less temperature than  $212^{\circ}$ , and yet at each descent of the piston it was to be less than  $100^{\circ}$ .

"He continued," he says, "to grope in the dark, misled by many an *ignis fatuus*." At length, as he was taking a walk one Sunday afternoon, in the spring of 1765, the solution of the problem suddenly flashed upon his mind. As steam was an elastic vapor, it would expand and rush into a previously

\* Since the more the pressure upon water is diminished, the lower the temperature at which it boils, water at any temperature less than  $100^{\circ}$  gives off vapor in the vacuum of the cylinder.



exhausted space. He had only to produce a vacuum in a separate vessel, and open a communication between this vessel and the cylinder of the steam-engine at the moment when the piston was required to descend, and the steam would disseminate itself and become divided between the cylinder and the adjoining vessel. But as this vessel would be kept cold by an injection of water, the steam would be annihilated as fast as it entered, which would cause a fresh outflow of the remaining steam in the cylinder till nearly the whole of it was condensed, without the cylinder itself being chilled in the operation. An air-pump, worked by the steam-engine, would pump from the subsidiary vessel the heated water, air, and vapor, accumulated by the condensing process. Great and prolific ideas are almost always simple. What seems impossible at the outset appears so obvious when it is effected, that we are prone to marvel that it did not force itself at once upon the mind. Late in life, Watt, with his accustomed modesty, declared his belief that, if he had excelled, it had been by chance, and the neglect of others. But mankind has been more just to him than he was to himself. There was no accident in the discovery. It had been the result of close and continuous study, and the idea of the separate condenser, which flashed upon him in a moment, and filled him with rapture, was merely the last step of a long journey, — a step which could not have been taken unless the previous road had been traversed.

The steam in Newcomen's engine was only employed to produce a vacuum. The working power of the engine was in the down stroke, which was effected by the pressure of the air upon the piston; hence it is now usual to call it the atmospheric engine. Watt perceived that the air which followed the piston down the cylinder would cool the latter, and that steam would be wasted in reheating it. To effect a further saving, he resolved "to put an air-tight cover upon the cylinder, with a hole and stuffing-box for the piston-rod to

slide through, and to admit steam above the piston, to act upon it instead of the atmosphere." When the steam had done its duty in driving down the piston, a communication was opened between the upper and lower part of the cylinder, and the same steam, distributing itself equally in both compartments, sufficed to restore equilibrium. The piston was now drawn up by the weight of the pump-gear, the steam beneath it was then condensed to leave a vacuum, and a fresh jet of steam from the boiler was let in above the piston, and forced it again to the bottom of the cylinder. From an atmospheric it had thus become a true steam-engine, and with a much greater economy of steam than when the air did half the duty. But it was not only important to keep the air from flowing down the inside of the cylinder. The air which circulated without cooled the metal, and condensed a portion of the steam within. This Watt proposed to remedy by a second cylinder, surrounding the first, with an interval between the two which was to be kept full of steam. "When once," he says, "the idea of separate condensation was started, all these improvements followed as corollaries in quick succession, so that in the course of one or two days the invention was thus far complete in my mind."

But although the engine was complete in his mind, it cost Watt many long and laborious years before he could perfect it in execution. One source of delay was the numerous expedients which sprung up in his fertile mind, "which," he said, "his want of experience in the practice of mechanics in great number would prove more commodious than his matured experience had shown them to be. Experimental knowledge is of slow growth, and he tried too many fruitless experiments on such variations." One of his chief difficulties was to find mechanics to make his large models for him. The beautiful metal workmanship which has been called into being by his own invention did not then exist. The only available hands in Glasgow were the blacksmiths

and tanners,— little capable of constructing articles out of their ordinary walk. He accordingly hired a small workshop in a back street of the town, where he might himself erect a working model, with the aid of his assistant, John Gardiner. His mind, as may be supposed, was absorbed in the desire to realize his beautiful conception. "I am at present," he wrote to his friend Dr. Lind, "quite barren on every other article, my whole thoughts being bent on this machine." The first model, on account of the bad construction of the larger parts, was only partially successful, and then a second and bigger model was commenced in August, 1765. In October it was at work ; but the machine leaked in all directions, and the piston proved not steam-tight. To secure a nice-fitting piston, with the indifferent workmanship of that day, taxed his ingenuity to the utmost. At so low an ebb was the art of making cylinders, that the one he employed was not bored but hammered, the collective mechanical skill of Glasgow being then unequal to the casting and boring of a cylinder of the simplest kind. In the Newcomen engine a little water was poured upon the upper surface of the piston, and filled up the interstices between the piston and the cylinder. But when Watt employed steam to drive down the piston, he was deprived of this resource ; for the water and the steam could not coexist. Even if he had retained the agency of the air above, the drip of water from the crevices into the lower part of the cylinder would have been incompatible with keeping the surface hot and dry, and, by turning into vapor as it fell upon the heated metal, it would have impaired the vacuum during the descent of the piston. To add to Watt's troubles, while he was busied with his model, the tinner, who was his leading mechanic, died. "*My old white-iron man is dead,*" he wrote to Dr. Roebuck in December,— an almost irreparable loss ! By the addition of collars of varnished cloth the piston was made steam-tight, and the machine went cleverly and successfully on repeated

trials, at a pressure of ten to fourteen pounds on the square inch. Thus inch by inch Watt battled down difficulty, held good the ground he had gained, verified the expectations he had formed, and placed the advantages of the invention, to his own mind, beyond the reach of doubt.

Watt's means were small, and there were no capitalists in Glasgow likely to take up the steam-engine. Commercial enterprise had scarcely begun, or was still confined to the trade in tobacco. To give a fair trial to the new apparatus would involve an expenditure of several thousand pounds; and who on the spot could be expected to invest so large a sum in trying a machine so entirely new, and depending for its success on physical principles very imperfectly understood? But he had not far to go for an associate. "Most fortunately," says Professor Robison, "there was in the neighborhood such a person as he wished, — Dr. Roebuck, a gentleman of very uncommon knowledge in all the branches of civil engineering, familiarly acquainted with the steam-engine, of which he employed several in his collieries, and deeply interested in this improvement. He was also well accustomed to great enterprises, of an undaunted spirit, not scared by difficulties, nor a niggard of expense." He was born at Sheffield in 1718, and practised as a physician at Birmingham with distinguished success, had made many improvements in various manufacturing arts, and was now engaged in the double task of carrying on iron-works at Carron and sinking coal-mines at Borrowstoness.

As early as August, 1765, Watt was in full correspondence with Roebuck on the subject of the engine. No partnership was entered into till 1767; but it is evident, from the nature of Watt's letters, that Roebuck took the greatest interest in the project, and had probably pledged himself to engage in it if the experiments promised success. In November, Watt sent detailed drawings of a covered cylinder and piston to be cast at the Carron works. Though the cyl-

inder was the best that could be made there, it was so ill-bored as to be useless. The piston-rod was constructed at Glasgow, under his own supervision; and when it was completed, he was afraid to send it in a cart, lest the work-people should see it, which would "occasion speculation." "I believe," he added, "it will be best to send it in a box." These precautions would seem to have been dictated by a fear of piracy. The necessity of acting by stealth increased the difficulties arising from the clumsiness and inexperience of the mechanics. There is a gap in the correspondence of Watt with Roebuck from May, 1766, to January, 1768, and we hear no more of this piston-rod or of its worthless cylinder. Something, however, must have occurred in the interval to inspire Roebuck with confidence, for, in 1767, he undertook to pay a debt of £1,000 which Watt had contracted in prosecuting his project, to provide the money for the further experiments, and to pay for the patent. In return for this outlay, he was to have two thirds of the property in the invention.

In April, 1768, Watt made trial of a new model. The result was not altogether satisfactory. Roebuck, in reply to the announcement, asked Watt to meet him at Kilsythe, a place about half-way between Carron and Glasgow, and talk the matter over. "I would," says Watt, in his answer, "with all my heart, wait upon you on Friday, but am far from being well, and the fatigue of the ride would disable me from doing anything for three or four days; besides, I hope by that time to have a more successful trial, without which I cannot have peace in my mind to enjoy anything." After various contrivances, a trial which he made on the 24th of May answered to his heart's content. "I intend," he wrote to Dr. Roebuck, "to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kinneil on Saturday or Friday. I sincerely wish you joy of this successful result, and hope it will make you some return for the obligations I ever will remain under to you." Kinneil House,

where Watt hastened to pay his visit of congratulation to Dr. Roebuck, was a singular old edifice, a former country-seat of the Dukes of Hamilton, finely situated on the shores of the Forth, with large apartments and stately staircases, and an external style of architecture which resembles the old French château. The mansion has become rich in classical associations, having been inhabited, since Roebuck's time, by Dugald Stewart, who wrote in it his "Philosophy of the Human Mind." There he was visited by Wilkie, the painter, when in search of subjects for his pictures, and Dugald Stewart found for him, in an old farm-house in the neighborhood, the cradle-chimney which is introduced in the "Penny Wedding." But none of these names can stand by the side of that of Watt, and the first thought at Kinneil, of every one who is familiar with his history, would be of the memorable day when he rode over in exultation to Dr. Roebuck to wish him joy of the success of the steam-engine. His note of triumph was, however, premature. He had yet to suffer many sickening delays, and many bitter disappointments; for though he had contrived to get his model executed with fair precision, the skill was still wanting for manufacturing the parts in their full size with the requisite nicety, and his present conquest was succeeded by discomfiture.

The model went so well that it was now determined to take out a patent, and in August, 1768, Watt went to London for the purpose. After transacting his business he proceeded home by way of Birmingham, then the best school of mechanics in England. He here saw his future partner, Mr. Boulton, for the first time, and they at once conceived for each other a hearty regard. Mr. Boulton, in particular, was strongly impressed both by the character and genius of Watt. They had much conversation respecting the engine, and it cheered its inventor that the sagacious and practical Birmingham manufacturer augured well of its success: Watt seems, however, to have been seized with low spirits

on his return to Glasgow; his heart probably aching with anxiety for his family, whom it was hard to maintain upon hope so often deferred. The more sanguine Doctor was elated with the good working of the model, and he was impatient to put the invention in practice. "You are letting," he wrote to Watt, October 30th, 1768, "the most active part of your life insensibly glide away. A day, a moment, ought not to be lost. And you should not suffer your thoughts to be diverted by any other object, or even improvement of this, but only the speediest and most effectual manner of executing one of a proper size, according to your present ideas." This was an allusion to the fresh expedients which were always starting up in Watt's brain, and which appeared endlessly to protract the consummation of the work; but it was by never resting satisfied with imperfect devices that he attained to perfection. Long after, when a noble lord was expressing his admiration at his great achievement, Watt replied, "The public only look at my success, and not on the intermediate failures and uncouth constructions which have served as steps to climb to the top of the ladder." As to the lethargy of which Roebuck spoke, it was merely the temporary reaction of a mind strained and wearied with long-continued application to a single subject.

The patent was dated January 5th, 1769, a year also memorable as that in which Arkwright took out the patent for his spinning-machine, and Watt by the law had four months in which to prepare his specification. To render it as perfect as possible, he commenced a series of fresh experiments, and all his spare hours were devoted to making various trials of pipe-condensers and drum-condensers, — trying to contrive new methods of securing tightness of the piston, and devising steam-jackets to prevent the waste of heat, — inventing oil-pumps, gauge-pumps, and exhausting-cylinders, — loading valves, beams, and cranks.

He commenced at Kinneil the construction of a steam-

engine on a larger scale than he had yet attempted. It had been originally intended to erect it in the small town of Borrowstoness; but as he wished to avoid display, being determined, as he said, "not to puff," he put it up in an outhouse at Kinneil, close by the burnside in the glen, where there was abundance of water and secure privacy. The materials were brought partly from Glasgow and partly from Carron, where the cylinder had been cast. The process of erection was tedious, for the mechanics were unused to the work. Watt was occasionally compelled to be absent on other business, and he generally on his return found the men at a stand-still, not knowing what to do next. As the engine neared completion "his anxiety for his approaching doom kept him from sleep," for his fears, he says, were at least equal to his hopes. The whole was finished in September, 1769, and proved a "clumsy job." One of his new contrivances did not work well; and the cylinder, having been badly cast, was almost useless. Watt again was grievously depressed. "It is a sad thing," he wrote to his friend, Dr. Small of Birmingham, in March, 1770, "for a man to have his all hanging by a single string. If I had wherewithal to pay the loss, I don't think I should so much fear a failure; but I cannot bear the thought of other people becoming losers by my scheme, and I have the happy disposition of always painting the worst." His poverty was already compelling him to relinquish his experiments for employment of more pecuniary profit.

Watt had married his cousin, Miss Miller, in July, 1764. His expenses were thus enlarged almost at the very moment when his invention began to fill his mind, and distracted his attention from his ordinary calling. His increasing family led him before long to seek employment as a land-surveyor, or, as it is called in Scotland, a "land-louper." Much of his business was of the class which now belongs to the civil engineer, and in 1767 he laid out a small canal to unite the



rivers Forth and Clyde. There was a rival scheme, cheaper and more direct, which was espoused by the celebrated Smeaton, and Watt had to appear before a Committee of the House of Commons to defend his plan. "I think," he wrote to Mrs. Watt, April 5, 1767, "I shall not long to have anything to do with the House of Commons again: I never saw so many wrong-headed people on all sides gathered together." The fact that they decided against him had probably its share in producing this opinion of their wrong-headedness.

In April, 1769, when he was busily engaged in erecting the Kinneil engines, he heard that a linen-draper in London, of the name of Moore, had plagiarized his invention, and the reflections which this drew forth from him is an evidence of the settled despondency which clouded his mind, and even cramped his faculties.

"I have resolved, unless these things that I have now brought to some perfection reward me for the time and money I have lost on them, if I can resist it, to invent no more. Indeed, I am not near so capable as I once was; I find that I am not the same person that I was four years ago, when I invented the fire-engine, and foresaw, even before I made a model, almost every circumstance that has since occurred. I was at that time spurred on by the alluring hope of placing myself above want, without being obliged to have much dealing with mankind, to whom I have always been a dupe. The necessary experience in great\* was wanting; in acquiring which I have met with many disappointments. I must have sunk under the burden of them if I had not been supported by the friendship of Dr. Roebuck. I have now brought the engine near a conclusion, yet I am not in idea nearer that rest I wish for than I was four years ago. However, I am resolved to do all I can to carry on this business, and if it does not thrive with me I will lay aside the burden I cannot carry. *Of all things in life there is nothing more foolish than inventing.*"

\* The expression "in great" means machines upon a large scale, instead of the small models with which his experiments had been made.

It is nevertheless a remarkable proof of his indefatigable perseverance in his favorite pursuit, that at this very time, when apparently sunk in the depths of gloom, he learnt German for the sole purpose of getting at the contents of a curious book, the *Theatrum Machinarum* of Leupold, which just then fell into his hands, and which contained an account of the machines, furnaces, methods of working, profits, &c., of the mines in the Upper Hartz. His instructor on the occasion was a Swiss dyer settled in Glasgow. With the similar object of gaining access to untranslated books in French and Italian, — then the great depositories of mechanical and engineering knowledge, — Watt had already mastered both these languages.

Mrs. Watt had on one occasion written to him, "If the engine will not do, something else will: never despair." The engine did not do for the present, and he was compelled to continue his surveying. Instead of laying aside one burden he was constrained to add a second. In September, 1769, just when he tried the Kinneil engine, he was employed in examining the Clyde with a view to improve the navigation, — for the river was still so shallow as to prevent boats of more than ten tons burden ascending to the Broomielaw. Watt made his report, but no steps were taken to execute his suggestions until several years later, when the commencement was made of a series of improvements, which have resulted in the conversion of the Clyde from a pleasant trout-stream into one of the busiest navigable highways in Europe.

"I would not have meddled with it," he wrote to Dr. Small, "had I been certain of bringing the engine to bear; but I cannot, on an uncertainty, refuse any piece of business that offers. I have refused some common fire-engines,\* because they must have taken

\* The fire-engine was the name given in those days to the atmospheric engines of Newcomen. Watt says elsewhere that "he was concerned in making some," but whether previous or subsequent to this letter of September 20, 1769, does not appear.

up my attention so as to hinder my going on with my own. However, if I cannot make it answer soon, I shall certainly undertake the next that offers; for I cannot afford to trifle away my whole life, which God knows may not be long. Not that I think myself a proper hand for keeping men to their duty; but I must use my endeavor to make myself square with the world if I can, though I much fear I never shall."

"To-day," he again wrote to Dr. Small on the 31st of January, 1770, "I enter into the thirty-fifth year of my life, and I think I have hardly done thirty-five pence worth of good in the world; but I cannot help it."

The people of Glasgow decided upon making a canal for coal traffic to the collieries at Monkland, in Lanarkshire; "and having," says Watt, "conceived a much higher idea of my abilities than they merit, they resolved to encourage a man that lived among them rather than a stranger." He made the survey in 1769, and the air and exercise acted like a cordial upon him. "The time," he wrote to Dr. Small, January 3, 1770, "has not been thrown away, for the vaguing [wandering] about the country, and bodily fatigue, have given me health and spirits beyond what I commonly enjoy at this dreary season, though they would still *thole amends* [bear improvement]. Hire yourself to somebody for a ploughman,—it will cure *ennui*." He made another survey of a canal from Perth to Cupar in the spring of 1770, with a less favorable result. The weather was inclement, and the wind and snow and cold brought back his low spirits and ill health. When the Act for the Monkland Canal was obtained, he was invited to superintend the execution of it, and "had to select whether to go on with the experiments on the engine, the event of which was uncertain, or to embrace an honorable and perhaps profitable employment." His necessities decided him. "I had a wife and children, and saw myself growing gray without having any settled way of providing for them." He determined, however, not to drop the engine, but

to proceed with it the first spare moments he could find. In December, 1770, he made a report to Dr. Small of his experience in canal-making, and it was not very favorable. His constant headaches continued, but in other respects he had gained in vigor of mind and body. "I find myself more strong, more resolute, less lazy, less confused than I was when I began it." His pecuniary affairs were also more prosperous. "Supposing the engine to stand good for itself, I am able to pay all my debts, and some little thing more, so that I hope in time to be on a par with the world." But there was a dark side to the picture. His life was one of vexation, fatigue, hunger, wet, and cold. The quiet and secluded habits of his early life did not fit him for the out-door work of the engineer. He was timid and reserved, and wanted that rough strength, — that navy sort of character, — which enables a man to deal with rude laborers. He was nervously fearful lest his want of experience should betray him into scrapes, and lead to impositions on the part of the workmen. He hated higgling, and declared that he would rather "face a loaded cannon than settle an account or make a bargain." He acted as surveyor, engineer, superintendent, and treasurer, with only the assistance of one clerk; and had been "cheated," he said, "by undertakers, and was unlucky enough to know it." His men were so inexperienced, that he had to watch the execution of every piece of work that was out of the common track. Yet, with all this, "the work done was slovenly, the workmen bad, and he himself not sufficiently strict." The defect which he charged on himself was merely the want of training and experience in the laborers. When Telford afterwards went into the Highlands to construct the Caledonian Canal, he encountered the same difficulty. The men were unable to make use of the most ordinary tools; they had no steadiness in their labor; and they had to be taught, and drilled, and watched like children at school. In fact, every great undertaking in engineering

may be regarded in the light of a working academy in which men are trained to the skilful use of tools and the habit of persistent industry ; and the Scotch laborers were only then passing through the elementary discipline. Watt determined he would not continue a slave to this hateful employment. He was willing to act as engineer, but not as manager, and said he would have nothing to do "with workmen, cash, or workmen's accounts."

His superintendence of the Monkland Canal, for which he received a salary of £ 200 a year, lasted from June, 1770, to December, 1772. Before that period had expired, a commercial crisis had arrived ; and Dr. Roebuck, whose unremunerative speculations had already brought him to the verge of ruin, was unable to weather the storm. All the anxieties of Watt were revived, and more for Roebuck than for himself. But an extract from his letter to Dr. Small, on the 30th of August, 1772, will best speak his sentiments :—

"I pursued my experiments till I found that the expense and loss of time lying wholly upon me, through the distress of Dr. Roebuck's situation, turned out to be a burden greater than I could support, and not having conquered all the difficulties that lay in the way of the execution, I was obliged for a time to abandon the project. Since that time I have been able to extricate myself from some part of my private debts, but am by no means yet in a situation to be the principal in so considerable an undertaking. The Doctor's affairs, being yet far from being reinstated, give me little hope of help from that quarter : in the mean time the time of the patent is running on. It is a matter of great vexation to me that the Doctor should be out so great a sum upon this affair, while he has otherwise such pressing occasion for the money. I find myself unable to give him such help as his situation requires ; and what little I can do for him is purchased by denying myself the conveniences of life my situation requires, or by remaining in debt where it galls me to the bone to owe."

He repeated in November, that nothing gave him so much pain as having entangled Dr. Roebuck in the scheme, and

that he would willingly have resigned all prospect of profit to himself, provided his associate could have been indemnified. He regarded the considerable sum which he had sunk on his own part, "as money spent upon his education," and looked for scarce any other recompense "for the anxiety and ruin in which the engine had involved him." These are the sentiments of a mind of sensitive honor, as well as scrupulous integrity. In the issue, the embarrassments of Roebuck proved the making of the steam-engine and of Watt.

The association of Watt with Dr. Roebuck was in many respects fortunate, for the latter possessed the qualities in which the former was deficient. "I find myself," Watt wrote, "out of my sphere when I have anything to do with mankind; it is enough for an engineer to force Nature, and to bear the vexation of her getting the better of him. Give me a survey to make, and I think you will have credit of me; set me to contrive a machine, and I will exert myself." To invent was Watt's faculty; to push an invention was entirely contrary to his temperament. Not only was he averse to business, but he was easily depressed by little obstructions, and alarmed at unforeseen expense. Roebuck, on the contrary, was sanguine, adventurous, and energetic. The disposition of Watt to despond under difficulties, and his painful diffidence in himself, were frequent subjects of friendly merriment at Kinneil House; and Mrs. Roebuck said one evening: "Jamie is a queer lad, and without the Doctor his invention would have been lost; but Dr. Roebuck won't let it perish." Watt always acknowledged the debt he owed him, and declared he had been to him "a most sincere and generous friend." The alliance, however, was not without its drawbacks. The extensive undertakings of Dr. Roebuck absorbed both his capital and his time. He was unable to pay, according to the terms of his engagement, the expenses of the patent, and Watt had to borrow the money

from Dr. Black. His coal and iron-works required incessant superintendence, and the management of the business connected with the steam-engine chiefly devolved upon Watt, who said he "was incapable of it from his natural inactivity, and want of health and resolution." When he passed through Birmingham on his way from London, in October, 1768, Mr. Boulton, who then knew nothing of Watt's agreement with Roebuck, offered to be concerned in the speculation. This gave "great joy" to Watt, and he wished Dr. Roebuck to consent. But the latter "grew more tenacious of the project the nearer it approached to certainty," and he only proposed to Boulton to allow him a share in the engine for the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Derby. The letter which Boulton wrote to Watt upon the occasion (Feb. 7, 1769) shows how clearly he saw what was required to render the invention available:—

"I was excited by two motives to offer you my assistance,—which were, love of you, and love of a money-getting, ingenious project. I presumed that your engine would require money, very accurate workmanship, and extensive correspondence, to make it turn out to the best advantage; and that the best means of keeping up the reputation, and doing the invention justice, would be to keep the executive part out of the hands of the multitude of empirical engineers, who, from ignorance, want of experience, and want of necessary convenience, would be very liable to produce bad and inaccurate workmanship,—all which deficiencies would affect the reputation of the invention. To remedy which, and to produce the most profit, my idea was to settle a manufactory near to my own, by the side of our canal, where I would erect all the conveniences necessary for the completion of engines, and from which manufactory we would serve all the world with engines of all sizes. By these means, and your assistance, we would engage and instruct some excellent workmen, who (with more excellent tools than would be worth any man's while to procure for one single engine) could execute the invention twenty per cent cheaper than it would be otherwise executed, and with as great a difference of accuracy as there is

between the blacksmith and the mathematical-instrument maker. It would not be worth my while to make for three counties only ; but I find it very well worth my while to make for all the world."

This was precisely the plan which was ultimately adopted. Watt, when he read it, must have been more than ever urgent to have Boulton for a coadjutor, and he again, in September, 1769, pressed upon Roebuck the wisdom of admitting him into the partnership. In November, Roebuck proposed to make over a third of the patent to Mr. Boulton or Dr. Small for any sum, not less than £ 1,000, which they should think reasonable, after the experiments on the engine were finished. They were to take their final resolution at the end of a year ; but though they assented to the terms, no agreement seems to have been made at the conclusion of the twelvemonth ; and it was not till ruin drove Roebuck to sell his share, that the bargain was struck. Then he transferred his entire property in the patent to Mr. Boulton in the latter half of 1773, in consideration of being released from a debt of £ 630, and receiving the first £ 1,000 of profit from the engine. "My heart bleeds for his situation," Watt wrote to Boulton, "and I can do nothing to help him. I stuck by him till I have much hurt myself. I can do so no longer ; my family calls for my care to provide for them. Yet, if I have, I cannot see the Doctor in want, which I am afraid will soon be the case." The situation of this able, upright, and enterprising man, who deserved a better fate, was not, in the opinion of his assignees, rendered worse by the sale of his share in the steam-engine, for they did not value it at a single farthing. Even Watt said that Boulton had got one bad debt in exchange for another.

This was the turning-point in Watt's fortunes. It was the imperfect workmanship, and ineffective superintendence, which had caused the failure of so many experiments, and the wise and vigorous management of Mr. Boulton was soon



to show the engine in its true powers. But before Watt enjoyed this triumph, he had another bitter cup to drink. He was suddenly summoned to Glasgow in the autumn of 1773, when on a survey of the Caledonian Canal, by intelligence of the illness of his wife. The journey was dreary, through a country without roads. "An incessant rain," said he, "kept me for three days as wet as water could make me: I could hardly preserve my journal book." On reaching home he found his wife had died in childbed. She had struggled with him through poverty, had often cheered his fainting spirit when borne down by doubt, perplexity, and disappointment; and often afterwards he paused on the threshold of his house, unable to summon courage to enter the room where he was never more to meet "the comfort of his life." "Yet this misfortune," he wrote to Small, "might have fallen upon me when I had less ability to bear it, and my poor children might have been left suppliants to the mercy of the wide world. I know that grief has its period; but I have much to suffer first." "None of the many trying calamities," he said, fifteen years afterwards, "to which human nature is subjected, bears harder or longer on a thinking mind than that grief which arises from the loss of friends. But, like other evils, it must be endured with patience. The most powerful remedy is to apply to business or amusements which call the mind from its sorrows and prevent it from preying on itself. In the fulness of our grief we are apt to think that allowing ourselves to pursue objects which may turn our minds from the object it is but too much occupied with, is like a kind of insult or want of affection for the deceased, but we do not then argue fairly: our duty to the departed has come to a period, but our duty to our living family, to ourselves, and to the world, still subsists, and the sooner we can bring ourselves to attend to it the more meritorious." Upon these wise sentiments he endeavored, though not very successfully, to act. To work was in some degree

within the power of his will, but to regain the elasticity of the mind was beyond the reach of self-control. "Man's life, you say," he wrote to Dr. Small, in December, 1773, "must be spent either in labor or ennui; mine is spent in both. I am heart-sick of this country; I am indolent to excess, and, what alarms me most, I grow stupider. My memory fails me so as often totally to forget occurrences of no very ancient dates. I see myself condemned to a life of business; nothing can be more disagreeable to me; I tremble when I hear the name of a man I have any transactions to settle with. The engineering business is not a vigorous plant; we are in general very poorly paid. This last year my whole gains do not exceed £ 200." But the darkest hour, it is said, is nearest the dawn. Watt had passed through a long night, and a gleam of sunshine was at hand. He was urged to proceed to Birmingham to superintend the manufacture of his engines, one of which was nearly completed. He arrived at Birmingham in the summer of 1774, and in December he wrote to his father, now an old man, still resident at Greenock; "The business I am here about has turned out rather successful; that is to say, that the fire-engine I have invented is now going, and answers much better than any other that has yet been made, and I expect that the invention will be very beneficial to me." Such was Watt's modest announcement of the practical success of the greatest invention of the eighteenth century!

His partner, who proved himself such an able second, had the rare quality of a first-rate man of business. Mr. Boulton was not a mere buyer and seller, but a great designer, contriver, and organizer. His own original trade was that of a manufacturer of plated goods, ormolu, and works in steel. He subsequently turned his attention to improving the machinery for coining, and attained, says M. Arago, to such rapidity and perfection of execution, that he was employed by the British Government to recoin the whole copper

specie of the kingdom. His methods were established, under his superintendence, in several mints abroad, as well as in the National Mint of England. With a keen eye for details, he combined a large and comprehensive grasp of intellect. Whilst his senses were so acute that, sitting in his office at Soho, he could at once detect the slightest derangement in the machinery of his vast establishment, his power of imagination enabled him to look along extensive lines of possible action throughout Europe, America, and the Indies. He was equally skilful in the fabrication of a button and in the establishment of the motive power that was to revolutionize the industrial operations of the world. In short, he was a man of various gifts, nicely balanced and proportioned, — the best of tradesmen, a patron of art and science, the friend of philosophers and statesmen. With all his independent titles to distinction, he esteemed the steam-engine of his friend the pride of his establishment. Once, when he was in the company of Sir Walter Scott, he said, in reply to some remark: "That's like the old saying, In every corner of the world you will find a Scot, a rat, and a Newcastle grindstone." This touched the national spirit of the novelist, and he retorted, "You should have added, *and a Brummagem button.*" "We make something better in Birmingham than buttons," replied Boulton, — "we make steam-engines;" and when he next met Scott, he showed that he had not forgiven the disparaging remark. Boswell, who visited Soho in 1776, shortly after the manufacture of steam-engines had been commenced there, was struck by the vastness and contrivance of the machinery. "I shall never forget," he says, "Mr. Boulton's expression to me, when surveying the works: 'I sell here, sir, what all the world desires to have, — POWER.'" "He had," continues Boswell, "about seven hundred people at work. I contemplated him as an iron chieftain; and he seemed to be a father of his tribe. One of the men came to him complaining grievously of his landlord for having dis-

trained his goods. 'Your landlord is in the right, Smith,' said Boulton; 'but I'll tell you what,—find you a friend who will lay down one half of your rent, and I'll lay down the other, and you shall have your goods again.'" Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, a native of Birmingham, gives, in her autobiography, a lively description of his person. "He was tall, and of a noble appearance; his temperament was sanguine, with that slight mixture of the phlegmatic which imparts calmness and dignity; his manners were eminently open and cordial; he took the lead in conversations, and, with a social heart, had a grandiose manner like that arising from position, wealth, and habitual command. He went among his people like a monarch bestowing largess."

Not long after Watt settled at Birmingham, he married his second wife, Miss Macgregor, the daughter of a citizen of Glasgow. The precise date of the marriage is not stated by Mr. Muirhead, but it seems to have been in 1776, and at any rate took place much too early to render possible an incident told by Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, that when Watt was mourning the loss of his first wife, Miss Macgregor—then a girl, according to the story, three or four years old—"came up to his knee, and, looking in his face, begged him not to grieve, for she would be his little wife, and make him happy." This lady was a thrifty Scotch housewife, and such was her passion for cleanliness, that she taught her pet dogs to wipe their feet upon the door-mat. Her propensity was carried to a pitch which often fretted her son by the restraints it imposed; and once when a lady apologized to him for the confusion in which he found her house, he exclaimed, "I love *dirt!*" But Mrs. Watt was a partner worthy of her husband, and with the revival of his domestic felicity, and surrounded by all the appliances for perfecting his steam-engine, he was for a brief space in a happier position than he had enjoyed for many years past.

The mechanics of Birmingham were the chief workers in

metal in England. The best tools and arms of the kingdom had been manufactured there almost from time immemorial, and the artisans possessed an aptitude for skilled manipulation which had descended to them from their fathers, like an inheritance. Watt, as we have seen, had found to his sorrow that there was no such class of workmen in Scotland. The consequence was, that the very first engine erected at Soho was a greater triumph than all that Watt had previously been able to accomplish. Some of the most valuable copper-mines in Cornwall had been drowned out; Boulton immediately wrote to the miners, and informed them of the success of the new invention. A deputation of Cornish miners went down to Birmingham to look at the engine. There could be no doubt as to its efficiency, but it was dear, and it was some time before any orders were given. Boulton saw that, to produce any large result, he must himself supply the capital, and he entered into an arrangement with the miners, by which he agreed to be at the whole cost, provided he was allowed as royalty *one third* of the value of the ascertained saving of coal, as compared with Newcomen's best engines. The bargain having been struck, Watt went into Cornwall to superintend the work. The impression produced by one of the earliest engines he erected is thus described in one of his letters to Mr. Boulton: "The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine, give unusual satisfaction to all beholders, believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its strokes gently and make less noise; but Mr. ——— cannot sleep unless it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engineman. And, by the by, the noise seems to convey great ideas of its power to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than in a man." Whilst in Cornwall Watt, whose mechanical ingenuity was inexhaustible, invented a counter to ascertain the saving effected. It was attached to the main beam, and marked the number of the strokes, which

was the measure of the payment. The register, which was contrived to keep the record for an entire year, was enclosed in a locked box, and thus fraud was prevented. It was shortly found that the saving of coal by the new engine was nearly three fourths of the whole quantity formerly consumed, or equal to an annual saving on the Chacewater engine of £ 7,200. Such a result did not fail to tell, and orders for engines soon came in at Soho; but the capital invested by Mr. Boulton amounted to some £ 47,000, before any profits began to be derived from their sale.

As some years had been expended in unremunerative experiments, one of the first necessities, when it was apparent that the engine could be made to answer, was to obtain an extension of the patent, and in 1775 an Act of Parliament was passed to preserve the rights of the patentees till the year 1800, in consideration of the great utility of the invention, and the trouble and expense incurred in completing it. It was long before it yielded any return. In 1780, Watt and Boulton were still out of pocket, and in 1783 they had not realized a profit. But the extension of the patent gave a stimulus to the busy brain of the inventor, and he continued to devise improvement upon improvement. The application of the powers of steam to give a rotatory motion to mills, had from the first formed the subject of his particular attention, and in his patent of 1769 he described a method of producing continued movement in one direction, which Mr. Boulton proposed to employ for working boats along the canals. A continuous movement of machinery had indeed to some extent been secured by the use of the steam-engine, which was employed to pump up water, the fall of which turned water-wheels in the usual way. But Watt's object was to effect this by the direct action of the engine itself, and thus to supersede, in a great measure, the use of water, as well as of animal power. This he at length accomplished by contrivances which are embodied in the

patents he took out between the years 1781 and 1785. Among other devices, these patents include the rotatory motion of the sun and planet-wheels, the expansive principle of working steam, the double engine, the parallel motion, the smokeless furnace, and the governor, — the whole forming a series of beautiful inventions, combining the results of philosophical research and mechanical ingenuity to an extent, we believe, without a parallel in modern times.

The idea of the double-acting engine occurred to Watt in 1767, but he kept it back in consequence of the difficulty "he had encountered in teaching others the construction and use of the single engine, and in overcoming prejudices." In the single engine the force which drew up the piston was the counterpoise on the pump-gear, which merely sufficed to put the piston in a position for the effective down-stroke. The working powers of the engine were therefore idle during half the time, or while the piston was ascending. By making the upper part of the cylinder as well as the lower communicate with the condenser, he alternately formed a vacuum above and below, and the piston in its ascending stroke, beyond the addition of its own weight, experienced no more resistance than it had previously done in the down-stroke. While the steam was condensing at the top of the cylinder fresh steam was let in below, and drove the piston up. The process was then reversed. The steam at the bottom of the cylinder was condensed, and fresh steam was let in at the top to drive the piston down. Thus every movement was one of working power, and time was no longer lost while the engine was employed, as it were, in gathering up its strength for the stroke. The expansive principle, which effects an immense saving of steam, also occurred to Watt as early as 1767. It simply consists in cutting off the flow of steam from the boiler when the cylinder is partly filled, and allowing the rest of the stroke to be accomplished by the expansive power of the steam

already supplied. As the elastic or moving force of the steam diminishes as it expands, a stroke of the piston upon this plan is not as powerful as a stroke upon the old; but the saving of steam is in a much greater proportion than the diminution of the power.

The circumstances connected with the invention of the sun and planet motion are illustrative of Watt's fertility of resources. The best method of securing continuous rotation which occurred to him was the crank, — not, as he says, an original invention, for “the true inventor of the crank rotative motion was the man, who unfortunately has not been deified, that first contrived the common foot-lathe. The applying it to the engine was merely taking a knife to cut cheese which had been made to cut bread.” Models of a plan for adapting it to the steam-engine were constructing at Soho, when one Saturday evening a number of the workmen, according to custom, proceeded to drink their ale at the Wagon and Horses, a little low-browed, old-fashioned public-house, still standing in the village of Handsworth, close to Soho. As the beer began to tell, one Cartwright, a pattern-maker, who was afterwards hanged, talked of Watt's contrivance for producing rotatory motion, and to illustrate his meaning proceeded to make a sketch of the crank upon the kitchen table with a bit of chalk. A person in the assumed garb of a workman, who sat in the kitchen corner and greedily drank in the account, posted off to London, and forthwith secured a patent for the crank, which Watt, “being much engaged in other business,” had neglected to do at the moment. He was exceedingly wroth at the piracy, averring that Wasbrough had “stolen the invention from him by the most infamous means;” but he was never at fault, and, reviving an old idea he had conceived, he perfected in a few weeks his Sun and Planet motion. Eventually, however, when Wasbrough's patent had expired, Watt reverted to the employment of the simpler crank, because of



its less liability to get out of order. Its mere adaptation to the steam-engine ought not to have been protected by a patent at all, any more than the knife which was made to cut bread should be capable of being patented for every new substance to which its edge is applied.

The mode by which Watt secured the accurate rectilinear motion of the ascending and descending piston-rod, by means of the Parallel Motion, has been greatly and justly admired. "My soul," he said, "abhors calculations, geometry, and all other abstract sciences;" but when an end was to be gained, he could apply the principles of geometry with exquisite skill. The object was to contrive that, whilst the end of the beam was moving alternately up and down in part of a circle, the end of the piston-rod connected with it should preserve a perfectly perpendicular direction. This was accomplished by means which can hardly be made intelligible in mere verbal description; but so beautiful is the movement, that Watt said that when he saw his device in action he received from it the same pleasure that usually accompanies the first view of the invention of another person. "Though I am not over anxious after fame," he wrote in 1808, "yet I am more proud of the parallel motion than of any other mechanical contrivance I have ever made."

In spite of the outward success which attended Watt, his disposition did not permit him to be happy in the midst of bustle and rivalries. "The struggles," he wrote to Dr. Black in December, 1778, "which we have had with natural difficulties, and with the ignorance, prejudices, and villanies of mankind, have been very great; but I hope are now nearly come to an end." In this hope he was disappointed, for they continued unabated. The perpetual thought which the engine required to bring it to perfection, and the large correspondence in which the business of the establishment involved him, had to be performed under the oppression of those sick-headaches which were the bane of his exist-

ence. He was sometimes so overcome by them, that he would sit by the fireside for hours together, with his head leaning on his elbow, and scarcely able to utter a word. In 1782 his father died, and his inevitable absence from his bedside weighed upon his spirits. His despondency gathered strength with years, till in 1786 it appeared to have reached its climax. "In the anguish of my mind, amid the vexations occasioned by new and unsuccessful schemes, like Lovelace, I 'curse my inventions,' and almost wish, if we could gather our money together, that somebody else should succeed in getting our trade from us." So he wrote to Mr. Boulton in April, and in June his account of himself was sadder still: "I have been quite effete and listless, neither daring to face business nor capable of it; my head and memory failing me much; my stable of hobby-horses pulled down, and the horses given to the dogs for carrion. I have had serious thoughts of throwing down the burden I find myself unable to carry, and perhaps, if other sentiments had not been stronger, should have thought of throwing off the mortal coil. Solomon said that in the increase of knowledge there is increase of sorrow: if he had substituted *business* for knowledge it would have been perfectly true." These wailing notes of a mind radically wretched were renewed by the attempts to pirate his inventions. Watt was so fruitful in contrivances, that the fortunes of many ordinary mechanics were made by their pickings and stealings from him. When he was an unknown Glasgow artisan, his drawing-machine had been boldly appropriated by a London mathematical-instrument maker; his micrometer had been purloined by another pilferer of the same class; his crank had been stolen from him through the instrumentality of his own workmen; and now the pirates were endeavoring to make a prize of the condensing-engine itself, which had cost him full twenty years of anxiety and labor. The Cornish miners especially, who had derived immense pecuniary advantages

from its adoption, sought on the most frivolous pretences to evade the payment of that portion of the saving which they had stipulated to pay to Boulton and Watt. A baser instance of unprincipled greediness is hardly to be found in the annals of trade. "We have been so beset with plagiaries," Watt wrote to Dr. Black, "that, if I had not a very good memory of my doing it, their impudent assertions would lead me to doubt whether I was the author of any improvement on the steam-engine, and the ill-will of those we have most essentially served, whether such improvements have not been highly prejudicial to the commonwealth!" Though the patentees were invariably successful, the vindication of their rights proved a heavy fine; their legal expenses during only the last four years of their patent having amounted to between five and six thousand pounds. The peace of mind which the lawsuits cost Watt was far more serious than the cost in money. His feelings during the pending trial of 1796 are described by himself as less acute than what he had been accustomed to undergo on more insignificant occasions. "Yet I remained," he says, "after the trial, nearly as much depressed as if we had lost it. The stimulus to action was gone, and but for the attentions of my friends I ran some risk of falling into stupidity." In 1803, "after he had retired with a very moderate fortune that he might enjoy the quiet for which alone he was fitted," he ascribed his incapacity for further exertion "to the vexation he had endured for many years from this harassing lawsuit." Whoever is tempted to envy a great inventor would surely be cured of his passion by the contemplation of the life of him who was the chief of the race. Whilst he was struggling with difficulties at Glasgow, his friend Dr. Hutton had strongly dissuaded him from proceeding further with his unprofitable and distressing work. "Invention," said he, "is only for those who live by the public; or who, from pride, would choose to leave a legacy to the public. It is not a

thing that will pay, under a system where the rule is to be best paid for the thing that is easiest done." But to invent was the habitual operation of Watt's intellect, and neither the admonitions of friends, nor his experience of the miseries it entailed upon him, could turn his mind aside from its natural bent.

Among his minor works, the contrivance of which formed the pastime of his leisure hours, were his machine for copying letters, his instrument for measuring the specific gravity of fluids, his regulator lamp, his plan of heating buildings by steam, and his machine for drying linen, invented for his father-in-law, Mr. Macgregor, a dyer at Glasgow. He was also occupied with speculations respecting an arithmetical machine, and early threw out the suggestion of a spiral oar for the propulsion of ships. His specification of the steam-engine included a steam-carriage for use on common roads, and he had many discussions with his assistant, William Murdock, and his friend, Lovell Edgeworth, on the subject.

His residence at Birmingham was greatly cheered by the society of men of eminence in science, literature, and art. Boulton and himself formed a centre of attraction to many kindred minds, and the meetings of the Lunar Society, at Soho House, were long remembered as among the most delightful things of their kind. Lovell Edgeworth, himself a member, has thus described the group: "Mr. Keir, with his knowledge of the world and good sense; Dr. Small, with his benevolence and profound sagacity; Wedgwood, with his unceasing industry, experimental variety, and calm investigation; Boulton, with his mobility, quick perception, and bold adventure; Watt, with his strong inventive faculty, undeviating steadiness, and large resources; Darwin, with his imagination, science, and poetical excellence; and Day, with his unwearied research after truth, his integrity, and eloquence, — formed, altogether, such a society as few men have had the

good fortune to live with, — such an assemblage of friends as fewer still have had the happiness to possess and keep through life." To these distinguished members others were afterwards added, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen and other gases; Mr. Galton, the ornithologist, and Dr. Withering, the botanist. In the meetings of this society originated Watt's experiments on water; and it is now placed beyond a doubt, that he was the first to promulgate the true theory of its composition, though Cavendish had arrived, by independent research, at the same result.

The designation of "Lunar Society" was converted into "Lunatic Society" by the people, and when the riots of 1791 broke out, one of the watchwords of the mob was, "No philosophers!" Sir Samuel Romilly says that some persons even painted the denunciation on their houses. The Birmingham folks, during the last century, were certainly good haters. When the firebrand Dr. Sacheverell went down to Birmingham and called upon the people to "build up Zion," they responded to the exhortation by gutting a Dissenters' meeting-house in the neighborhood. So, again, at the public dinner which was held in the town to celebrate the anniversary of the French Revolution, the mob, who took the loyal side of the question, rose, pulled down two dissenting meeting-houses, and burnt or sacked the houses of some of the principal inhabitants; — among others, those of Mr. Taylor, one of the chief employers of skilled labor in the town; Mr. Hutton, the bookseller and historian; and several more. But their principal fury was directed against the "philosophers," — especially Dr. Priestley, whose house and library they destroyed, and were busily engaged in plundering the house of Dr. Withering when the military arrived. Watt was included in the proscription, and, apprehending an attack upon his house, he had the Soho workmen armed for Mr. Boulton's defence and his own. "Though our principles," said he,

writing to his friend De Luc, "are well known, as friends to the established government and enemies to republican principles, and should have been our protection from a mob whose watchword was 'Church and King,' yet our safety was principally owing to most of the Dissenters living on the south of the town; for, after the first moments, they did not seem over nice in their discrimination of religion or principles. I, among others, was pointed out as a Presbyterian, though I never was in a meeting-house in Birmingham, and Mr. Boulton is well known as a Churchman. We had everything most portable packed up, fearing the worst; however, all is well with us." The circumstance is worth recording, not only as an incident in the life of Watt, but as a specimen of the insane and ignorant ideas which animate mobs.

Watt's later years were years of comparative peace, but of bereavement. One by one his early friends dropped away; the pride and hope of his heart, his son Gregory, died also; and the old man was left almost alone. Fragile though his frame had been through life, he survived the most robust among his associates. Roebuck, Boulton, Darwin, and Withering went before him, as well as his dear friends Robison and Black. Black had watched to the last, with tender interest, the advancing reputation and prosperity of his *protégé*. When Robison returned from London, and told him of the issue of Watt's suit with Hornblower, for the protection of his patent-right, the kind old Doctor was delighted even to tears. "It's very foolish," he exclaimed, "but I can't help it when I hear of anything good to Jamie Watt." Watt, in his turn, said of Black, "To him I owe, in great measure, my being what I am; he taught me to reason and experiment in Natural Philosophy." Dr. Black expired so peacefully, that his servant, in describing his death, said that he had "given over living," having departed with a basin of milk upon his knee, which remained unspilled. "We may all pray," was the comment of Watt, "that our latter

end may be like his ; he has truly gone to sleep in the arms of his Creator."

Towards the close of his life, Watt was distressed by the apprehension that his mental faculties were deserting him, and remarked to Dr. Darwin, "Of all the evils of age, the loss of the few mental faculties one possessed in youth is the most grievous." To test his memory, he again commenced the study of German, which he had allowed himself to forget ; and speedily acquired such proficiency as enabled him to read the language with comparative ease. But he gave stronger evidence of the integrity of his powers. When, in his seventy-fifth year, he was consulted by a company at Glasgow as to the mode of conveying water from a peninsula across the Clyde to the company's engines at Dalmarnock, a difficulty which appeared to them almost insurmountable, the plan suggested by Watt proved that his remarkable ingenuity remained unimpaired by age. It was necessary to fit the pipes through which the water passed to the uneven and shifting bed of the river, and Watt, taking the tail of the lobster for his model, forwarded a plan of a tube of iron similarly articulated, which was executed and laid down with complete success.

A few years later, when close upon his eightieth year, the aged mechanic formed one of a party assembled in Edinburgh, at which Sir Walter Scott was present. He delighted the Northern literati with his kindly cheerfulness, not less than he astonished them by the extent and profundity of his information. "The alert, kind, benevolent old man," says Scott, "had his attention alive to every one's question, his information at every one's command. His talents and fancy overflowed on every subject. One gentleman was a deep philologist, — he talked with him on the origin of the alphabet, as if he had been coeval with Cadmus ; another, a celebrated critic, — you would have said the old man had studied political economy and belles-lettres all his life ; of science

it is unnecessary to speak, — it was his own distinguished walk." The vast extent of his knowledge was remarked by all who came in contact with him. "It seemed," says Jeffrey, "as if every subject that was casually started had been that which he had been occupied in studying." Yet, though no man was more ready to communicate knowledge, none could be less ambitious of displaying it. "He was," says Mrs. Schimmel-Penninck, in the vivid portrait she has drawn of him in her *Autobiography*, "one of the most complete specimens of the melancholic temperament. His head was generally bent forward or leaning on his hand in meditation, his shoulders stooping and his chest falling in, his limbs lank and unmuscular, and his complexion sallow. His utterance was slow and unimpassioned, deep and low in tone, with a broad Scottish accent; his manners gentle, modest, and unassuming. In a company where he was not known, unless spoken to, he might have tranquilly passed the whole time in pursuing his own meditations. When he entered a room, men of letters, men of science, nay, military men, artists, ladies, even little children, thronged round him. I remember a celebrated Swedish artist having been instructed by him that rats' whiskers make the most pliant painting-brushes; ladies would appeal to him on the best means of devising grates, curing smoking chimneys, warming their houses, and obtaining fast colors. I can speak from experience of his teaching me how to make a dulcimer and improve a Jew's-harp." What Jeffrey said of the steam-engine may be applied to the conversation of its parent, — that, like the trunk of an elephant, it could pick up a pin or rend an oak.

Watt returned to his little workshop at Heathfield, to proceed with the completion of his diminishing-machine for copying busts and statues. His habit was, immediately on rising, to answer all letters requiring attention; then, after breakfast, to proceed into the workshop adjoining his bedroom, attired in his woollen surtout, his leather apron, and



the rustic hat which he had worn some forty years, and there go on with his machine. He succeeded with it so far as to produce specimens of its performances, which he distributed amongst his friends, jocularly describing them as "the productions of a young artist just entering into his eighty-third year." But the hand of the workman was stopped by death. The machine remained unfinished, and, what is a singular testimony to the skill and perseverance of a man who had invented so much, it is almost his only unfinished work.

He was fully conscious of his approaching end, and expressed from time to time his sincere gratitude to Divine Providence for the blessings which he had been permitted to enjoy, for his length of days, and his exemption from the infirmities of age. "I am very sensible," said he, to the mourning friends who assembled round his death-bed, "of the attachment you show me, and I hasten to thank you for it, as I am now come to my last illness." He passed quietly away from the world on the 19th of August, 1819, in his eighty-third year. A statue by Chantrey — perhaps the greatest work of that master — has been placed in Handsworth Church, where Watt lies buried, and justifies the compliment paid to the sculptor, that he "cut breath;" for when uncovered before the old servants assembled round it at Soho, it so powerfully reminded them of their master, that they "lifted up their voices and wept." Watt has been fortunate in his monumental honors. The colossal statue in Westminster Abbey, also from the chisel of Chantrey, bears upon it an epitaph from the pen of Brougham, which is beyond all comparison the finest lapidary inscription in the English language, and among its other signal merits has one which appertains rather to its subject than its author, that, lofty as is the eulogy, every word of it is strictly true.

## ROBERT STEPHENSON.

**A**BOUT forty years since, a little boy, the son of a colliery engineman at Killingworth, dressed in a suit of homely gray stuff, cut out by his father, was accustomed to ride to Newcastle daily upon a donkey, for the purpose of attending school there. Years passed, and the boy became the man known to world-wide fame as Robert Stephenson, the engineer. He died, and on the 14th of October, 1859, he was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, side by side with the departed kings, statesmen, and great men of his country.

Only ten years before, the remains of George Stephenson, the father, were quietly interred in a small church on the outskirts of the town of Chesterfield, followed to the grave principally by his own work-people. The event excited little interest beyond the bounds of that secluded locality. Yet George Stephenson, thus obscurely buried, was the inventor of the passenger locomotive, and the founder of the now gigantic railway system of England and of the world; and it is only within the last few years that the public have learnt from his biography how great a man then passed from the earth. But the honors which George Stephenson failed to receive during his life and at his death, and which, in the strength of his self-dependence, he would have been the last to seek, have at length not unworthily been reflected upon his eminently meritorious son; and those who hereafter read his tablet and contemplate his monument in Westminster Abbey will probably not fail to remember that Robert Ste-

phenson was himself one of the best products of his great father's manly affection, his noble character, and his indefatigable industry.

Every reader now knows the story of the father's life, — his early encounter with poverty and difficulty, his strenuous endeavors after self-education, his determination to gain "insight" into all the details of his business, his patience, his bravery, his self-discipline and self-reliance. But greatest of all was his manly love for his only son, and his resolution, formed almost as soon as the boy was born, and steadily acted out in his life, that no labor, nor pains, nor self-denial should be spared to furnish him with the best education that it was in his power to bestow. His own words on the subject are memorable. "In the earlier period of my career," said he, "when Robert was a little boy, I saw how deficient I was in education, and I made up my mind that he should not labor under the same defect, but that I would put him to a good school, and give him a liberal training. I was, however, a poor man, and how do you think I managed? I betook myself to mending my neighbors' clocks and watches at nights, after my daily labor was done, and thus I procured the means of educating my son."

The father, moreover, taught the boy to work with him, and trained him as it were to educate himself. When a little fellow not big enough to reach so high as to put a clock-head on, his father would make him mount a chair for the purpose; and to "help father" became the proudest work which the boy then, and ever after, could take part in. This daily and unceasing example of industry and application, working on before the boy's eyes in the person of a loving and beloved father, imprinted itself deeply upon his mind, in characters never to be effaced. A spirit of self-improvement took possession of him, which continued to influence him through life; and to the close of his career he was proud to confess that, if his success had been great, it was

mainly to the example and training of his father that he owed it.

When Robert went to Mr. Bruce's school at Newcastle, he was a rough, unpolished country lad, speaking the broad dialect of the pitmen; and the other boys would tease him occasionally, for the purpose of provoking an outburst of his Killingworth Doric. But he was kindly of disposition, and a diligent pupil; Mr. Bruce frequently holding him up to the laggards of the school as an example of good conduct and industry. He was accustomed to spend much of his spare time at the rooms of the Literary and Philosophical Institute; and when he went home in the evenings he would recount to his father the results of his reading. Sometimes he was allowed to take to Killingworth a volume of the *Repertory of Arts and Sciences*, which the father and son studied together, George laying great stress upon his son's being able to read and understand the plans and diagrams without reference to the written descriptions. Sometimes they tried chemical experiments together, assisted by Wigham, a neighboring farmer's son; and occasionally Robert experimented on his own account, as, for instance, upon the cows in Wigham's enclosure, which he electrified by means of his electric kite, making them run about the field with their tails on end, and on another occasion upon his father's Galloway when standing at the cottage door, nearly knocking the pony down by the smartness of the shock.

George was about this time occupied with the invention of his safety-lamp, and Robert was present and assisted in making many of the experiments upon the fire-damp brought from the Killingworth pits. On one occasion, George was engaged in experimenting by means of a gasometer and glass receivers borrowed from the Newcastle Institute; Nicholas Wood being appointed to turn the cocks, and Robert to time the experiment. The flame being observed to descend in the tube, the word was given to turn the cock, but unfor-

tunately Wood turned it the wrong way ; the gas exploded, and the apparatus was blown to pieces, though fortunately no one was hurt. At other times, Robert was engaged in embodying in a practical shape the drawings of machines and instruments which he found described in the books he read ; amongst other things, constructing a theodolite spirit-level, on which he engraved the words, " Robert Stephenson, *fecit.*" Another of his works, while he was still at Bruce's school, was the sun-dial, the joint work of father and son, constructed after much study and labor, and eventually fixed over the cottage door at Killingworth, where it is still to be seen. Not long since, Mr. Stephenson visited the place with some friends, and pointed out the very desk in the little room of the cottage at which he had studied the plan of the dial and calculated the latitude of his village.

The youth left school well grounded in the ordinary branches of education, and an adept in arithmetic, geography, and algebra. In his after life, he with good reason attached much importance to the thorough training in mathematics which he received at Bruce's school, and considered that it had been the foundation of much of his success as an engineer in the higher walks of the profession. His father at first destined him for the business of a coal-miner, and with that object apprenticed him to Nicholas Wood, then chief viewer at Killingworth. While thus engaged, Robert acquired a familiarity with underground work, which afterwards proved of much value to him ; and in the evenings, after the day's work was over, he pursued his studies in mechanics under the eye of his father, who had by this time been advanced to the post of chief engine-wright of the colliery.

The Killingworth locomotive was now in full work, and Robert became familiar with its every detail. The possible adaptation of the engine to more important uses than the hauling of coal to the shipping-place, the improvement of the steam-blast (employed in all the engines constructed by

Stephenson subsequent to the year 1815), and the enlargement of the heating surface, so as to produce a more rapid supply of steam, formed the subject of repeated evening discussions in the cottage of the Stephensons. Of the two, the youth was at that time by much the most sanguine, his father "holding him back" by setting up all manner of objections for him to answer, and thus in the most effectual way cultivating his faculties and stimulating his inventiveness. It was a happy time for both, full of discipline, co-operation, self-improvement, and steadily advancing mechanical ability.

The father, however, was not satisfied with the knowledge which his son might thus laboriously acquire by studying in company with himself at Killingworth. He was fully conscious of his own want of scientific knowledge, which had hampered him at every stage of his career. Above all things, he desired that Robert should be well grounded in the principles of natural science; for which purpose he felt it would be necessary to place him under disciplined teachers. He resolved, accordingly, to send Robert to Edinburgh University, where he spent the winter and summer sessions of 1820 - 21, attending the classes of Natural Philosophy under Sir John Leslie, Mineralogy under Professor Jamieson, and Chemistry under Dr. Hope. Young Stephenson was one of the most diligent and hard-working students of his year. He took copious notes of all the lectures, which he was accustomed carefully to write out, and afterwards to consult, even to the close of his life. One evening, a few years ago, an engineering friend was discussing with him in his library in Gloucester Square some scientific point, when Mr. Stephenson rose, and took down from the shelves a thick volume, for the purpose of consulting it. On the question being asked, "What have we here?" he replied, "When I went to college, I knew the difficulty my father had in collecting money to send me there; before going I studied shorthand, and while at Edinburgh I took down *verbatim* every

lecture I attended ; every evening before I went to bed I transcribed those lectures word for word, and you see the result in that range of books."

It was a good custom of Professor Jamieson, at the close of each session, to select the most diligent and meritorious of his pupils to accompany him in a botanical and geological excursion over some of the most interesting parts of Scotland ; and Robert Stephenson was one of these favored pupils at the close of the session of 1820 - 21. Only about a year before his death, when he was making an excursion in his yacht with a party of friends through the Caledonian Canal, he took occasion to point out some of the ground which he had gone over during that delightful excursion with his professor, and he then expressed the practical advantages which he had derived from studying the great works of the Creator upon the chart of Nature itself. The students' excursion ended, Robert returned to Killingworth ; and his father was a proud man when his son reported the progress he had made, and, above all, when he laid before him the prize for mathematics which he had won at the University. The cost of the year's education was about eighty pounds ; but though a large sum in the estimation of both father and son at the time, George then and afterwards declared that it was one of the best investments of money which he had ever made.

We have been thus particular in describing the several stages in the education of Robert Stephenson, and the active part which his father took in the process, because it was thus that the foundations of his character were laid. The young man was now to enter by himself upon the road of life, fortified by good example, his habits well trained, his faculties well disciplined, and fully conscious that the issue rested mainly with himself. For several years more, however, he remained under his father's eye, passing through the admirable discipline of the workshop, to which he himself in after

years was accustomed to attach the greatest importance. At the meeting of Mechanical Engineers, held at Newcastle, in August, 1858, he used these words: "Having been brought up originally as a mechanical engineer, and seen perhaps as much as any one of the other branches of the profession, I feel justified in insisting that the civil engineering department is best founded upon the mechanical knowledge obtained in the workshop. I have ever been fully conscious how greatly my civil engineering has been modified by the mechanical knowledge which I acquired from my father; and the further my experience has advanced, the more have I been convinced that it is necessary to educate an engineer in the workshop. That is the education emphatically which is calculated to render the engineer most intelligent, most useful, and the fullest of resources in times of difficulty."

In 1824 George Stephenson was busily engaged in the construction of the Stockton and Darlington Railway; and at the same time Robert was occupied in the locomotive manufactory already commenced at Newcastle, in superintending the construction of No. 1 engine, the "Active," for that railway; the same engine that was lately placed upon a pedestal in front of the Darlington station. He was also busy designing the fixed engine for the Brusselton incline, which he completed by the end of the year, when he left England for a time to take charge of the engines and machinery of a mining company newly established in Columbia, South America. Severe study and close application had begun to tell upon his health, and his father consented that he should accept the situation which had been offered him, in the hope that the change of scene and occupation might restore him to health and strength, though ill able to dispense with his valuable assistance at that important crisis in his own career.

The Darlington line was finished and opened, and its success was such as to encourage the Liverpool merchants



shortly after to project their undertaking of a railway between that town and Manchester. The difficulties encountered in obtaining the act, and in constructing the railway across Chat Moss, are among the most interesting chapters in George Stephenson's life, and need not be adverted to here. Then began the battle of the locomotive, and the keen discussions between the advocates of fixed and travelling engines, George Stephenson standing almost alone in his advocacy of the latter. At this juncture he wrote to his son, urging him to return home, as the fate of the locomotive hung upon the issue. Accordingly we find Robert Stephenson again returned to England, and in charge of the locomotive manufactory at Newcastle, by the end of the year 1827. From this time forward Robert was as his father's right hand, fortifying his arguments, illustrating his views, embodying his ideas in definite shapes, writing his reports to the directors, exposing the fallacies contained in the arguments put forward by the advocates of fixed engines, and in all ways energetically fighting by the side of his father the battle of the locomotive. At length their joint perseverance produced its effect; a prize was offered for the best locomotive, and George and Robert Stephenson's engine, the "Rocket," won the prize at Rainhill. Mr. Booth furnished the idea of the multitubular boiler; George Stephenson furnished the general plan of the engine; but the working out of the whole details, on which so much depended, was carried out by Robert Stephenson himself in the manufactory at Newcastle. Successful, however, though the performances of that engine were, it was but the beginning of Robert Stephenson's labors. For many years after, he continued to devote himself to perfecting the locomotive in all its details; and it was astonishing to observe the rapidity of the improvements effected, every engine turned out of the Stephenson workshops exhibiting an advance upon its predecessor in point of speed, power, and working efficiency.

The success of railways being now proved, railway projects multiplied in all directions, and Mr. Stephenson then decided to enter upon the business of a civil engineer; the first railway laid out by him being the Leicester and Swanton line; after which, in conjunction with his father, he was appointed engineer of the London and Birmingham Railway. It is related as an illustration of his conscientious perseverance in laying out this line, that, in the course of his examination of the country between London and Birmingham, he walked over the whole intervening districts upwards of twenty times. The difficulties encountered in carrying out this undertaking in those early days of railway-making were of the most formidable kind, the most important being the construction of the Kilsby Tunnel; but by perseverance and skill added to his previous knowledge of mining operations, which proved of great service to him, they were all surmounted; and the success of the London and Birmingham Railway speedily introduced our young engineer to a vast and prosperous business, in which he continued to hold the very first place to the close of his life. It was stated in his presence, at the celebration of the opening of the High Level Bridge at Newcastle a few years ago, that not less than eighteen hundred and fifty miles of railway had then been constructed after his designs and under his superintendence, at an outlay of seventy millions sterling.

His Parliamentary business was necessarily extensive. In the session of 1846 he appeared as the engineer for no fewer than thirty-three schemes; and he might have been engineer for as many more, if he would have allowed his name to appear in connection with them. On all questions of railway working and railway construction, his evidence was eagerly sought and highly valued. Into the controversy respecting the comparative merits of the narrow and broad gauges, and the locomotive as compared with the atmospheric system, he threw himself with more than ordinary scientific keenness. He was

the head and front of the opposition to his friend Brunel's innovations, and the result proved that his views were correct. The most vehement Parliamentary struggle of this kind occurred in the session of 1845, when the rival schemes of Brunel and Stephenson were before Parliament, — the one promoting the Northumberland Atmospheric, and the other the Newcastle and Berwick (locomotive) line. The former was recommended to the Commons Committee by Mr. Sergeant Wrangham, as calculated to be “a *respectable* line, and not one that was to be converted into a road for the accommodation of the coal-owners of the district;” and Mr. Brunel summed up his evidence in these words: “In short, rapidity, comfort, safety, and economy are its recommendations.” Mr. Stephenson was examined at great length, and his evidence must have had its due weight with the Committee, who passed the preamble of his bill; and the shareholders were thus saved much useless expenditure, for after the lapse of a few years the atmospheric system was everywhere abandoned.

The High Level Bridge at Newcastle formed part of the east coast system of railways, of which Mr. Stephenson was then the engineer, extending from London to Berwick. This noble work occupied three years in construction, and it was opened by her Majesty on the 19th of August, 1849. It is a much finer architectural structure than any of the great iron bridges subsequently erected by Mr. Stephenson; combining, also, in a remarkable degree, the qualities of strength, rigidity, and durability. The bridge and viaduct approaching it are of great length, being, together, about four thousand feet. The bridge spans the Tyne between Newcastle and Gateshead, and passes completely over the roofs of the houses which fill the valley on either side the river. The prospect from the bridge is most striking; the Tyne, full of shipping, lies a hundred and thirty feet below, the funnels and masts of steamers being visible, when the smoke allows, far

down the river. Seen from beneath, the bridge is very majestic, the impress of power being grandly stamped upon it. One of the most important features of the bridge — characteristic of all Mr. Stephenson's structures, but especially so in this case — is its utility. It is a double bridge, forming a direct road connecting the busy towns of Newcastle and Gateshead with each other, at the same time that it is an integral part of the railway system along which the traffic by the east coast between England and Scotland is enabled to pass without break of gauge; and it will probably remain, for many centuries to come, the finest and most appropriate monument in Newcastle to the native genius of the Stephensons.

Another of Mr. Stephenson's great structures is his well-known Britannia Bridge across the Menai Straits, — a masterly work, the result of laborious calculation, founded on painstaking experiment, combined with eminent constructive genius and high moral and intellectual courage. The original idea embodied by Mr. Stephenson in this bridge was the application of wrought-iron tubes in the form of an aerial tunnel, for the purpose of spanning this arm of the sea at such a height as to enable vessels of large burden to pass underneath in full sail. The arch was rejected, as incompatible with the requirements of the Act of Parliament, and the engineer was thrown upon his own resources to overcome the apparently insurmountable difficulties of the passage. After much reflection and study, the scheme of a wrought-iron hollow beam, of gigantic dimensions, was adopted; Mr. Stephenson feeling satisfied that the principles on which the idea was founded were nothing more than an extension of those in daily use in the profession of the engineer. While his mind was still occupied with the subject in its earlier stages, an accident occurred to the Prince of Wales iron steamship, at Blackwall, which singularly corroborated Mr. Stephenson's views as to the strength of wrought-iron

beams of large dimensions. While launching this vessel, the cleet on the bow gave way, in consequence of the bolts breaking, and let the vessel down so that the bilge came in contact with the wharf, and she remained suspended between the water and the wharf, for a distance of about one hundred and ten feet, without injury to the plates of the ship, thus proving her great strength. The illustration was well-timed, and so fully confirmed the calculations which Mr. Stephenson had already made on the strength of tubular structures, that it greatly relieved his anxiety, and converted his confidence into a certainty that he had not undertaken an impracticable task. Then commenced a series of elaborate experiments, in which the engineer was ably assisted by Professor Hodgkinson, Mr. Fairbairn, and Mr. E. Clarke, to determine the best form, thickness, and dimensions of the required tubes, so that assurance might be made doubly sure. Every detail was carefully attended to, and not a point was neglected that could add to the efficiency and security of the structure. As Mr. Stephenson himself said, at the opening of the bridge for traffic: "The true and accurate calculation of all the conditions and elements essential to the safety of the bridge had been a source not only of mental, but of bodily toil; including, as it did, a combination of abstract thought and well-considered experiment adequate to the magnitude of the project." Mr. Stephenson's anxiety was very great during the arduous process of raising the tubes, and it is said that for three weeks he was almost sleepless. Sir F. Head, however, relates, that on the morning following the raising of the final tube, when about to leave the scene of so many days' harassing operations, he observed, sitting on a platform which had been erected to enable some of the more favored spectators to command a good view of the preceding day's operations, a gentleman reclining entirely by himself, smoking a cigar, and as if almost indolently gazing at the aerial gallery before him. It was the father looking at his new-born child!

He had strolled down from the neighboring village, after his first sound and refreshing sleep for weeks, to behold in sunshine and solitude that which, during a weary period of gestation, had been either mysteriously moving in his brain, or, like a vision, — sometimes of good omen, and sometimes of bad, — had, by night as well as by day, been flitting across his mind.

The Victoria Bridge, across the St. Lawrence, near Montreal, is constructed on the same principle as the Britannia Bridge, but on a much larger scale; the Victoria Bridge, with its approaches, being only sixty yards short of two miles in length. In its gigantic strength and majestic proportions, there is no structure to compare with it in ancient or modern times. It consists of not less than twenty-five immense tubular bridges joined into one; the great central span being three hundred and thirty feet, the others two hundred and forty-two feet in length. The weight of wrought iron in the bridge is about ten thousand tons; and the piers are of massive stone, containing some eight thousand tons each of solid masonry. Of this last and greatest of his works, it is to be lamented that the engineer did not live to see the completion.

For many years his time was completely occupied with the promotion of railway bills, the surveying of new lines for many companies, and giving evidence for those companies in Parliament, as well as superintending the construction of railway works in progress. During this busy period of his life his income was very large, and his accumulation of property was rapid, — far beyond any previous example of engineering gain. And when his father died, in 1848, bequeathing to him his valuable collieries, his share in the engine manufactory at Newcastle, and his accumulated savings, Robert Stephenson occupied the position of an engineer millionaire, — the first of the race. He continued, however, to live in a quiet style, and, although he bought

pictures, and indulged in the luxury of a yacht, he did not live up to his income, which went on accumulating. He had no family to inherit his fortune, and he could, therefore, afford to be generous — which he was, to his honor — to the educational institutions of his native town. The Newcastle and Literary Institute had liberally assisted his father and himself with books and apparatus in the days of their obscurity; and he accordingly presented the Institute, during his lifetime, with a sum of above £3,000, towards paying off the debt which lay heavy upon the institution, conditional on its local supporters finding the remaining half of the debt, which they did. It is well to see men of wealth thus mindful of the educational claims of the localities to which they belong, and of the institutes which helped them in their youth.

Mr. Stephenson was greatly esteemed in his profession, and when any difficulty arose, he was prompt to render his best advice and assistance. When Mr. Brunel was occupied with his first fruitless efforts to launch the Great Eastern, at the close of one most disheartening day's work, he wrote Mr. Stephenson, urging him to come down to Blackwall on the following morning, and confer with him as to further measures. Next morning Mr. Stephenson was in the yard at Blackwall shortly after six o'clock, and he remained there until dusk. While superintending the operations about midday, he came to the end of a balk of timber which canted up, and he fell up to his middle in the Thames mud. He was merely in his ordinary dress, without any great coat (though the weather was bitter cold) and with only thin boots upon his feet. He was urged to leave the yard and change his dress, but, with his usual disregard of health, his reply was, "O, never mind me, I'm quite used to this sort of thing;" and he went paddling about in the mud, smoking his cigar until almost quite dark, when the work of the day was completed. The consequence of this

exposure was an inflammation of the lungs, which kept him to his bed for a fortnight.

No man could be more beloved than Mr. Stephenson was by a wide circle of friends. His pupils and juniors in the profession regarded him with a sort of worship; and he even ran some risk of being spoilt by the adulation with which they surrounded him. But he preserved his simplicity, his modesty, and his manliness, through all. He was a kind and pleasant companion, very unaffected, cordial, and communicative. Possessing ample means, he was enabled to do many benevolent acts, particularly to those who had worked with him in the early part of his career; and he was always ready to help on the deserving and the industrious.

He was greatly honored in his life, though he died untitled. Like his father, he was offered knighthood, and declined it; but he accepted the honors of foreign potentates for whom he had performed important services. By the King of the Belgians he was made Knight of the Order of Leopold; the King of Sweden presented him with the Grand Cross of Olaf; and the Emperor of the French decorated him with the Order of the Legion of Honor. In 1857, the University of Oxford conferred on him the honor of D. C. L.; and for many years he represented Whitby in Parliament. The greatest honor of all, however, was reserved for his death, when he was laid to rest amidst the great departed of England in Westminster Abbey.

Amongst those who stood beside his grave were many of the friends of his boyhood and his manhood. William Kell, Philip Staunton, and Joseph Glynn, his schoolfellows; Nicholas Wood, his first master in the business of life; Joseph Sandars, the projector of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway; Henry Booth, his coadjutor in designing the "Rocket," which won the prize at Rainhill; Joseph Locke and John Dixon, his early professional companions; Mr. Glyn, Mr. Ellis, and Mr. Joseph Pease, fast friends of his



father, as well as himself; down to Henry Weatherburn, driver of the "Harvey Combe," beside whom the engineer stood on the foot-plate of the locomotive at the opening of the London and Birmingham Railway. Besides these were many of the greatest living men of thought and action, assembled at that solemn ceremony to pay their last mark of respect to this illustrious son of one of England's greatest workmen. *Requiescat!*





## DR. ARNOLD.

It does one's heart good to contemplate the life of such a man as Dr. Arnold of Rugby. He possessed that quality of earnestness which gives force to every purpose in life. He was full of strong sympathy for all that was true and good in our modern social movements, and of as strong antipathy for all that he conceived to be false and unjust. He was in the cause that he conscientiously felt to be right, with his whole heart and soul; and waged an unceasing war against what seemed to him to be slanders and wrongs. He was of the stern stuff of which martyrs are made; for when he saw his way clear, and his conscience approved, he never hesitated at once to act boldly and energetically. We may not agree with him in all the views that he held and advocated; but we never fail to admire the unflinching and high-minded consistency of his life, and the purity of the motives on which he acted.

The history of Dr. Arnold contains comparatively few incidents. He was a scholar and a thinker, acting upon the world through his school and his study, rather than taking an active part in its practical movements and struggles. He spoke to the world from without, and spoke to the men in action from a higher sphere. Thomas Arnold was born at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in 1795. His father, who was the collector of customs at that place, died suddenly in 1801, and left a large family to be provided for, Thomas (the youngest) being then only six years old. His



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The history of Dr. Arnold contains comparatively few incidents. He was a scholar and a thinker, acting upon the world through his school and his study, rather than taking an active part in its practical movements and struggles. He influenced it from without, and spoke to the men in action, as if from a higher sphere. Thomas Arnold was born at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, in 1795. His father, who was the collector of customs at that place, died suddenly in 1801, and left a large family to be provided for, Thomas (the youngest) being then only six years old. His

aunt undertook the care of his education, and sent him to Warminster School in 1803, where he remained four years, and then removed to Winchester, leaving that seminary in 1811. As a boy, he was shy and retiring, but he then formed numerous warm friendships, which continued through life. He was fond of ballad poetry, and while at Winchester wrote a long poem on the subject of Simon de Montfort, which obtained for him the appellation of "Poet Arnold." But in his school career there was, on the whole, nothing remarkable.

He entered Corpus Christi College, Oxford, in 1811; was elected a Fellow of Oriel College, in 1815; and subsequently obtained the Chancellor's prize for the University essays in Latin and English. He often looked back with delight to his residence at Oxford, and trod over again in fancy the beautiful scenery of the neighborhood, — Bageley Wood, and Shotover, with Horspath nestling under it; Elsfield, with its green slope; and all the variety of Cumnor Hill. He had an intense love of nature in all its aspects, and quite revelled amongst the beautiful scenery of Westmoreland, where he had his rural home during the later years of his life. While at College, his inquiries became directed upon religious subjects, and he was early beset by doubts and scruples, through which most strong minds have vigorously to struggle. But Arnold succeeded in at length reaching what he felt to be firm ground, his nature strengthened by the struggles which he had undergone.

In December, 1818, he was ordained deacon at Oxford; in 1819, he settled at Laleham with his mother, aunt, and sister, taking in pupils to prepare them for the Universities; and in 1820, he married Mary Penrose, the youngest daughter of the Rector of Fledborough, Lincolnshire. He remained at Laleham for nine years, diligently improving his mind, engaged in the study of Greek and Roman history, learning German in order to read Niebuhr, searching out

the deep meaning of the Scriptures, and devoting himself to the improvement and culture of the minds of his pupils. He loved teaching, and seemed to live for it, entering into the pursuits of his scholars, making them feel in love with knowledge and virtue, giving them new views of life and action, and discovering to them the means of being useful and truly happy. He loved his pupils, and they loved him warmly in turn. He bathed with them, leaped with them, sailed and rowed with them, and entered into all their amusements, as well as intellectual occupations.

His success at Laleham, and the high opinion which began to be entertained of him by leading minds, directed attention to Dr. Arnold as the proper person to fill the office of Head Master of Rugby School, on the resignation of Dr. Wool, for a long time master of that academy ; and on presenting himself as a candidate, he was at once elected to the office in December, 1827. In the following year he received Priest's orders ; shortly after, he took his degree of B. D., and D. D., and entered upon his duties in August, 1828. He commenced his work with the ardent zeal of a reformer. He had long deplored the state of the public schools of England, holding many of them to be seminaries of vice rather than of virtue, and he longed to try "whether his notions of Christian education were really impracticable, and whether our system of public schools had not in it some noble elements which might produce fruit, even to life eternal."

Many have expressed a regret that Arnold, with his fine powers of mind, should have devoted his main energies through life to the performance of the duties of a school-master. But he himself had the proper notions of this high calling, and he felt that in forming, influencing, and directing the minds of hundreds of young men, who were to occupy, many of them, prominent places in society, at the same time that he was laboring to reform and to elevate the



entire system of school education, he was really engaged in a noble and elevating work. He threw himself into this work with great zeal, at first feeling his way, but gradually acting with greater boldness and decision. He succeeded in enlisting the boys themselves in his labors, made them co-operators with himself in the improvements he sought to introduce, and the result was, that, in the course of a very few years, Rugby School was rendered one of the most famous and successful in England.

It would occupy too much space to detail the tenderness, the firmness, the judgment, the kindness, and the Christian zeal which the master displayed in carrying out his great purpose, and to exhibit by what means he fired his pupils with the love of truth, virtue, and integrity, — teaching them to do for themselves rather than to depend upon others for success, — treating them as gentlemen, and thus making them such, — trusting them, confiding in them, stimulating them, and encouraging them. But, as was to have been expected, there were many unruly spirits to be dealt with among an indiscriminate mass of three hundred boys; and mischievous tendencies and bad feeling could not be altogether repressed among them. On one of these occasions he exclaimed: “Is this a Christian school? I cannot remain here if all is to be carried on by constraint and force; if I am to be here as a jailer, I would rather resign my office at once.” And on another occasion, when he had found it necessary to send away some unruly boys, he said: “It is not necessary that this should be a school of three hundred, or of one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen.” And such stirring appeals to the generous nature of his boys rarely failed in their effect.

What Dr. Arnold mainly aimed at, was to promote the self-development of the young minds committed to his charge, by encouraging them to cultivate their own intel-

lects. "I am sure," he used to say, "the temptations of intellect are not comparable to the temptations of dulness;" and he often dwelt on "the fruit which he above all things longed for, — moral thoughtfulness, — the engrossing love of truth going along with the devoted love of goodness;" and again he said: "I am quite sure that it is a most solemn duty to cultivate our understandings to the uttermost, for I have seen the evil moral consequences of fanaticism to a greater degree than I ever expected to see them realized; and I am satisfied that a neglected intellect is far oftener the cause of mischief to a man than a perverted or overvalued one." He longed to train men so that they should form their own opinions honestly, and entertain them decidedly. He could not bear that nondescript in society, — the *neutral* character. "Neutrality, however," he observed, "seems to me a natural state for men of fair honesty, moderate wit, and much indolence; they cannot get strong impressions of what is true and right, and the weak impression, which is all that they can take, cannot overcome indolence and fear: I crave a strong mind for my children, for this reason, — that they then have a chance, at least, of appreciating truth keenly, and when a man does that, honesty becomes comparatively easy." "I would far rather," he said, "send a boy to Van Diemen's Land, where he must work for his bread, than send him to Oxford to live in luxury, without any desire in his mind to avail himself of his advantages. Childishness in boys, even of good abilities, seems to me to be a growing fault, and I do not know to what to ascribe it, except to the greater number of exciting books of amusement, like 'Pickwick' and 'Nickleby,' 'Bentley's Miscellany,' &c., &c. These completely satisfy all the intellectual appetites of a boy, which is rarely very voracious, and leave him totally palled, not only for his regular work, which I could well excuse in comparison, but for good literature of all sorts, even for history and poetry."

At the same time, for mere cleverness, whether in men or boys, without moral goodness and mental strength, he had very little esteem. "Mere intellectual acuteness," he used to say, in speaking of lawyers, for example, "divested as it is, in too many cases, of all that is comprehensive and great and good, is to me more revolting than the most helpless imbecility, seeming to be almost like the spirit of Mephistophiles." Again, "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly, and zealously cultivated." In speaking of a pupil of this character, he said, "I would stand to that man *hat in hand*." Once, at Laleham, when teaching a rather dull boy, he spoke rather sharply to him, when the pupil looked up in his face and said, "Why do you speak angrily, sir? *indeed* I am doing the best that I can." Years afterwards he used to tell the story to his children, and said, "I never felt so much in my life, — that look and that speech I have never forgotten." In such a spirit did Dr. Arnold enter and proceed upon his work of educating young minds, and the success that attended his efforts was immense. He excited quite an enthusiastic admiration among his pupils, and many there are who confess that they owe to him the main bent of their lives and actions, and all the good which they have accomplished. This feeling has by no means been exaggerated by Mr. Hughes in his celebrated "Tom Brown's School Days."

While thus diligently occupied among his pupils, and superintending, with an anxious eye, the whole business of his great school, Dr. Arnold took the most eager interest in the ongoings of the busy world without. He followed the public movements of the day with enthusiasm: he was a man who could not possibly be neutral, and he at once took his side with the cause of progress. In his youth, Arnold had been a conservative; but the reading of history, of the Bible, and Aristotle, with a free mind, soon led him entirely the other

way. His feelings were most intense, as to the neglect of the poor by the rich, and the injustice and want of sympathy exercised towards the multitudinous classes. "It haunts me," he said, "almost night and day. It fills me with astonishment to see antislavery and missionary societies so busy with the ends of the earth, and yet all the worst evils of slavery and heathenism existing among ourselves." Again, in 1840, he says: "The state of the times is so grievous, that it really pierces through all private happiness, and *haunts me daily like a personal calamity.*" Again and again does he give expression to similar desponding views in his letters to his intimate friends. "It seems to me," he said, "that people are not enough aware of the monstrous state of society, absolutely without a parallel in the history of the world; with a population poor, miserable, and degraded, both in body and mind, as much as if they were slaves, and yet called freemen, and having a power as such of concerting and combining plans of risings, which makes them ten times more dangerous than slaves. And the hopes entertained by many, of the effects to be wrought by new churches and schools, while the social evils of their condition are left uncorrected, appear to me to be utterly wild." The Corn Laws and the Debt, the increasing mortgages on land and industry, oppressed his mind like a nightmare. He could not rid himself of the thought of these things. He feared that "too late" were the words which must be affixed to every plan of reforming society in England. "The English nation," he observed, "are like a man in a lethargy; they are never roused from their conservatism till mustard poultices are put to their feet." The conduct of the higher classes, at the same time, roused his extreme ire. "There is," said he, "no earthly thing more mean and despicable in my mind than an English gentleman destitute of all sense of his responsibilities and opportunities, and only revelling in the luxuries of our high civilization, and thinking himself a great person."

He endeavored to give his views on these subjects a practical direction, and labored to organize a society "for drawing public attention to the state of the laboring classes throughout the kingdom." But the plan never came to maturity. He tried to establish a newspaper, but it failed after a few numbers. He wrote letters in the *Sheffield Courant* and the *Herts Reformer*, and thus endeavored to rouse the public attention. "I have a testimony to deliver," he said; "*I must write or die.*" His scholastic studies were all prosecuted with the same views. His Greek and Roman History was "not an idle inquiry about remote ages and forgotten institutions, but a living picture of things present, fitted not so much for the curiosity of the scholar, as for the instruction of the statesman and the scholar." "My abhorrence of conservatism," he observed at another time, "is not because it checks liberty, — in an established democracy it would favor liberty; but because it checks the growth of mankind in wisdom, goodness, and happiness, by striving to maintain institutions which are of necessity temporary, and thus never hindering change, but often depriving the change of half its value." Yet Dr. Arnold, decided though his views were, might be said to belong to no "party," either in the State or in the Church. His independence was too great, — his opinions were so entirely self-formed and elaborated, and held with such tenacity, that he was not a man who could jog quietly along in the train of any "party." He was strongly in favor of Catholic emancipation, and wrote an eloquent pamphlet in its favor; but strange to say, for reasons which he stated equally strongly, he was opposed to the emancipation of the Jews.

On Church questions, his views were equally bold and decided. He stood quite aloof from High Church and Low Church alike. He was strongly impressed with a sense of what he termed the "corruption of the Church," which, he maintained, had been "virtually destroyed;" for by the

Church was now understood only "the Clergy," the Laity being excluded from all share in its administration. He inveighed, in an article of his in the *Edinburgh Review*, "On the Fanaticism which has been the Peculiar Disgrace of the Church of England," — "a dress, a ritual, a name, a ceremony, a technical phraseology, — the superstition of a priesthood without its power, — the gown of Episcopal government, without its substance, — a system imperfect and paralyzed, not independent, not sovereign, — afraid to cast off the subjection against which it was perpetually murmuring, — objects so pitiful, that, if gained ever so completely, they would make no man the wiser, or the better; they would lead to no good, intellectual, moral, or spiritual." For this article, he was taken to task by Earl Howe, one of the trustees of Rugby School, and called upon to confess whether he were the author. He replied, that the authorship of the article was well known, — that he had spoken undisguisedly of it to his friends; but he refused to give a direct answer to his Lordship's interrogatory, which would be "to acknowledge a right which I owe it," he said, "not only to myself, but to the master of every endowed school in England, absolutely to deny." The result was a meeting of the trustees, but Dr. Arnold was retained in his office without any further communication being made to him.

Dr. Arnold had an intense sense of the true religious life, and this it was which shocked him at its shams, and at the virtual Atheism in which men lived. "I cannot," he said, "understand what is the good of a national Church, if it be not to Christianize the nation, and introduce the principles of Christianity into men's social and civil relations, and expose the wickedness of that spirit which maintains the Game Laws, and, in agriculture and trade, seems to think that there is no such sin as covetousness; and, that if a man is not dishonest, he has nothing to do but to make all the profit of his capital that he can." He deplored that religion

had become, among us, "an affair of clergy, not of people ; of preaching and ceremonies, not of living ; of Sundays and synagogues, instead of one of all days and all places, houses, streets, town, and country." "Alas !" he exclaimed, "when will the Church ever exist more than in name, so that this profession might have that zeal infused into it which is communicated by an *esprit de corps* ; and, if the ' Body ' were the real Church, instead of our abominable sects, with their half-priestcraft, half-profaneness, its ' Spirit ' would be one that we might receive into all our hearts and minds."

Into the questions raised by the Oxford Controversy, also, he entered with great warmth. He saw in it the essence of "priestcraft," which he hated, characterizing Newmanism as "the great Anti-Christian heresy ;" but into his views on this subject we need not enter. Speaking thus strongly, it will be obvious that he could not fail to rouse a strong feeling of hostility against himself. At London, where he wished religious, not sectarian, examination to be introduced into the University, he was regarded as a bigot ; while at Oxford he was regarded as an extreme latitudinarian. "If I had two necks," said he, "I think I had a very good chance of being hanged by both sides." Nor would he aid the Sabbatarians in stopping railway travelling on Sundays, holding that the Jewish law of the Sabbath was not binding on Christians. Loud outcry was raised against him in many and various quarters, but still he was nothing daunted, even though old friends grew cool, and new ones fell away. The truth which he felt, he uttered, and never ceased till his last breath to do so. In course of time, however, as the rancor of the strife subsided, and the great success of his management and teaching at Rugby became apparent, and as his works on Greek and Roman history made their appearance, to show the magnificent calibre of his mind, new and powerful friends came around him, and his fame spread wider than before. Lord Melbourne offered him the vacant chair of History at

Oxford, in 1841, which he joyfully accepted, though he lived only to deliver the introductory course of lectures on his favorite theme.

It will be observed, from what we have said, that the prominent characteristic of the man was intense earnestness. He felt life keenly, its responsibilities as well as its enjoyments. His very pleasures were earnest; he was indifferent or neutral in nothing. He was always full of work, learning some new language, studying some fresh historical subject, or cheering on by his pen the progressive movements of the age. "It boots not," he said, "to look backward: *forward, forward, forward*, should be our motto." "I covet rest neither for my friends nor yet for myself, so long as we are able to work;" but, again he would say, "work after all is but half the man, and they who only work together, do not truly live together." "Instead of feeling my mind exhausted," he would say, after the day's business in the school was over, "it seems to have quite an eagerness to set to work. I feel as if I could dictate to twenty secretaries at once." He was a thoroughly "go-ahead" man, and rejoiced at all the signs of work and progress in this busy age. The delight with which he regarded the power of the railway was quite characteristic of him. "I rejoice to see it," he said, as he stood on one of the arches of the London and Birmingham line, and watched the train flash along through the distant hedges, — "I rejoice to see it, and think that feudality is gone forever. It is so great a blessing to think that any one evil is really extinct."

He was a great lover of men. When he met with one earnest and zealous as himself, — and such was rare, — he loved him with his whole heart. Chevalier Bunsen and Niebuhr were objects of his high admiration. Carlyle, too, was a great favorite. "What I daily feel more and more to need," he said, "as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those



who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things, and I think that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip, or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still on the surface; they do not touch the real depths of life." And again: "Differences of opinion give me but little concern; but it is a real pleasure to be brought into communication with any one who is *in earnest*, and who really looks to God's will as his standard of right and wrong, and judges of actions according to their greater or less conformity." Hence Arnold disliked the mere theologians. "There appears to me," he said, "in all the English divines a want of believing, or disbelieving anything, because it is true or false." And again: "I have left off reading our divines, because, as Pascal said of the Jesuits, if I had spent my time in reading them fully, I should have read a great many very indifferent books. But if I could find a great man amongst them, I would read him thankfully and earnestly. As it is, I hold John Bunyan to have been a man of incomparably greater genius than any of them, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His 'Pilgrim's Progress' seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture, with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it."

Interested as Arnold was in the ongoings of the outer world, he intensely enjoyed his own family and fireside. At Laleham, at Rugby, but above all, in his country home at Fox How, near Rydal, in Westmoreland, his heart ran over with expressions of joy and deep delight. Fox How was the paradise to which he retreated from the turmoil of the world. "It is with a mixed feeling of solemnity and tenderness," he said, "that I regard our mountain nest, whose surpassing sweetness, I think I may safely say, adds a positive happiness to every one of my waking hours passed in it." When absent from Fox How, it "dwelt on his memory as a

vision of beauty, from one vacation to another ;” and when present there, he felt that “no hasty or excited admiration of a tourist could be compared with the quiet and homely delight of having the mountains and streams as familiar objects, connected with all the enjoyments of home, one’s family, one’s books, and one’s friends.” Among the delicious scenery of Italy, he said, that “if he stayed more than a day at the most beautiful spot in the world, it would only bring on a longing for Fox How ;” and it was his repeated wish that, when he died, “his bones should go to Grasmere churchyard, to lie under the yews which Wordsworth planted, and to have the ‘Rotha, with its deep and silent pools, passing by.’”

This true and noble man died too soon for himself and the world. He was suddenly cut off, in the midst of his labors, on the morning of the 12th of June, 1842, in the forty-seventh year of his age. He died, but he left a legacy of pure thoughts, earnest impulses, and noble aspirations to his race, and which, it is to be hoped, the world will not willingly let die.

## HUGH MILLER.

**M**EN may learn much that is good from each other's lives, — especially from good men's lives. Men who live in our daily sight, as well as men who have lived before us, and handed down illustrious examples for our imitation, are the most valuable practical teachers. For it is not mere literature that makes men, — it is real, practical life, that chiefly moulds our nature, enables us to work out our own education, and to build up our own character.

Hugh Miller has very strikingly worked out this idea in his admirable autobiography, entitled, "My Schools and Schoolmasters." It is extremely interesting, even fascinating, as a book; but it is more than an ordinary book, — it might almost be called an institution. It is the history of the formation of a truly noble and independent character in the humblest condition of life, — the condition in which a large mass of the people of this country are born and brought up; and it teaches all, but especially poor men, what it is in the power of each to accomplish for himself. The life of Hugh Miller is full of lessons of self-help and self-respect, and shows the efficacy of these in working out for a man an honorable competence and a solid reputation. It may not be that every man has the *thew* and *sinew*, the large brain and heart, of a Hugh Miller, — for there is much in what we may call the *breed* of a man, the defect of which no mere educational advantages can supply; but every man can at least do much, by the help of such examples as his, to elevate

himself, and build up his moral and intellectual character on a solid foundation.

We have spoken of the *breed* of a man. In Hugh Miller we have an embodiment of that most vigorous and energetic element of English national life, — the Norwegian and Danish. In times long, long ago, the daring and desperate pirates of these nations swarmed along the eastern coasts. In England they were resisted by force of arms, for the prize of England's crown was a rich one; yet, by dint of numbers, valor, and bravery, they made good their footing in England, and even governed the eastern part of it by their own kings until the time of Alfred the Great. And to this day the Danish element amongst the population of the east and north-east of England is by far the prevailing one. But in Scotland it was different. They never reigned there; but they settled and planted all the eastern coasts. The land was poor and thinly peopled; and the Scottish kings and chiefs were too weak — generally too much occupied by intestine broils — to molest or dispossess them. Then these Danes and Norwegians led a seafaring life, were sailors and fishermen, which the native Scots were not. So they settled down in all the bays and bights along the coast of Scotland, and took entire possession of the Orkneys, Shetland, and Western Isles, the Shetlands having been held by the crown of Denmark down to a comparatively recent period. They never amalgamated with the Scotch Highlanders; and to this day they speak a different language, and follow different pursuits. The Highlander was a hunter, a herdsman, a warrior, and fished in the fresh waters only. The descendants of the Norwegians, or the Lowlanders, as they came to be called, followed the sea, fished in salt waters, cultivated the soil, and engaged in trade and commerce. Hence the marked difference between the population of the town of Cromarty — where Hugh Miller was born, in 1802 — and the population only a few miles inland; the townspeople speaking Lowland Scotch,

and being dependent for their subsistence mainly on the sea, — the others speaking Gaelic, and living solely upon the land.

These Norwegian colonists of Cromarty held in their blood the very same piratical propensities which characterized their forefathers who followed the Vikings. Hugh Miller first saw the light in a long, low-built house, built by his great-grandfather, John Feddes, "one of the last of the buccaneers;" this cottage having been built, as Hugh Miller himself says he has every reason to believe, with "Spanish gold." All his ancestors were sailors and seafaring men; when boys they had taken to the water as naturally as ducklings. Traditions of adventures by sea were rife in the family. Of his grand-uncles, one had sailed round the world with Anson, had assisted in burning Paëta, and in boarding the Manilla galleon; another, a handsome and powerful man, perished at sea in a storm; and his grandfather was dashed overboard by the jib-boom of his little vessel when entering the Cromarty Firth, and never rose again. The son of this last, Hugh Miller's father, was sent into the country by his mother to work upon a farm, thus to rescue him, if possible, from the hereditary fate of the family. But it was of no use. The propensity for the salt water, the very instinct of the breed, was too powerful within him. He left the farm, went to sea, became a man-of-war's man, was in the battle with the Dutch off the Dogger Bank, sailed all over the world, then took "French leave" of the royal navy, returned to Cromarty with money enough to buy a sloop and engage in trade on his own account. But this vessel was one stormy night knocked to pieces on the bar of Findhorn, the master and his men escaping with difficulty; then another vessel was fitted out by him, by the help of his friends, and in this he was trading from place to place when Hugh Miller was born.

What a vivid picture of sea-life, as seen from the shore at

least, do we obtain from the early chapters of Miller's life! "I retain," says he, "a vivid recollection of the joy which used to light up the household on my father's arrival, and how I learned to distinguish for myself his sloop when in the offing, by the two slim stripes of white that ran along her sides, and her two square topsails." But a terrible calamity—though an ordinary one in sea-life—suddenly plunged the sailor's family in grief; and he, too, was gathered to the same grave in which so many of his ancestors lay,—the deep ocean. A terrible storm overtook his vessel near Peterhead; numbers of ships were lost along the coast; vessel after vessel came ashore, and the beach was strewn with wrecks and dead bodies, but no remnant of either the ship or bodies of Miller and his crew was ever cast up. It was supposed that the little sloop, heavily laden, and laboring in a mountainous sea, must have started a plank and foundered. Hugh Miller was but a child at the time, having only completed his fifth year. The following remarkable "appearance," very much in Mrs. Crowe's way, made a strong impression upon him at the time. The house-door had blown open, in the gray of evening, and the boy was sent by his mother to shut it.

"Day had not wholly disappeared, but it was fast posting on to night, and a gray haze spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object, but left the nearer ones comparatively distinct, when I saw at the open door, within less than a yard of my breast, as plainly as ever I saw anything, a dissevered hand and arm stretched towards me. Hand and arm were apparently those of a female: they bore a livid and sodden appearance; and directly fronting me, where the body ought to have been, there was only blank, transparent space, through which I could see the dim forms of the objects beyond. I was fearfully startled, and ran shrieking to my mother, telling what I had seen; and the house-girl, whom she next sent to shut the door, apparently

affected by my terror, also returned frightened, and said that she, too, had seen the woman's hand ; which, however, did not seem to be the case. And finally, my mother going to the door, saw nothing, though she appeared much impressed by the extremeness of my terror, and the minuteness of my description. I communicate the story as it lies fixed in my memory, without attempting to explain it : its coincidence with the probable time of my father's death, seems at least curious."

The little boy longed for his father's return, and continued to gaze across the deep, watching for the sloop with its two stripes of white along the sides. Every morning he went wandering about the little harbor, to examine the vessels which had come in during the night ; and he continued to look out across the Moray Forth long after anybody else had ceased to hope. But months and years passed, and the white stripes and square topsails of his father's sloop he never saw again. The boy was the son of a sailor's widow, and so grew up, in sight of the sea, and with the same love of it that characterized his father. But he was sent to school ; first to a dame school, where he learnt his letters ; he then worked his way through the Catechism, the Proverbs, and the New Testament and emerged into the golden region of "Sinbad the Sailor," "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp." Other books followed,—the Pilgrim's Progress, Cook's and Anson's Voyages, and Blind Harry the Rhymer's History of Wallace ; which first awoke within him a strong feeling of Scottish patriotism. And thus his childhood grew, on proper child-like nourishment. His uncles were men of solid sense and sound judgment, though uncultured by scholastic education. One was a local antiquary, by trade a working harness-maker ; the other was of a strong religious turn : he was a working cartwright, and in early life had been a sailor, engaged in nearly all Nelson's famous battles. The examples

and the conversation of these men were for the growing boy worth any quantity of school primers : he learnt from them far more than mere books could teach him.

But his school education was not neglected either. From the dame's school he was transferred to the town's grammar-school, where, amidst about one hundred and fifty other boys and girls, he received his real school education. But it did not amount to much. There, however, the boy learnt life, — to hold his own, — to try his powers with other boys, — physically and morally, as well as scholastically. The school brought out the stuff that was in him in many ways, but the mere book-learning was about the least part of the instruction.

The school-house looked out on the beach, fronting the opening of the Frith, and not a boat or a ship could pass in or out of the harbor of Cromarty without the boys seeing it. They knew the rig of every craft, and could draw them on their slates. Boats unloaded their glittering cargoes on the beach, where the process of gutting afterwards went busily on ; and to add to the bustle, there was a large killing-place for pigs not thirty yards from the school door, “ where from eighty to a hundred pigs used sometimes to die for the general good in a single day ; and it was a great matter to hear, at occasional intervals, the roar of death rising high over the general murmur within, or to be told by some comrade, returned from his five minutes' leave of absence, that a hero of a pig had taken three blows of a hatchet ere it fell, and that, even after its subjection to the sticking process, it had got hold of Jock Keddie's hand in its mouth, and almost smashed his thumb.” Certainly it is not in every grammar-school that such lessons as these are taught.

Miller was put to Latin, but made little progress in it, — his master had no method, and the boy was too fond of telling stories to his schoolfellows in school hours to make much progress. Cock-fighting was a school practice in those days,



the master having a perquisite of twopence for every cock that was entered by the boys on the days of the yearly fight. But Miller had no love for this sport, although he paid his entry money with the rest. In the mean time his miscellaneous reading extended, and he gathered pickings of odd knowledge from all sorts of odd quarters, — from workmen, carpenters, fishermen and sailors, old women, and, above all, from the old boulders strewed along the shores of the Cromarty Frith. With a big hammer, which had belonged to his great-grandfather, John Feddes, the buccaneer, the boy went about chipping the stones, and thus early accumulating specimens of mica, porphyry, garnet, and such like, exhibiting them to his uncle Alexander, and other admiring relations. Often, too, he had a day in woods to visit his uncle, when working as a sawyer, — his trade of cartwright having failed. And there, too, the boy's attention was excited by the peculiar geological curiosities which lay in his way. While searching among the stones and rocks on the beach, he was sometimes asked, in humble irony, by the farm servants who came to load their carts with sea-weed, whether he "was gettin' siller in the stanes," but was so unlucky as never to be able to answer their question in the affirmative. Uncle Sandy seems to have been a close observer of nature, and in his humble way had his theories of ancient sea-beaches, the flood, and the formation of the world, which he duly imparted to the wondering youth. Together they explored caves, roamed the beach for crabs and lobsters, whose habits Uncle Sandy could well describe; he also knew all about moths and butterflies, spiders, and bees, — in short, was a born natural-history man, so that the boy regarded him in the light of a professor, and, doubtless, thus early obtained from him the bias toward his future studies.

There was the usual number of hair-breadth escapes in Miller's boy-life. One of them, when he and a companion had got cooped up in a sea cave, and could not return because

of the tide, reminds us of the exciting scene described in Scott's *Antiquary*. There were school-boy tricks, and school-boy rambles, mischief-making in companionship with other boys, of whom he was often the leader. Left very much to himself, he was becoming a big, wild, insubordinate boy; and it became obvious that the time was now come when Hugh Miller must enter that world-wide school in which toil and hardship are the severe but noble masters. After a severe fight and wrestling-match with his schoolmaster, he left school, avenging himself for his defeat by penning and sending by the teacher, that very night, a copy of satiric verses, entitled "The Pedagogue," which occasioned a good deal of merriment in the place.

His boyhood over, and his school training ended, Hugh Miller must now face the world of toil. His uncles were most anxious that he should become a minister; and were even willing to pay his college expenses, though the labor of their hands formed their only wealth. The youth, however, had conscientious objections: he did not feel *called* to the work; and the uncles, confessing that he was right, gave up their point. Hugh was accordingly apprenticed to the trade of his choice,—that of a working stone-mason; and he began his laboring career in a quarry looking out upon the Cromarty Firth. This quarry proved one of his best schools. The remarkable geological formations which it displayed awakened his curiosity. The bar of deep-red stone beneath, and the bar of pale-red clay above, were noted by the young quarryman, who, even in such unpromising subjects, found matter for observation and reflection. Where other men saw nothing, he detected analogies, differences, and peculiarities, which set him a-thinking. He simply kept his eyes and his mind open; was sober, diligent, and persevering; and this was the secret of his intellectual growth.

Hugh Miller takes a cheerful view of the lot of labor. While others groan because they have to work hard for their

bread, he says that work is full of pleasure, of profit, and of materials for self-improvement. He holds that honest labor is the best of all teachers, and that the school of toil is the best and noblest of all schools, save only the Christian one, — a school in which the ability of being useful is imparted, and the spirit of independence communicated, and the habit of persevering effort acquired. He is even of opinion that the training of the mechanic, by the exercise which it gives to his observant faculties, from his daily dealings with things actual and practical, and the close experience of life which he invariably acquires, is more favorable to his growth as a Man, emphatically speaking, than the training which is afforded by any other condition of life. And the array of great names which he cites in support of his statement is certainly a large one. Nor is the condition of the average well-paid operative at all so dolorous, according to Hugh Miller, as many modern writers would have it to be. “I worked as an operative mason,” says he, “for fifteen years, — no inconsiderable portion of the more active part of a man’s life; but the time was not altogether lost. I enjoyed in those years fully the average amount of happiness, and learned to know more of the Scottish people than is generally known. Let me add, that from the close of the first year in which I wrought as a journeyman, until I took final leave of the mallet and chisel, I never knew what it was to want a shilling; that my two uncles, my grandfather, and the mason with whom I served my apprenticeship — all working-men — had had a similar experience; and that it was the experience of my father also. I cannot doubt that deserving mechanics may, in exceptional cases, be exposed to want; but I can as little doubt that the cases *are* exceptional, and that much of the suffering of the class is a consequence either of improvidence on the part of the completely skilled, or of a course of trifling during the term of apprenticeship, — quite as common as trifling at school, — that

always lands those who indulge in it in the hapless position of the inferior workman."

There is much honest truth in this observation. At the same time, it is clear that the circumstances under which Hugh Miller was brought up and educated are not enjoyed by all workmen, — are, indeed, experienced by comparatively few. In the first place, his parentage was good, his father and mother were a self-helping, honest, intelligent pair, in humble circumstances, but yet comparatively comfortable. Thus his early education was not neglected. His relations were sober, industrious, and "God-fearing," as they say in the north. His uncles were not his least notable instructors. One of them was a close observer of nature, and in some sort a scientific man, possessed of a small but good library of books. Then Hugh Miller's own constitution was happily framed. As one of his companions once said to him, "Ah, Miller, you have stamina in you, and will force your way; but I want strength; the world will never hear of me." It is the *stamina* which Hugh Miller possessed by nature, that were born in him, and were carefully nurtured by his parents, that enabled him as a working-man to rise, while thousands would have sunk or merely plodded on through life in the humble station in which they were born. And this difference in *stamina* and other circumstances is not sufficiently taken into account by Hugh Miller in the course of the interesting, and, on the whole, exceedingly profitable remarks, which he makes in his autobiography on the condition of the laboring poor.

We can afford, in our brief space, to give only a very rapid outline of Hugh Miller's fifteen years' life as a workman. He worked away in the quarry for some time, losing many of his finger-nails by bruises and accidents, growing fast, but gradually growing stronger, and obtaining a fair knowledge of his craft as a stone-hewer. He was early subjected to the temptation which besets most young work-

men, — that of drink. But he resisted it bravely. His own account of it is worthy of extract : —

“ When overwrought, and in my depressed moods, I learned to regard the ardent spirits of the dram-shop as high luxuries ; they gave lightness and energy to both body and mind, and substituted for a state of dulness and gloom one of exhilaration and enjoyment. Usquebhae was simply happiness doled out by the glass, and sold by the gill. The drinking usages of the profession in which I labored were at this time many ; when a foundation was laid, the workmen were treated to drink ; they were treated to drink when the walls were levelled for laying the joists ; they were treated to drink when the building was finished ; they were treated to drink when an apprentice joined the squad ; treated to drink when his ‘ apron was washed ; ’ treated to drink when his ‘ time was out ; ’ and occasionally they learnt to treat one another to drink. In laying down the foundation stone of one of the larger houses built this year by Uncle David and his partner, the workmen had a royal ‘ founding-pint, ’ and two whole glasses of the whiskey came to my share. A full-grown man would not have deemed a gill of usquebhae an overdose, but it was considerably too much for me ; and when the party broke up, and I got home to my books, I found, as I opened the pages of a favorite author, the letters dancing before my eyes, and that I could no longer master the sense. I have the volume at present before me, a small edition of the *Essays of Bacon*, a good deal worn at the corners by the friction of the pocket, for of Bacon I never tired. The condition into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed ; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, *I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage ;* and, with God’s help, I was enabled to hold my determination.”

A young working mason, reading Bacon’s *Essays* in his by-hours, must certainly be regarded as a remarkable man ; but not less remarkable is the exhibition of moral energy and noble self-denial in the instance we have cited.

It was while working as a mason's apprentice, that the lower Old Red Sandstone along the Bay of Cromarty presented itself to his notice ; and his curiosity was excited and kept alive by the infinite organic remains, principally of old and extinct species of fishes, ferns, and ammonites, which lay revealed along the coasts by the washings of waves, or were exposed by the stroke of his mason's hammer. He never lost sight of this subject ; went on accumulating observations and comparing formations, until at length, when no longer a working mason, many years afterwards, he gave to the world his highly interesting work on the Old Red Sandstone, which at once established his reputation as an accomplished scientific geologist. But this work was the fruit of long years of patient observation and research. As he modestly states in his autobiography, "the only merit to which I lay claim in the case is that of patient research, — a merit in which whoever wills may rival or surpass me ; and this humble faculty of patience, when rightly developed, may lead to more extraordinary developments of idea than even genius itself." And he adds how he deciphered the divine ideas in the mechanism and framework of creatures in the second stage of vertebrate existence.

But it was long before Hugh Miller accumulated his extensive geological observations, and acquired that self-culture which enabled him to shape them into proper form. He went on diligently working at his trade, but always observing and always reflecting. He says he could not avoid being an observer ; and that the necessity which made him a mason, made him also a geologist. In the winter months, during which mason-work is generally superseded in country places, he occupied his time with reading, sometimes with visiting country friends, — persons of an intelligent caste, — and often he strolled away amongst old Scandinavian ruins and Pictish forts, speculating about their origin and history. He made good use of his leisure. And when

spring came round again, he would set out into the Highlands, to work at building and hewing jobs with a squad of other masons, — working hard, and living chiefly on oatmeal brose. Some of the descriptions given by him of life in the remote Highland districts are extremely graphic and picturesque, and have all the charm of entire novelty. The kind of accommodation which he experienced may be inferred from the observation made by a Highland laird to his uncle James, as to the use of a crazy old building left standing beside a group of neat modern offices. “He found it of great convenience,” he said, “every time his speculations brought a drove of pigs, or a *squad of masons*, that way.” This sort of life and its surrounding circumstances were not of a poetical cast; yet the youth was now about the poetizing age, and during his solitary rambles after his day’s work, by the banks of the Conon, he meditated poetry, and began to make verses. He would sometimes write them out upon his mason’s kit, while the rain was dropping through the roof of the apartment upon the paper on which he wrote. It was a rough life of poetic musing, yet he always contrived to mix up a high degree of intellectual exercise and enjoyment with whatever manual labor he was employed upon; and this, after all, is one of the secrets of a happy life. While observing scenery and natural history, he also seems to have very closely observed the characters of his fellow-workmen, and he gives us vivid and life-like portraits of some of the more remarkable of them in his Autobiography. There were some rough and occasionally very wicked fellows among his fellow-workmen, but he had strength of character, and sufficient inbred sound principle, to withstand their contamination. He was also proud, — and pride in its proper place is an excellent thing, — particularly that sort of pride which makes a man revolt from doing a mean action, or anything which would bring discredit on the family. This is the sort of true nobility which serves poor men in

good stead sometimes, and it certainly served Hugh Miller well.

His apprenticeship ended, he "took jobs" for himself, — built a cottage for his Aunt Jenny, which still stands, and after that went out working as journeyman-mason. In his spare hours, he was improving himself by the study of practical geometry, and made none the worse a mason on that account. While engaged in helping to build a mansion on the western coast of Ross-shire, he extended his geological and botanical observations, noting all that was remarkable in the formation of the district. He also drew his inferences from the condition of the people, — being very much struck, above other things, with the remarkably contented state of the Celtic population, although living in filth and misery. On this he shrewdly observes: "It was one of the palpable characteristics of our Scottish Highlanders, for at least the first thirty years of the century, that they were contented enough, as a people, to find more to pity than to envy in the condition of their Lowland neighbors; and I remember that at this time, and for years after, I used to deem the trait a good one. I have now, however, my doubts on the subject, and am not quite sure whether a content so general as to be national may not, in certain circumstances, be rather a vice than a virtue. It is certainly no virtue, when it has the effect of arresting either individuals or peoples in their course of development; and is perilously allied to great suffering, when the men who exemplify it are so thoroughly happy amid the mediocrities of the present that they fail to make provision for the contingencies of the future."

Trade becoming slack in the North, Hugh Miller took ship for Edinburgh, where building was going briskly on (in 1824), to seek for employment there as a stone-hewer. He succeeded, and lived as a workman at Niddry, in the neighborhood of the city, for some time; pursuing at the same



time his geological observations in a new field, Niddry being located on the carboniferous system. Here also he met with an entirely new class of men, — the colliers, — many of whom, strange to say, had been *born slaves*; the manumission of the Scotch colliers having been effected in comparatively modern times, — as late as the year 1775! So that, after all, Scotland is not so very far ahead of the serfdom of Russia.

Returning to the North again, Miller next began business for himself in a small way, as a hewer of tombstones for the good folks of Cromarty. This change of employment was necessary, in consequence of the hewer's disease, caused by inhaling stone-dust, which settles in the lungs, and generally leads to rapid consumption, afflicting him with its premonitory symptoms. The strength of his constitution happily enabled him to throw off the malady, but his lungs never fairly recovered their former vigor. Work not being very plentiful, he wrote poems, some of which appeared in the newspapers; and in course of time a small collection of these pieces was published by subscription. He very soon, however, gave up poetry writing, finding that his humble accomplishment of verse was too narrow to contain his thinking; so next time he wrote a book it was in prose, and vigorous prose too, far better than his verse. But Miller had meanwhile been doing what was better than either cutting tombstones or writing poetry: he had been building up his *character*, and thereby securing the respect of all who knew him. So that, when a branch of the Commercial Bank was opened in Cromarty, and the manager cast about him to make selection of an accountant, whom should he pitch upon but Hugh Miller, the stone-mason? This was certainly a most extraordinary selection; but why was it made? Simply because of the excellence of the man's character. He had proved himself a true and a thoroughly excellent and trustworthy man in a humble capacity of life;

and the inference was, that he would carry the same principles of conduct into another and higher sphere of action. Hugh Miller hesitated to accept the office, having but little knowledge of accounts, and no experience in book-keeping ; but the manager knew his pluck and determined perseverance in mastering whatever he undertook ; above all, he had confidence in his character, and he would not take a denial. So Hugh Miller was sent to Edinburgh to learn his new business at the head bank.

Throughout life, Miller seems to have invariably put his conscience into his work. Speaking of the old man with whom he served his apprenticeship as a mason, he says : "*He made conscience of every stone he laid.* It was remarked in the place, that the walls built by Uncle David never bulged nor fell ; and no apprentice nor journeyman of his was permitted, on any plea, to make 'slight work.' " And one of his own Uncle James's instructions to him on one occasion was, "In all your dealings, give your neighbor *the cast of the bank*, — 'good measure, heaped up and running over,' — and you will not lose by it in the end." These lessons were worth far more than what is often taught in schools, and Hugh Miller seems to have framed his own conduct in life on the excellent moral teaching which they conveyed. Speaking of his own career as a workman, when on the eve of quitting it, he says : "I do think I acted up to my uncle's maxim ; and that, without injuring my brother workmen by lowering their prices. I never yet charged an employer for a piece of work that, fairly measured and valued, would not be rated at a slightly higher sum than that at which it stood in my account."

Although he gained some fame in his locality by his poems, and still more by his "Letters on the Herring Fisheries of Scotland," he was not, as many self-raised men are, spoilt by the praise which his works called forth. "There is," he says, "no more fatal error into which a working-man

of a literary turn can fall, than the mistake of deeming himself too good for his humble employments ; and yet it is a mistake as common as it is fatal. I had already seen several poor wrecked mechanics, who, believing themselves to be poets, and regarding the manual occupation by which they could alone live in independence as beneath them, had become in consequence little better than mendicants, — too good to work for their bread, but not too good virtually to beg it ; and looking upon them as beacons of warning, I determined that, with God's help, I should give their error a wide offing, and never associate the idea of meanness with an honest calling, or deem myself too good to be independent." Full of this manly and robust spirit, Hugh Miller pursued his career of stone-hewing by day, and prose composition when the day's work was done, until he entered upon his new vocation of banker's accountant. He showed his self-denial, too, in waiting for a wife until he could afford to keep one in respectable comfort, — his engagement lasting over five years, before he was in a position to fulfil his promise. And then he married, wisely and happily.

At Edinburgh, by dint of perseverance and application, Mr. Miller shortly mastered his new business, and then returned to Cromarty, where he was installed in office. His "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland" were published about the same time, and were well received ; and in his leisure hours he proceeded to prepare his most important work, on "The Old Red Sandstone." He also contributed to the "Border Tales," and other periodicals. The Free-Church movement drew him out as a polemical writer : and his Letter to Lord Brougham on the Scotch Church Controversy excited so much attention, that the leaders of the movement in Edinburgh invited him to undertake the editing of the Witness newspaper, the organ of the Free-Church party. He accepted the invitation, and continued to hold the editorship until his death, in 1856.

The circumstances connected with his decease were of a most distressing character. On entering his room one morning, he was found lying dead, shot through the body, and under circumstances which left no doubt that he had died by his own hand. He had for some time been closely applying himself to the completion of his "Testimony of the Rocks," without rest or relaxation, or due attention to his physical health. Under these circumstances, overwork of the brain speedily began to tell upon him. He could not sleep, — if he lay down and dozed, it was only to wake in a start, his head filled with imaginary horrors ; and in one of these fits of his disease he put an end to his life ; — a warning to all brain-workers, that the powers of the human constitution may be strained until they break, and that even the best and strongest mind cannot dispense with the due observance of the laws which regulate the physical constitution of man.

## RICHARD COBDEN.

**R**ICHARD COBDEN was born on the 3d of June, 1804, at Dunford farm-house, near Medhurst, a village in Sussex, far from the noise and bustle of towns. When a little boy, he tended his father's sheep in the fields, and helped to do the usual work of the farm as he grew older. His grandfather, who was head bailiff of Medhurst, carried on business as a maltster there, and he is still spoken of by the old people in the village as "Maltster Cobden." The family must have been long settled in the neighborhood, "Cobden's Lane" and "Cobden's Farm" being still remembered places. Indeed, many of these old English farmers have a very ancient ancestry, — older than the Norman Conquest; for when the Normans came, the Cobdens, and such as they, were already settled cultivators of the soil. Richard Cobden, however, cares little about ancestry, and thinks mainly of the duties which each man owes to the generation in which he lives, and of the manner in which he performs them.

Maltster Cobden did not succeed in life; and his son, Richard's father, eventually gave up farming, when the old house at Dunford was pulled down, and the family left the neighborhood. Richard had meanwhile acquired the very slenderest possible rudiments of education, when he was sent to be employed as a boy in a London warehouse extensively engaged in the cotton-print trade. He there drudged his way upward from the lowest point, training himself in habits of industry, as well as in self-culture. He was very diligent,

very observant, and very well conducted. In a properly-managed house of business, promotion in such cases follows as a matter of course; and Richard Cobden was gradually advanced from the lowest towards the highest offices in the firm.

Circumstances occurred which led his employers to send him into the North of England, as traveller for the firm; and then it was that he made his first acquaintance with Manchester. He observed the abundant opportunities which the district presented for business, and the scope which it afforded for enterprise and energy; and he determined, when the opportunity should offer, to begin there on his own account. Two of his fellow-servants, Messrs. Sherroff and Foster, shortly after offered to join him, and in a few years we find them engaged in a calico-printing business at Sabden, in the neighborhood of Clitheroe, in Lancashire. The firm prospered, and subsequently Cobden separated from his first partners, and began the same business on a larger scale, in company with his elder brother, at Chorley, also in Lancashire.

Meanwhile Richard settled in Manchester, and conducted the warehouse branch of the business there. The Cobden prints became celebrated for their taste, as well as quality; they competed successfully with the best quality of London goods, and soon fetched the highest prices in the market. An instance of their success may be incidentally mentioned. A gentleman who happened to visit Mr. Cobden's warehouse in Manchester was there favored with the sight of some new printed muslins of a peculiar pattern, about three days before they were issued to the public. In less than a week from the day these dresses were despatched from the warehouse, the same gentleman was at Chichester, and, walking in the direction of Goodwood, he met some ladies of the Duke of Richmond's family wearing the identical prints; and, in a few days after, the same gentleman was at Windsor, and saw the Queen walking on the slopes wearing a dress of

the same kind, — so instantly did the “Cobden prints” take the lead in the fashionable world. For Mr. Cobden studied public taste, as he has since studied public opinion, and he rarely, if ever, made a speculation (and this branch of trade is always exceedingly precarious and hazardous) in which he was not completely successful. He had, indeed, been so successful as a man of business at the time when the Anti-Corn-Law agitation commenced, that, had he retired then, he could have done so with a saved capital of about £60,000.

Mr. Cobden was not for some time known in connection with public affairs in Manchester. He was too modest and retiring to take a prominent part in the strife of politics, however much he may have felt interested in public questions. One of the first movements to which he gave himself was the overthrowing of the old lord-of-the-manor government of Manchester, and its constitution as a municipal borough, under its present charter; and we may incidentally mention, that one of the first members of the Manchester Council was “Mr. Alderman Cobden.” He also appeared, on several occasions, as the advocate of public education free from sectarian bias, and made several public appearances as a supporter of the British and Foreign Society’s schools.

He was also mainly instrumental in establishing the Manchester Athenæum, an institution for the intellectual recreation and improvement of young men chiefly belonging to the mercantile class. His project met with considerable opposition from the slow-going old merchants of the place; and many years after, at the meeting of a country Mechanics’ Institute, he thus alluded to the subject.

“It has,” said he, “been objected, that the poor may be too much educated. But you may just as well be afraid of all the poor riding about in coaches and four, or playing the piano, as fear that they will be too well educated. Admitting that it would be unwise to educate the poor as well as the rich are educated, — admitting it for argument’s sake, — there are two great, and I

fear wholly insuperable obstacles, to that state of things ever arriving; the one is the want of time, the other the want of means. So long as these obstacles exist, the rich need be in no fear that the poor will be better educated than they are. I remember waiting on a person holding this doctrine in Manchester about sixteen years ago, where I and others were engaged in the work of starting the Manchester Athenæum. I was employed in waiting upon the principal merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen of the town, asking for subscriptions with that object. One gentleman met me with this objection: 'I think the people are a good deal too much educated already. I don't think we shall be safe if they are to be educated any more; and our property will be in danger if this goes on.' I met him by putting to him this question: 'Will you tell me in what period of the world's history you would rather have lived than the present, in order to have had your vast fortune safer than it is now?' Well, he could not answer me. I urged him to point out the period he would have selected: 'Would you have preferred the last reign, or the reign before, or the reign of George I., or the reign of Queen Anne, or that of Queen Elizabeth, in order to have lived in greater security both as regards your person and property?' Why, he could not tell me. And so I answered my own question by saying: 'You would be much safer if you lived thirty or forty years hence; but not if you were to go back to any time, however remote.' This is the tendency of those institutions; and yet people are to be found who charge against them that they produce disaffection, disloyalty, and revolution. Now, disloyalty and revolution come to the people from misgovernment; and misgovernment is more likely to be attempted upon an ignorant than upon an educated people. We have been well told that 'oppression makes wise men mad.' And I remember this being very well applied by a man who was lecturing upon the Corn Laws at Bury,—a man perhaps not highly educated, yet by no means destitute of shrewdness. The lecturer said, 'Oppression makes wise men mad. If it makes "wise men mad," what must it do with fools then?' I think, gentlemen, you will agree with the inference which the lecturer left his auditory to draw, that whatever effect misgovernment or oppression had upon wise men, it must produce worse and more disastrous effects when the ignorant



and the fools come to deal with it. Therefore, you cannot do a worse thing than to encourage ignorance."

Such is an illustration of the homely yet forcible style in which Mr. Cobden is accustomed to fix important truths in the minds of the audiences he addresses.

It was not until the year 1835 — when he made a visit to Turkey and the East, partly with an eye to business — that Mr. Cobden became known beyond the bounds of his own district as a keen observer and an original thinker. The result of this visit was the publication of the pamphlet entitled "England, Ireland, and America, by a Manchester Manufacturer." In that little work, we find almost the whole policy of Mr. Cobden foreshadowed. Peace, retrenchment, non-intervention, and free trade were there his first watchwords, and he did not abandon them. He held that what England should do was, not to occupy herself with what Russia could or would do in the East, but to abolish the Corn Laws, stick to trade and commerce, and refuse to meddle with questions of foreign politics, in which, his opinion was, England could do no good, but might work infinite mischief. The idea of a Free-Trade Association, such as was afterwards adopted by the Anti-Corn-Law League, seems, even at that early period, to have occurred to the mind of Mr. Cobden.

"Here let us observe," said he, in the pamphlet referred to, "that it is worthy of surprise how little progress has been made in the study of that science of which Adam Smith was, more than half a century ago, the great luminary. We regret that no society has been formed for the purpose of disseminating a knowledge of the just principles of trade. Whilst agriculture can boast almost as many associations as there are British counties, whilst every city in the kingdom contains its botanical, phrenological, or mechanics' institutions, and these again possess their periodical journals, (and not merely these, for even *war* sends forth its United Service

Magazine,) we possess no association of traders, united together for the common object of enlightening the world upon a question so little understood, and so loaded with obloquy, as free trade. We have our Banksian, our Linnæan, our Hunterian societies; and why should not at least our greatest commercial and manufacturing towns possess their Smithian societies, devoted to the purposes of promulgating the beneficent truths of the 'Wealth of Nations'? Such institutions, by promoting a correspondence with similar societies, that could probably be organized abroad, (for it is our example in questions affecting commerce that strangers follow,) might contribute to the spread of liberal and just views of political science, and thus tend to ameliorate the restrictive policy of foreign governments, through the legitimate influence of the opinions of its people. Nor would such societies be fruitless at home. Prizes might be offered for the best essays on the corn question; or lecturers might be sent to enlighten the agriculturists, and to invite discussion upon a subject so difficult, and of such paramount importance to all."

The views, thus enunciated in 1835, Mr. Cobden consistently pursued in his after career; and his last public act has been an effort to ameliorate the restrictive policy of the government of England's nearest neighbor, France,—with what good result yet remains to be seen. But we anticipate.

From this time forward Mr. Cobden was regarded as a leading public man in Manchester. His judgment was sought after and valued; his eminent business talent was fully recognized; and he was usually invited to take part in any public movements of importance affecting the interests of the district. Yet he never thrust himself on the attention of his fellow-citizens; rather shunning than courting the public applause. Modesty, diffidence, and an entire absence of vanity and jealousy, have throughout distinguished his

career as a public man. In 1837 he was invited to stand as a candidate for the borough of Stockport, but on a contest his opponent was returned by a majority of votes. It was probably better that he remained out of Parliament at the time, otherwise the organization and conduct of the Anti-Corn-Law League might not have been so successful as in his hands it subsequently proved to be. The beginning of this celebrated movement was comparatively insignificant. One Dr. Birney—who was never afterwards heard of—advertised a lecture against the Corn Laws in the Bolton Theatre, on the 4th of August, 1838, but his performance was so unsatisfactory that he was hissed off the stage; on which a gentleman named Paulton, who was sitting in one of the boxes, rushed forward to save the flying Doctor. He himself undertook to deliver the lecture, and did so. Next week, and the next again, he called the people together on the same subject; and the movement was thus born. Mr. Paulton next gave his lectures at Manchester and Leeds, at which latter town we heard them, at the end of 1838, delivered before a very small and comparatively indifferent audience. In the mean time a small number of persons at Manchester formed themselves into a Committee, and raised a fund in five-shilling subscriptions to support the movement. The Manchester Chamber of Commerce met on the 13th of December, 1838, to discuss a motion of which notice had been given, relative to petitioning Parliament for a total repeal of the Corn Laws; and at that meeting Mr. Cobden took a bold and decided part as the advocate of the measure, and he submitted a petition which was carried by a great majority. Larger subscriptions were raised; lecturers were sent out from Manchester to all parts of the kingdom; convocations of leading men were held in various towns; a special organ, the *Anti-Bread-Tax Circular*, was started to record progress and chronicle facts; and a Free-Trade Hall, capable of accommodating immense meetings, was erected

on the site of the field of Peterloo,\* to give force and energy to the movement. The League had by this time also got its name. At a meeting of three hundred delegates held in London about the beginning of 1839, when Mr. Cobden spoke of the Hanseatic League, and asked those present "why they should not have a *League* of the towns of England against the aristocracy who ruled them, ruined their trade, and had just refused them a hearing," some one called out, "An Anti-Corn-Law League!" Mr. Cobden continued, "Yes! *An Anti-Corn-Law League!*" And thus the name was given.

Though the League and its proceedings gave rise to much discussion in the public press and in Parliament, the number of those who actively directed the movement was at first very small, and their position comparatively insignificant. Mr. Cobden himself thus described the early days of the League to the writer of this memoir in 1841:—

"The work," said he, "has been done by a very few, — so few that we have been the laughing-stock *even of ourselves*, as we sat and chuckled over the splutter we were making in the name of The League. You have not an idea how insignificant a body the working members of the League really comprise. Still we worked. When we could not hold public meetings, we got up little hole-and-corner meetings. Two years and a half ago we called a public meeting; the Chartist leaders attacked us on the platform at the head of their deluded followers. We were nearly the victims of physical force. I lost my hat, and all but had my head split with the leg of a stool. In retaliation for this, we deluged the town with short tracts printed for the purpose. We called meetings of each trade, and held conferences with them at their own lodges. We found ready listeners and many secret allies, even amongst the Chartists. We resolutely abstained from discussing the Charter or any other party question. We stuck to our subject; and the right-minded amongst the working-men gave us credit for being in earnest, which is all that is necessary to se-

\* See Memoir of Samuel Bamford.

cure the confidence of the people. Our strength grew, and the result is that we can now hold a public meeting at any moment. We shall work on in Manchester; there is much that remains to be done. Why do I go over our exploits? Not for egotistical display, — we have done no more than our duty, — but simply to give you the assurance that everything may be done in Leeds and elsewhere by working perseveringly in the cause of Corn-Law Repeal.” •

In this earnest spirit did Richard Cobden labor for many years, Manchester being the centre of a series of operations which radiated therefrom unto the remotest districts of Britain. It is impossible to describe the extent of his labors in connection with this great movement, — correspondence with the leaders of public opinion, encouragement to the desponding, help to the weak, and stimulus to the inert, — everywhere was his pen and voice at work. At public meetings he was put in the front rank, for he never put himself there. But, as he said, he was always ready to fill up any gap. His enthusiastic belief in the economical truths which he advocated bore him up in the face of overwhelming opposition; — he hoped against hope, and was resolute when others were full of despair. Yet even he was not without his moments of private doubt and fear. Writing in November, 1841, he said: —

“I am told from all sides, that unless we *do* something, and strike a blow, we shall lose confidence. What *can* we do? There is always danger of being made ridiculous by showing one's teeth before one is *able* to bite. If we were to attempt a *coup*, and it were to fail like the Chartist holiday, we should be laughed at forever. Should some practical measures not be speedily carried, they will come too late, — and what rational man can say that we are in a fair way for doing anything very soon? Still, what more *can* we do, than what we are doing? At least, we are not standing in the way of a more hopeful movement; for of the three questions that now agitate the people, — Repeal of Corn Law, Repeal of Union, and Charter, — I can't

help thinking that our question stands in the place of the favorite in the public mind. *Bad is the prospect even of the best*; but so long as there is no better to which to resign the course, we must work away with whip and spur, keeping our head steadily towards the far-distant winning-post."

Usually, however, Mr. Cobden was much more sanguine in his anticipations, and never allowed any exertions to flag for want of encouragement and stimulus on his part.

At length Mr. Cobden was sent to Parliament to carry forward there the advocacy of the Repeal. In 1840 he was invited to stand for Manchester, but declined to do so, on the ground that he was not to be allowed to enter Parliament a free man; the committee who waited on him having represented the expediency of letting principle be subservient to party arrangements, — a thing to which Mr. Cobden declared that his conscience would never allow him to give his assent. But the Whig government, which he was expected to support, having fallen to pieces, and Peel having been made minister to maintain the Corn Laws, the ground was now clear, and Mr. Cobden offered himself again at Stockport, and this time he was returned.

Many were the predictions of his political enemies, that his appearance in Parliament would be a failure. Cobden was now to "find his level." The poor farmer's son could never lift up his head amongst the proud lords of the soil, and dare to measure his strength with them, nor would his have been the first popular reputation of which St. Stephen's had been the death. But Cobden was not a mere popular spouter. He had been admirably disciplined by business, by reading, and by reflection; he was an apt and fluent speaker, full of treasured information; above all, he possessed great moral courage and earnestness, and deep-rooted convictions. Such a man was sure of making himself heard by any audience. The following is Mr. Bright's account of Cobden's first appearance in Parliament: —

“Mr. Cobden,” said he, “entered the House of Commons in the year 1841, two years before I became a member of that house. I believe I was in the gallery on the night when he made his first speech. I happened to sit close to a gentleman, not now living,—Mr. Horace Twiss,—who had once himself been a member of the House, but who was then occupied in the gallery, writing the Parliamentary summary of the proceedings which were published morning after morning in the columns of the Times newspaper. Mr. Cobden had a certain reputation when he went into Parliament, from the course he had taken before the public in connection with the Corn Law out of doors. There was great interest as to his first speech, and the position he would take in the House. Horace Twiss was a Tory of the old school. He appeared to have the greatest possible horror of anybody who was a manufacturer or calico-printer coming down into that assembly to teach our senators wisdom. As the speech went on I watched his countenance and heard his observations, and when Mr. Cobden sat down he threw it off with a careless gesture, and said, ‘*Nothing in him ; he is only a barker.*’”

In his first speech, as in his last, Mr. Cobden’s object was to convince. He never strove to triumph, but to persuade. The things he said might be disagreeable, but he must say them quietly, winningly, and at length persuasively. He secured the ear of the House, and steadily made his position good. The Anti-Corn-Law movement came to be recognized as a great fact, even within the walls of Parliament. It made its way there steadily, as well as throughout the country ; and at length, in 1846, the long and arduous struggle was brought to a close,—Sir Robert Peel proclaiming that the person to whom the honor of the triumph was mainly due was Richard Cobden.

We believe that Mr. Cobden was influenced by no narrow political motives in his great enterprise to secure freedom of trade for England with the nations of the world. It was not a mere money question with him, but one of ultimate human happiness and civilization. While he has a keen eye to the

actual necessities of living men, he has also his eye directed towards the future, and sees in the consummation of the measure for which he so zealously labored, the triumph of peace, and the prevalence of social happiness. "I believe," said he, at a public meeting in Manchester, "that the physical gain will be the smallest gain to humanity from its success. I see in free trade that which shall act on the moral world as the law of gravitation in the universe, — drawing men together, thrusting aside the antagonism of race and creed and language, and uniting us in the bonds of eternal peace. I believe that the desire and the motive for large and mighty empires, for gigantic armies and great navies, for those materials which are used for the destruction of life and the desolation of the rewards of labor, will die away. I believe that such things will cease to be necessary, or to be used, when man becomes one family, and freely exchanges the fruits of his labor with his brother man." Mr. Cobden, we believe, sees as clearly as most thinking men, that the struggle for free commerce is only part of a struggle for a still larger freedom; and that beyond the question of political economy there is also the great problem of social economy to be solved, — how the means of happiness are to be the most equitably distributed for the well-being of those who produce them.

On the fall of Peel's government, Lord John Russell communicated to Mr. Cobden his intention of offering him a seat in the new Cabinet; but, fearing lest the position should interfere with his independence of speech and action, Cobden declined the offer. As a relief from the turmoil of public life, he proceeded to make a tour on the Continent, which was intended to be a holiday; but the ovations which he received during his journey made it rather appear the mission of a propagandist. During his absence, the largest constituency in England — that of the West Riding of York — spontaneously elected him as their representative; and he



accepted the honor. One of the things which most struck him while abroad was the hosts of armed men, withdrawn from industry, who were kept up in every Continental nation, — men in the prime of life, assembled in immense armies, for the purpose of watching each other across their respective frontiers, — millions of idle soldiers, eating off the very head of industry, breeding future revolutions and convulsions, if not bringing political perdition upon the great states of Europe. He saw too, that, in consequence of this vast armature of the Continental nations, England was, in a measure, compelled to maintain a similar attitude; and, desirous of abating the evil, he appealed to public opinion, and strongly pleaded for a general national disarmament. A Peace Society was formed, and convocations were held in London, Paris, Brussels, and Berlin; but we need scarcely say that the movement was followed by no practical results, for Europe now bristles with bayonets more than ever, and all the European governments are sedulously arming their subjects with Enfields, Minies, and needle-guns, one of the chief topics of the day being the discussion of the respective merits of rifled cannon of recent invention. Yet Mr. Cobden was right; and when reaction sets in, — as set in again it assuredly will, — the truth and the elevated consistency of his views will not fail to be extensively recognized. The unpopularity, however, of Mr. Cobden's advocacy of peace principles, more especially in connection with the Russian war, lost him his seat in Parliament; and it was not until during his absence on a visit to America, in 1859, that he was returned without opposition for the borough of Rochdale.

During Mr. Cobden's almost exclusive devotion to the cause of Free Trade for so many years, his extensive business was necessarily neglected, and when he proceeded to take stock at the close of the agitation which ended in the repeal of the Corn Laws, he found he was scarcely square

with the world. The nation whom he had served so well generously came forward to his assistance at this juncture, and a subscription of £ 70,000 was raised, which enabled him to pay off his debts, and to return to his little estate at Medhurst, which was purchased with a portion of the fund. The greater part of the remainder was unhappily invested by his friends in Illinois Central Bonds, and there it remained unproductive. A subsequent voluntary subscription has since been raised by his friends, and already amounts to about £ 40,000, which we trust Mr. Cobden will long live to enjoy. Unquestionably the same amount of energy and devotedness applied to business, which Mr. Cobden gave to the cause of Free Trade, could not have failed to build up for him a gigantic fortune; and it is only right that so beneficent a worker should not suffer the loss of his fortune, through his devotion to a great public cause.

Take him all in all, Mr. Cobden is a man of rare intelligence, of unswerving industry, and of spotless integrity. In qualities of head and heart, we believe him to be excelled by few men. His conscientiousness is of the highest order. Though he has had much political enmity to encounter, no one has ever charged him with doing a mean thing, or prostituting the great power he unquestionably wielded to subserve any personal or selfish end. His eloquence — or rather his persuasiveness — is remarkable. He practises none of the graces of the orator. His style is simple, almost homely, but thoroughly logical and convincing; and his matter is always full of facts. He emphatically hits the nail on the head, clinching it at both sides. In person he is pale, lean, and wiry, of melancholic features; and his voice is thin, and sounds somewhat nasal. Yet, with these personal disadvantages, the influence which he exercises as a speaker is something extraordinary. We believe the secret to lie in his immense fund of common sense, his great practical sagacity and shrewdness, his evident honesty of purpose and earnest

straightforwardness, and, at the same time, the clearness and simplicity of speech which enables him to bring his reasonings and his facts completely home to the judgment, and appeal so powerfully to the silent judge in every man's bosom. It matters not what description of audience he addresses, — be they members of Parliament, Manchester manufacturers, Stockport operatives, or Sussex ploughmen, — he invariably secures and rivets their attention. He thoroughly knows the men he addresses; he adapts himself to them; he enters into their very minds and hearts; he carries them along with him entirely; and thus achieves triumphs as great as if he were the most accomplished of orators.

## SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

**F**EW living writers have done more, or achieved a higher standing in his own peculiar line of literature, than Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has done. That he has been a very hard worker, his numerous works bear ample witness. When Sir Walter Scott died, Bulwer at once succeeded him in the living and hopeful interest of the readers of fiction, and he has since retained his supremacy over all writers of the same school.

But not only has he succeeded as a novelist; he has been equally successful as a dramatist. For, is not "The Lady of Lyons" the most popular of modern plays? What modern drama is to be compared with it in point of attraction and living interest? It may be open to the strictures of the critic, but it has been unequivocally successful, unprecedentedly productive to managers, and in the hands of a good company it is really an exceedingly beautiful play.

But Bulwer has done more than this. He has written a History, which may take its place on the same shelves with Gibbon and Arnold and Grote. His "Athens, its Rise and Fall," has extorted praise from all quarters, and is a noble historical work, though but a fragment. In this department of literature Bulwer has succeeded where even Scott failed; for the History of Napoleon of the latter will be forgotten, while his Waverley and Ivanhoe will continue the delight of thousands.

Bulwer's success has been equally marked in other lit-

erary directions. He has written essays which might take their place beside the choicest specimens of Charles Lamb or Leigh Hunt. His leading articles in newspapers, and his reviews in the monthlies and quarterlies, have been mistaken for the productions of the most elegant living writers. His political pamphlet, published on the death of Earl Spencer, was one of the most brilliant productions of its kind.

His poems, also, have been eminently successful; and many of them are beautiful in a high degree. Let any one read his "Lay of the Beacon," and say if Bulwer is not entitled to be called a successful poet, as well as a successful novelist, a successful dramatist, and a successful historian.

Now, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton must unquestionably have worked hard to achieve success in these several paths of literature. On the score of mere industry, there are few, if any, living English writers who have produced so much, and none who have produced so much of the same quality. And when you consider that he was born to comparative ease, and did not need to work so hard, it will be admitted, we think, that his industry is entitled to all the greater praise. Riches are quite as great a hindrance to intellectual labor as poverty can be; their temptations are difficult to be forborne, and they are often not resisted. To hunt, and shoot, and live at ease,—to frequent operas, and clubs, and Almack's, enjoying the variety of London sight-seeing, morning calls, and Parliamentary small-talk, during "the season," and then off to the country mansion, with its well-stocked preserves and its thousand delightful pleasures, alternated with a few months on the Scotch moors, or a run across the Continent, to Venice or Rome,—all this is excessively attractive, and is not by any means calculated to make a man "scorn delights and live laborious days."

And yet by Bulwer these pleasures, all within his reach,

were to a great extent necessarily forborne, when he assumed the position and pursued the career of a literary man. Though he did not require to do so, he yet volunteered to work hard; doubtless he must have taken a high pleasure in the work, otherwise we should have seen much less of him as an author than we have done. Indeed, all his sympathies seem to be literary, as his labors mainly are. His society is literary, and his public acts are identified with literature. One of his earliest Parliamentary efforts was to obtain an Act enabling dramatic authors to receive benefit from the acting of their plays in provincial theatres, which formerly they were unable to do. He also aided in the reduction of the stamp duty on newspapers, and in the improvement of the law of copyright. And recently, we have seen him co-operating with a body of dramatists, artists, and literary men, in the philanthropic effort to establish a Guild of Literature and Art, in the shape of a Life Insurance Company, connected with other admirable arrangements, by which the independence and comfort of literary men and women in advanced years will be secured.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton is the younger son of the late General Bulwer of Heydon Hall, in the county of Norfolk. His elder brother, Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, the author of "The Monarchy and Middle Classes of France," was for some time English Ambassador at Madrid, — he is now Ambassador at Washington, — and inherits the paternal family estate. Sir Edward, on the death of his mother, in 1843, succeeded to the estate of Knebworth, of which she was heirless, and then he assumed the final name of Lytton. The literary talent of the family seems to come mainly from the mother's side. Her father was a great scholar, the first Hebraist of his day, and above Porson himself in the judgment of Dr. Parr. He wrote dramas in Hebrew, but he neglected his estates, which were fast going to decay under the care of stewards, when Mrs. Bulwer, his daughter, whose husband

died and left her a young widow, went back to reside at Knebworth, with her family. She was a woman of great energy, and at once employed herself in the improvement of the Knebworth estate, and the preservation of what remained of the old hall. In a beautiful paper, contained in the volume of essays called "The Student," Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton says, the old manorial seat was formerly of vast extent, "built round a quadrangle at different periods, from the date of the second crusade to that of the reign of Elizabeth. It was in so ruinous a condition when my mother came to its possession, that three sides of it were obliged to be pulled down; the fourth, yet remaining, is in itself a house larger than most in the country, and still contains the old oak hall, with its lofty ceiling and raised music-gallery. The park has something of the character of Penshurst; and its venerable avenues, which slope from the house down the gradual acclivity, giving wide views of the opposite hills, crowned with cottages and spires, impart to the scene that peculiarly English, half-stately and wholly cultivated character, upon which the poets of Elizabeth's day so much loved to linger."

"In this old place," Sir Edward says, "the happiest days of my childhood glided away." In the course of his writings, he shows a tender regard for his mother, who educated him here, and he delights to acknowledge the deep obligations under which he lay to her, by the direction she gave to his taste and studies, and the beneficial influence which she exercised upon his character in early life. In the beautiful dedication of his collected works to his mother, he says: "Left yet young, with no ordinary accomplishments and gifts, the sole guardian of your sons, to them you devoted the best years of your useful and spotless life; and any success it be their fate to attain in the paths they have severally chosen, would have its principal sweetness in the thought that such success was the reward of one whose hand aided

every struggle, and whose heart sympathized with every care. From your graceful and accomplished taste I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life ; and you who were my first guide were my earliest critic."

The boy began to write verses when five or six years old, which shows that early taste or early direction must have guided his hand. Alluding to the gentle and polished verses of his mother, in the dedication referred to, he says, "It was those easy lessons, far more than the harsher rudiments learned subsequently in schools, that taught me to admire and to imitate." And he adds to this a reverential acknowledgment of the qualities, compared with which all literary accomplishments are poor: "Happy, while I borrowed from your taste, could I have found it not more difficult to imitate your virtues, — your spirit of action and extended benevolence, your cheerful piety, your considerate justice, your kindly charity, — and all the qualities that brighten a nature more free from the thought of self than any it has been my lot to meet with." One of the last works of her old age was the erection and endowment of an almshouse for the widows of the poor, which she just lived to complete, an example which her son is nobly imitating in the Guild of Literature and Art, which he is now exerting himself to establish.

Bulwer's first appearance before the public was in the character of a poet. At Cambridge, where he studied, he was the successful competitor for the prize poem of his year ; and shortly after, in 1826, he published his first book, bearing the juvenile title of "Weeds and Wild-Flowers." In the year following, he published "O'Neil, or the Rebel," a poetical tale, after the manner of Byron's Corsair. It resembled the verse of Byron, without the poetry. The wings of the young writer were scarcely fledged yet, and it took him many efforts before he could rise above the imitative and commonplace. "Falkland," his first novel, published in the



same year (1827), was also a failure: it was decidedly Byronic, and, but for the author's subsequent celebrity, would soon have been utterly forgotten. He himself became ashamed of it, and refused to include it in his collected works since issued, characterizing it as "the crude and passionate performance of a mere boy, which I sincerely regret, and would willingly retract." It was passionate and sentimental, to an extent that even went beyond the tastes of the circulating library, and so it died. But Bulwer was made of the right stuff, and he worked on, determined to succeed. He labored pen in hand, was incessantly industrious, read prodigiously (as his writings show), and from failure went courageously onward to success.

"Pelham" followed "Falkland" within a year, and it succeeded. It was an immense improvement on its predecessor. Though betraying occasional stiffness, it was on the whole a remarkably clever book; and before many months passed, a second edition was called for. As in "Falkland" he had assumed the sentimentalist, so in "Pelham" he assumed the mere heartless worldling and man of fashion. But the picture was powerfully drawn, and it proved irresistibly attractive, as the result showed. "The Disowned" was sent to the press immediately after the publication of "Pelham," and came out at the end of 1828; and next year "Devereux" appeared, a still more finished performance; but both works still displaying the enthusiasm and inexperience of a comparatively young writer. "Devereux" showed that he had been reading largely in the interval of his labors, for some admirable portraits of the wits of Bolingbroke's time pass across its pages.

In 1830, another novel proceeded from the same fertile pen, and this time it was "Paul Clifford;" a novel that has been more praised and abused by turns than any other of his works. Whatever may be said of the taste which induced him to choose a highwayman for his hero,—and

Bulwer puts forward a plea in justification of his choice, namely, that he wanted to expose the errors of our vicious system of prison discipline, and also to show that vulgar vice was in no respect essentially different from fashionable vice, — whatever may be said of this, there can be no doubt as to the skill with which the plot is contrived, the brilliancy of the dialogue, and the intense interest of the story as a whole.

In 1831, still hankering after poetic fame, he published "The Siamese Twins," a satire on fashion, London life, travellers, politicians, and such like; but the public did not yet award him the poetic wreath. Later on in the same year, still working away as a novelist, he brought out his fine novel of "Eugene Aram," one of the most highly-finished of his works. His early interest had been excited in the history of Eugene Aram from the circumstance of his having, when a teacher, during his residence at Lynn, visited at his grandfather's house at Heydon, and given lessons to the younger members of the family there. He proceeded to investigate the floating history of the man, collected anecdotes from the neighborhood as to his life and manners, and these he weaved into the beautiful and affecting romance of the above name. In the female characters of this work he surpassed himself. Indeed, he has not in any succeeding work equalled the delineation of the noble Madeline, with which her sister Ellinor is so gracefully and tenderly contrasted. The publication of this work placed him in the first rank as a novelist; and his talents and genius as a writer of fiction stood confessed by even the most captious critic.

Campbell having vacated the editorship of the *New Monthly Magazine*, Bulwer undertook the office; and to the columns of that periodical he contributed some of his most effective papers. These have since been collected and published under the title of "The Student;" and there are

some of the essays that, for beauty and elegance of thought and language, we would not exchange for any others in English literature. The paper entitled "The New Phædo" is certainly one of the most touching things we ever read.

The author's diligence continued unabated. In 1833 appeared his "England and the English;" a work unique of its kind, full of racy criticisms, and, though tinged with prejudice, still a valuable and able work. "The Pilgrims of the Rhine" next came out; the greater part of which was written in the course of a pleasant excursion made up the Rhine, in the company of his brother Henry, some years before. "The Last Days of Pompeii" came next, in 1834; "Rienzi" in 1835, at the steady rate of a novel yearly; exhibiting an amount of industry not often surpassed even by purely professional writers.

It is scarcely necessary that we should do more than name the titles of his other numerous novels. "Maltravers" and "Alice" were his next; two delightful works, containing some exquisite portraiture of character. Alice Darvil is a fine creation, though not, in our opinion, equal to his Madeline in "Eugene Aram." "The original conception of Alice," he says, in the preface to the edition of 1840, "is taken from real life, from a person I never saw but twice, and then she was no longer young; but her whole history made a deep impression on me." Bulwer, in the same preface, warns the reader not to confound him with the hero of the story, — with whom some German critic had absurdly identified him. But, from the style in which these novels are written, we confess it is difficult to detach the author from his hero, or to believe that it is any other character than his own that he is delineating. This is peculiarly the case with "Pelham" and "Devereux."

The next published work was his "Athens," which had occupied him for some time; a work exhibiting fine taste, extensive learning, and elaborate research; and in the same

year he continued his novel publications, which he seemed to throw off like an annual exuvia, — this year it was “Leila, or the Siege of Granada,” and “Calderon the Courtier.” “Night and Morning” succeeded; then “Zanoni,” originally published as “Zicci” in the Monthly Chronicle, a clever periodical, with whose projection and editing Bulwer had, we believe, something to do. “Eva and other Poems” appeared next; then “The Last of the Barons,” in which he announced that he took his final leave of the public as a novelist. But he could not hold his hand; for shortly after he wrote “Lucretia,” the worst of his books, and which ought never to have been published. Still there was no decay of powers, — his recent admirable works, “The Caxtons,” “My Novel,” and “What will he do with it?” originally published in Blackwood’s Magazine, showing that he is still in the very maturity of his powers. “My Novel” may indeed be pronounced the masterpiece of this great writer.

There are some other of his works which we have not yet named. “The New Timon,” his best poem, was published anonymously some years ago, and “took the town by storm.” “Godolphin,” a fine romance, also published anonymously, at once acquired a popularity equal to that of any other of his works. There was also his excellent translation of the “Poems and Ballads of Schiller,” a work deserving of very high praise. “The Lady of Lyons,” produced anonymously, at once leapt into the highest favor, and was pronounced the best drama of the day. His drama of “Richelieu” is a grander work, full of power and energy; and those who enjoyed the pleasure of seeing Macready in the character of the old Cardinal, will never forget him. “Money,” and the “Duchesse de la Valliere” (his first play), have great merits; but are inferior as respects their acting qualities. His last play, “Not so Bad as we Seem,” contains some clever writing, and highly effective situations,

though not by any means equal in interest to some of his earlier productions.

To be a great and successful author was not, however, enough to satisfy the honorable ambition of Bulwer. For he has recently appeared before the public in another capacity, — that of Orator, — and on two of such occasions, — at Edinburgh and at Leeds, — if he has not borne away the palm from all living competitors, he has at least delivered orations which for force, brilliancy, and truth are of the very highest class of platform eloquence.

The art of oratory has been gradually declining in Britain. If we look to the legislature, the pulpit, the bar, or the lecture-room, we find that there are few, if any, of the performers there who can with truth be described as distinguished orators. Your successful Parliamentary debater need not necessarily be eloquent. Lord John Russell is not; neither is Graham, Palmerston, nor Disraeli. They possess all the requisite skill in Parliamentary fencing, — are well-informed and full of facts, — can bring their arguments out in the most elaborate and telling style; and they are entirely successful as Parliamentary debaters. But they do not pretend to be orators; if they did, they would probably be laughed down, — at least, a young member would.

The oratory of the pulpit has fallen off still more. One need only read the dreary platitudes which are published in sermons to see how low pulpit eloquence has fallen in our days. The Times has spoken of preachers generally as a class of men who possess the privilege of talking drivel on the grandest and most inspiring of all conceivable themes. The Rev. Sidney Smith held that the characteristic of modern sermons is “decent debility.” “Pulpit discourses,” he says, “have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading, — a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be

more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation and fervor of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and apostrophes into which he is hurried by the ardor of his mind; and so affected at a preconcerted line and page, that he is unable to proceed any further!"

The oratory of the bar is also at a low ebb. We cannot call to mind any living orator in that line, — no one to compare with what Brougham, or Denman, or Plunkett, or Shiel, or O'Connell was. The bar has now become careful, precise, painstaking, and fully informed; it has ceased to be oratorical. It is English, and aims to be practical. It is clever at making out a case, and can carry through a piece of special pleading as well as at any period of its history. But go into any of the law courts, and you will find that it is not eloquent.

The oratory of the lecture-room and of the public platform is worst of all. There is no want of words, indeed; but of ideas worth remembering there is the greatest scarcity. Energetic commonplaces, pompous platitudes, are the resources of the Stump Orator. The conjurer who draws endless yards of ribbons out of his mouth is nothing to him. He can run on for an hour, without stopping to spit, or cough, or blow his nose, in an endless stream of talk. He may know nothing of his subject; that is not necessary. But he can talk; he is possessed with the gift of continuous speech; and the man is regarded by his fellows with wonder, and, strange to say, in many cases with envy.

The gift of oratory is nevertheless a great gift; and when employed by a man of large intellect and generous feelings, it may be employed for the noblest purposes. Among the Greeks and Romans oratory was regarded as one of the highest arts. For the orator combined in himself the journalist, the debater, the critic, and the preacher, all in one. There were no books, nor newspapers, nor reviews in those

days. The assembled crowds learnt their opinions, knowledge, and philosophy from the speeches of their orators. In the portico, the forum, the garden, and the assembly, the Greeks stood face to face with their great men, and drank in their living thoughts as they fell warm from their lips. It is our newspapers, and books, and reviews, that have tended to dull the oratory of modern times ; for the mere speaker has ceased to exercise that exclusive ascendancy over the minds of the masses, which he did in the times that preceded the invention of printing. Nevertheless, oratory, as we have said, is a true and noble art still ; and we are as ready to hail the true orator, as the true poet, painter, or dramatist.

Oratory is the art of moving or convincing others by spoken words. Different people require different modes of address, according to their temperament. The style of oratory that is calculated to excite the enthusiasm of Frenchmen would often appear simply ludicrous to Englishmen. Frenchmen admire manner, Englishmen matter ; the former love style, the latter facts and things. The French orator is all action ; the English orator stands comparatively motionless, sometimes finding a refuge for his hands in his breeches-pockets. Frenchmen will scarcely listen to a long speech, while Englishmen will patiently sit out a speech of two hours long. The temperament of the two people is essentially different, and hence the different styles of French and English oratory. The Irish — half Celtic and half Saxon, as the Irish people are — is a happy mixture of both ; and we owe to Ireland our greatest orators, — Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Plunkett, Flood, Curran, and O'Connell.

Then, oratory must adapt itself to its audience in all countries. A speech addressed to the legislature will be one thing, and a speech addressed to the common people quite another. In the former case, the speaker has to be precise, logical, demonstrative ; in the latter, he must be striking,

natural, and hearty. The connection of ideas rather than of words, bold figures, rapid emotions, earnestness, and fire, — these always avail the most when addressed to the public assembly, in all countries. Appeal to their common feelings, to their love of honor, to their pride of class, to their patriotism, to their liberties, and their history, and the orator will soon have firm hold of their heartstrings. Therein he shows his skill and his power. And in these respects, we have no hesitation in avowing that Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in his two noble speeches some time since delivered at Edinburgh and Leeds, has shown himself to be possessed of high powers as an orator.

Of his personal appearance we need say little; for in the true orator all personal peculiarities are soon forgotten. He is somewhat tall, and very spare, almost attenuated. He has a fine head and face, of which the portrait by Maclise gives a good representation. His nose is large, sharp, and prominent, fulfilling Napoleon's requirement of a man with a large nose for great enterprises. His action in speaking is good, though not perfect. Sometimes it is a little "wild," as when he draws back his head and slim body, and extends his arms, making one feel uncomfortable lest he should lose balance and upset. His voice is good, — strong, but not musical; and perhaps he is wanting in that delicate inflection of tone, — that variety, and light and shade, which the great orator is so careful to cultivate. Had Bulwer's practice been greater, doubtless he would have remedied such defects; for we must not forget that his life has been that of a student and a literary man, rather than of a man of action and public enterprise.

Leaving the manner of his speeches, we come to the matter of them; and here we have nothing but praise to offer. In composition they are perfect. They are varied, picturesque, graphic, moving, exciting, instructive, and always interesting. The riveted attention of the hearer never



flags for a moment. At his great oration, delivered before the Associated Societies of the Edinburgh University, he was most happy in his opening sentence, in which he struck the chord of the nation's heart. The audience was Scotch, and amongst them were some of the greatest living men in Scotland. The effect of these introductory words may therefore well be imagined : —

“ I may well feel overcome by the kindness with which you receive me, for I cannot disentangle my earliest recollections from my sense of intellectual obligation to the genius of Scotland. The first poets who charmed me from play in the half-holidays of school were Campbell and Scott; the first historians who clothed for me with life the shadows of the past, were Robertson and Hume; the first philosopher who, by the grace of his attractive style, lured me on to the analysis of the human mind, was Dugald Stewart; and the first novel that I bought with my own money, and hid under my pillow, was the ‘ Roderick Random ’ of Smollett.” (Applause.) “ So, when later, in a long vacation from my studies at Cambridge, I learned the love for active adventure, and contracted the habit of self-reliance by solitary excursions on foot, my staff in my hand and my knapsack on my shoulders, it was towards Scotland that I instinctively bent my way, as if to the nursery-ground from which had been wafted to my mind the first germ of those fertile and fair ideas, which, after they have come to flower upon their native soil, return to seed, and are carried by the winds we know not whither, calling up endless diversities of the same plant, according to the climate and the ground to which they are borne by chance.” (Applause.) “ Gentlemen, this day I revisited, with Professor Ayton, the spot in which, a mere lad, obscure and alone, I remember to have stood one starlight night in the streets of Edinburgh, gazing across what was then a deep ravine, upon the picturesque outlines of the Old Town, all the associations which make Scotland so dear

to romance, and so sacred to learning, rushing over me in tumultuous pleasure ; her stormy history, — her enchanting legends, — wild tales of witchcraft and fairy land, — of headlong chivalry and tragic love, — all contrasting, yet all uniting, with the renown of schools famous for patient erudition and tranquil science. I remember how I then wished that I could have found some tie in parentage or blood to connect me with the great people in whose capital I stood a stranger." (Cheers.) "That tie which birth denied to me, my humble labors, and your generous kindness, have at last bestowed ; and the former stranger in your streets stands to-day in this crowded hall, proud to identify his own career with the hopes and aspirations of the youth of Scotland." (Cheers.)

This is beautifully said, and must have caused a thrill in the breasts of his audience, kindling, as with an electric flash, the "*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*." Passing in review the great literary men of Scotland, with a delicate and exquisite compliment to the absent Professor Wilson, ("Christopher North,") since deceased, he proceeded to discourse most eloquently upon the subject of Greek and Roman literature, and the proper methods of studying them, winding up with a most thrilling appeal to the spirit of national patriotism, in which he must again have effectually roused the Scottish heart.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's speech at Leeds was only the complement to that delivered at Edinburgh. It was less learned, but equally philosophical ; more varied, and, if possible, more interesting. The audience was the best that Leeds could give him, — not mechanics or working-people, certainly, but the most highly educated ladies and gentlemen of that large manufacturing town. At Edinburgh he had addressed scholars, students, and professors ; here he addressed himself to "youths and mature men of every age, engaged in active, practical pursuits, snatching at such learning as books may

give in the intervals of recreation or repose. Knowledge there is the task-work; knowledge here is the holiday. But in both these communities, in the quiet university and in the busy manufacturing town, I find," said he, "the same grand idea: I mean the recognition of Intelligence as the supreme arbiter of all those questions which, a century ago, were either settled by force or stifled by those prejudices which are even stronger than law." Then he proceeded to survey the civilization of the world in past and in modern times, defending the too-often-sneered-at wisdom of our ancestors, whose intellect "has left us writers whom we may strive to emulate, but can never hope to surpass; a political constitution which we may enlarge or repair, but which we can never, perhaps, altogether change for the better; and an empire on which it is said that the sun never sets, though it commenced from these small northern islands, on which," said he, "I am sorry to say, the sun seldom condescends to shine." But he did equal justice to the character of the age in which we live, to the progress made in all the industrial arts, to the milder spirit of humanity which distinguishes modern times when compared with the old, and to the constructive spirit which is at work in all our institutions. Passing in review the three great races who now lead the civilization of the world, — the Germans, the French, and the English, — he tested the elements of their respective greatness, finding in the German greater discipline, and in the Englishman greater freedom; while the Frenchman, being impulsive, and too little imbued with the spirit of religion, is headlong in his reforms and fanatical in his revolutions. The English, though worse educated in schools, possess, according to the orator, a far better *life-education*, such as fits them for doing the work and acting the part of freemen. "It seems," said he, "that there are two kinds of education: there is one I call *life-education*, which we acquire at home, in the streets, in the market-place, behind the counter, the loom, the plough, — the educa-

tion we acquire from life; and this I call life-education: there is, also, what I call school-education,—the education we acquire from books. In the first kind of education — life-education — we are far in advance of all countries in the ancient quarters of the globe; but it appears we are behind some countries in school education. You, as Englishmen, will never consent to let this be so. You are Englishmen, and I am sure will never consent to be beaten by any country whatever. Let us, then, put our shoulders to the wheel, and see that we are here also in our proper place in the world.” Bulwer’s pride as an Englishman will not admit of his yielding the palm to any other nation; and this pride embraces Englishmen of all classes and ranks, democratic as well as aristocratic. “I am here,” said he, “not only as the member of a class which must always have the deepest sympathy with every department of intellectual labor,—I mean the class of authors,—but I am here also as a member of another class, which is supposed to be less acceptable in manufacturing towns: I am one of the agricultural vampires; I am guilty of being a country gentleman, and even a county member; still, somehow or other, I feel quite at home here. Now, shall I tell you the truth? I dare say you and I may differ upon many political questions, but upon this neutral ground I am sure — no matter what books I had written — you would not be so kind to me, nor I feel so much at my ease with you, unless by this time we had both discovered that we have got sound English hearts; and that, though we may quarrel as to the mode of doing it, still we are all equally resolved to keep this England of ours the foremost country in the world. In a free state, it will happen that every class will strive to press forward what it conceives, rightly or erroneously, its own claims and interests; but in proportion as we instruct all, each will, in time, acquire its due share of influence; and, far from that hypocritical cowardice which often makes a man throw over in one assem-

bly the class which he is bound to advocate in another, I own to you, wherever I look I see so much merit in every division of our people, that, whatever class I had been born and reared in, of that class I should have been justly proud. There is not a class of which I should not have said, 'I belong to those who made England great.' If I had been born a peasant, let me be but self-taught and self-risen, and I would not have changed my brotherhood with Burns for the pedigree of a Howard. If I had been born a mechanic or manufacturer, — for allow me to class together the employer and employed, — they fulfil the same mission, and their interests ought to be the same, — I say, if I had been born one of these, I should have said, 'Mine is the class which puts nations themselves into the great factory of civilization. Mine is the class which has never yet been established in any land but what it has made the poor state rich, and the small state mighty.' If I had been born a trader, the very humblest of that order, I should have boasted proudly of the solid foundation of public opinion and of national virtues which rest upon the spirit and energy, upon the integrity and fair-dealing, by which that great section of our middle class have given a tone and character to our whole people. Why, we have been called a nation of shopkeepers, and shopkeepers we are whenever we keep a debtor and creditor account with other nations, scrupulously paying our debts to the last farthing, and keeping our national engagements with punctuality and good faith. But it is owing much to the high spirit and to the sense of honor which characterizes the British trader, that the word 'gentleman' has become a title peculiar to us, — not, as in other countries, resting only upon pedigrees and coats of arms, but embracing all who unite gentleness with manhood. And nation of shopkeepers though we be, yet we all, from the duke in his robes to the workman in his blouse, become a nation of gentlemen whenever some haughty foreigner touches our common honor, whenever some paltry sentiment

in the lips of princes rouses our generous scorn, or whenever some chivalrous action or noble thought ennobles the sons of peasants. If I had been told that the habits of trade made men niggardly and selfish, I should have pointed to the hospitals, to the charities, to the educational institutions which cover the land, and which have been mainly founded or largely endowed by the munificence of traders. If I had been told that there was something in trade which stunted the higher or more poetical faculty, I should have pointed to the long list of philosophers, divines, and poets that have sprung from the ranks of trade; and, not to cite minor names, I should have said, 'It is we who share with agriculture the glory of producing the wool-stapler's son, who rules over the intellectual universe under the name of Shakespeare.' This pride of class I should have felt, let me only be born an Englishman, whether as peasant, mechanic, manufacturer, or tradesman; but being born and reared amongst those who derive their subsistence from the land, I am not less proud that I belong to that great section of our countrymen from whom have proceeded so large a proportion of those who have helped to found that union of liberty and intellect which binds together the audience I survey. From whom came the great poets, Chaucer and Gower, Spenser and Dryden, and Byron and Scott? From whom came the great pioneers of science, Worcester and Cavendish, Boyle and Bacon? From whom came so large a number of the heroes and patriots who, in all the grand epochs of constitutional progress,—from the first charter wrung from Norman tyrants, from the first resistance made to the Roman pontiffs, down to the law by which Camden (the son of a country squire) achieved the liberty of the Press,—down to the Reform Bill, by which Russell, Grey, and Stanley, and Lambton connected Leeds forever with the genius of Macaulay—have furnished liberty with illustrious chiefs, and not less with beloved martyrs? Out of that class of country gentlemen came the

Hampden who died upon the field, and Sydney who perished on the scaffold."

This is a noble and truly eloquent passage, going right to the heart of every Englishman; and delivered, as it was, with fire and energy, in the Music Hall at Leeds, it left an impression on the minds of his audience, of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's power as a true orator, which will not soon be effaced.

It will be observed that, in this rapid sketch, we have described a career full of hard work; the more honorable to Sir Edward, as he is rich, and in the enjoyment of ease and competence. But he prefers to be laborious and perseverant; he is a man full of purpose and earnestness; he works for the love of work, as well as because he desires the good of others. Though he is not a very *real* writer, his writings, taken as a whole, have a highly beneficial tendency: they are humanizing, invigorating, and improving. By dint of study and labor he has achieved his success. His merit as a writer and an orator is all his own, and is infinitely superior to that transmitted merit which attaches to a man's far-back ancestry having fought at Crecy or Agincourt. And, most probably, posterity will yet speak of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton with far greater admiration than if he had distinguished himself at Waterloo or Sobraon.

## FRANCIS JEFFREY.

SOME thirty years since, we happened to visit the High Courts of Session, held in Edinburgh, in the purlieus of the old Scotch Parliament-House. These are the chief law courts of Scotland; and though they are always objects of interest to a visitor, they were perhaps more so at that time than they are now, in consequence of their being then professionally frequented by several men of world-wide reputation.

We remember well the striking entrance to those courts; they occupy one side of a square, opposite to the old cathedral church of St. Giles's, where Jenny Geddes initiated the great Rebellion of two centuries back, by hurling her "cutty-stool" at the head of the officiating bishop, on his proposing to read the collect for the day. "Diel colic the wame o' thee!" shouted Jenny, as she hurled her stool at the bishop; and from that point the Revolution began. John Knox, at an earlier period, used to deliver his thrilling harangues in the same church; and in the space now forming the square — which was used as a cemetery previous to the Reformation — the mortal remains of that undaunted reformer were laid; of whom the Regent Murray said, as he was lowered into his grave, "There lies one who never feared the face of man." Another portion of the square was formerly occupied by the old jail or Tolbooth of Edinburgh, celebrated throughout the world by Scott's novel of "The Heart of Mid-Lothian." \*

\* A popular orator from the South once greatly disturbed the complacency of an Edinburgh audience, by addressing them as "Men of the Heart of Mid-Lothian"!



But it had been demolished some years before the period of our visit.

Entering the courts by a door in the southwest corner of the square, and crossing a spacious vestibule, we passed through a pair of folding doors, and found ourselves in the famous Parliament-House. It is a noble hall, upwards of one hundred and twenty feet long, and about fifty wide. Its lofty roof is oak, arched with gilt pendants, in the style of Westminster Hall. This was the place in which the Scottish Parliament held its sittings for about seventy years previous to the Union. It was in a bustle, as it usually is during the sittings of the court, with advocates promenading in their wigs and gowns; writers (*Anglice* solicitors), with their blue and red bags crammed with bundles of legal documents, scudding hither and thither; litigants, with anxious countenances, collected in groups, anxiously discussing the progress of their "case;" whilst above the din and hum which filled the hall there occasionally rose the loud voice of the criers, summoning the counsel in the different causes to appear before their lordships.

All the courts open into this hall, and we entered one of these; we think it was the Justiciary Court. We have no recollection of the cause that was being tried; some petty horse-warranty affair or other, about which a great deal of clever sarcasm and eloquence was displayed. But though we have forgotten the cause that was tried, we have not forgotten the pleader. He rose immediately after his burly opponent had seated himself,—Patrick Robertson, for a long time the wit of the Parliament-House,—the author of a book of poems, published a few years ago, full of gravity, but without poetry,—afterwards Lord Robertson. The advocate who rose to reply was a man the very opposite in feature, form, and temperament to Patrick Robertson. A little, slender, dark-eyed man, of a highly intellectual appearance; his head was small,—indeed, the opponents of

phrenology have asserted that his head was *so* small, that it was enough of itself to overthrow that science,— but then it was exquisitely formed, the organs were beautifully balanced, the bulk of the brain lay over the forehead, and the outline was such as to give one the impression of the finest possible organization. He wore no wig; and his black hair was brushed straight up from his beautiful forehead.

When he rose to his feet, the hum of the court was stilled into silence; and one who accompanied us said, “You see that little man there going to speak?” “Yes.” “That’s FRANCIS JEFFREY, of the Edinburgh Review.” And Jeffrey went on with his speech in a high-keyed, sharp, clear, and acute strain, not rising into eloquence, but running on in a smart and copious, yet somewhat precise manner: indeed, one might have denominated his style of speech and of argument as a little *finical*; yet it was unusually complete and highly finished, like everything else that he did.

But there was in the same court that day one whose reputation and whose genius infinitely transcended Jeffrey’s, great though these may have been. Sitting immediately under the Lord President, at the clerk’s table, were two men, one on each side,—the clerks of the Court of Session. “You see that man at the table there,—the one with the white hair and the overhanging brow?” “Yes, I see *two*; they have both white hair, and are both heavy-browed.” “Yes; but I mean the one to the Lord President’s right,—immediately before Patrick Robertson there.” “The one with his head stooping over his papers, writing?” “Yes: see, he is now rising up, and going across the room.” “I see him,—surely I know that face; I must have seen the man before.” “You may have seen the portrait of him often enough,—it is SIR WALTER SCOTT!” In a moment we recognized the Great Wizard of the North, whose magical pen had quickened into life the long dead and buried past, and created shapes of magical beauty by the

aid of his wonderful fancy, — the greatest literary celebrity of the age ! His face, as we saw it then, presented but few indications of those remarkable intellectual powers, which might almost be said to *blaze* in the features of Jeffrey. It was heavy, solid, *lourd*, and homely, — somewhat like the face of a country-bred farmer's man, grown old in harness, and rather "back" with his rent. He limped across the court to one of the advocates or writers to the signet, to whom he delivered a paper, and then returned to his seat. The terrible crash of Sir Walter Scott's fortunes had occurred, through the failure of his publisher, but a few years before ; and here was the hard-working man, still toiling at his post of clerk of court during the day, — to enter upon his laborious literary labors on returning home, — all with the view of desperately retrieving the loss of his fortune and estate.

One other man we may mention, — then a comparatively young advocate in good business. His eye, of all his features, struck us the most. Never did we see a more beautiful, piercing eye before. Keen, black, and penetrating, it seemed to look through you. Once afterwards, we encountered the eye in Princes' Street, and recognized the man on the instant. It was Henry Cockburn, the author of the "Life of Jeffrey." He had the look of a man of genius ; and was long afterwards known as a highly acute and able lawyer. But he had never before done anything in literature that we know of, until he wrote the life of his friend Jeffrey ; yet we mistake much if it do not take its place among the best standard biographies of our time. We should not be surprised if, like Boswell's Johnson, it were read when the books of the author whose life is commemorated are allowed to lie on the shelf.

Not that there is any vivid interest in Jeffrey's life ; happy and prosperous people have usually little history. Life flows on in a smooth current ; everything succeeds with

them ; they gather wealth and fame with years, and die full of honors, which are recorded on a mausoleum. But certainly there was about the life of Jeffrey — even independently of the literary merits of Lord Cockburn's portraiture of him — much that is instructive, interesting, and delightful.

Jeffrey was a man full of *bonhomie*. He was an honest-minded, independent man ; a most industrious, hard-working, and perseverant man ; and, withal, a genuinely-loving man. But above all, he was the founder of the "Edinburgh Review." This was the great event of his life. By means of that eminently able organ of opinion, he elevated criticism into a magistrature. He invested it with dignity, and administered it like a judge, according to certain laws. He became an oracle of taste in poetry, literature, and art. He did not merely follow the literary fashion of the day, but he directed it, and for many years presided over the highest critical organ in the country. Yet it will be confessed, that, if we look into the collected edition of his works, they have comparatively little interest for us. Even the most effective criticism is necessarily of an ephemeral character. Like a thrilling Parliamentary speech, its chief interest consists in its appropriateness to the time, the circumstances, and the audience to whom it is addressed. At best, literary criticism is but a clever and discriminating judgment upon books. The books so criticised are now either dead and forgotten, or they have secured a footing, and live on independent of all criticism. Yet criticism is not without its value, as Jeffrey and his fellow-laborers amply proved.

The leading incidents of Francis Jeffrey's life are soon told. He was born in Charles Street, George's Square, in the Old Town of Edinburgh, on the 22d of October, 1773. His father was a depute clerk, in the Court of Session. His mother was an amiable, intelligent woman, who died when Francis was but a boy. The youth was educated at the

Edinburgh High School, where he remained for six years. Here is an incident of his boyhood : —

“ One day in the winter of 1786–87, he was standing in the High Street, staring at a man whose appearance struck him ; a person standing at a shop door tapped him on the shoulder, and said, ‘ Ay, laddie ! ye may weel look at that man ! that’s ROBERT BURNS.’ He never saw Burns again.”

From Edinburgh High School, Jeffrey proceeded to Glasgow University, where he studied with distinction during two sessions. In the “ Historical and Critical Club,” he astonished the members by the force and acuteness of his *criticisms* on the essays submitted for discussion. Thus early did the peculiar bent of his mind display itself. He worked very hard, — was a systematic student, — took copious notes, cast into his own forms of expression, of all the lectures, — and read largely on all subjects. He returned to Edinburgh, and attended the law classes there in the two sessions of 1789–91, still studying and composing essays on various subjects, but chiefly on life and its philosophy.

“ It was about this time (1790 or 1791) that he had the honor of assisting to carry the biographer of Johnson, in a state of great intoxication, to bed. For this, he was rewarded next morning by Mr. Boswell, who had learned who his bearers had been, clapping his head, and telling him that he was a very promising lad, and that, ‘ If you go on as you’ve begun, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself yet.’ ”

He next went to Oxford to study, and remained there for a season, but he never entered fully into the life of the place, and evidently detested it. He did not find a single genial companion. He says of the meetings of the students, “ O these blank parties ! — the quintessence of insipidity, — the conversation dying from lip to lip, — every countenance lengthening and obscuring in the shade of mutual lassitude, — the stifled yawn contending with the affected smile on

every cheek, — and the languor and stupidity of the party gathering and thickening every instant, by the mutual contagion of embarrassment and disgust. . . . In the name of heaven, what do such beings conceive to be the order and use of society? To them, it is no source of enjoyment; and there cannot be a more complete abuse of time, mind, and fruit." He detests the law, too. "This law," he says, "is vile work. I wish I had been born a piper." There was only one thing that he hoped to learn at Oxford, and that was the English pronunciation. And he certainly succeeded in acquiring it after a sort, but he never spoke it as an Englishman is wont to do. As Lord Holland said of him afterwards, "He lost the *broad Scotch* at Oxford, but he gained only the *narrow English* in its place."

He returned to Edinburgh in July, 1792, and again attended the law lectures there. He joined the Speculative Society, then numbering among its active members many afterwards highly celebrated men, — Scott, Brougham, Grant (afterwards Lord Glenelg), Petty (afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne), Francis Horner, and others. Jeffrey distinguished himself by several admirable papers which he read before the society; and also by the part which he took in the discussions. But, like many susceptible young minds, at this time, he was haunted by fits of despondency. He could not take the world by storm: few knew that he lived. How was he to distinguish himself? He would be a *Poet!* Writing to his sister about this time, he said, "*I feel I shall never be a great man, unless it be as a Poet!*" But afterwards he says more calmly, "My poetry does not improve; *I think it is growing worse every week.* If I could find the heart to abandon it, I believe I should be the better for it." He nevertheless went on writing tragedies, love poems, sonnets, odes, and such like; but they never saw the light. Once, indeed, he went so far as to leave a poem with a bookseller, to be published, — and fled to the country; but

finding some obstacle had occurred, he returned, recovered the manuscript, — rejoicing that he had been saved, — and never repeated so perilous an experiment.

In 1794, Jeffrey was called to the Scotch bar. The times were sick and out of joint. The French Revolution was afoot, and its violence tended to drive some men sternly back upon the past, and to impel others wildly forward into the future. Some took a middle course; and while they discountenanced all violent change, sought after constitutional progress and social improvement. To this middle party, Jeffrey early attached himself. He joined himself to the Whigs, though to do so at that day was to erect a lofty barrier in the way of his own success. Yet he did so, courageously and resolutely; and he held to his course. He had several noble allies; among whom may be named Brougham, Horner, and Erskine (the brother of the Lord Chancellor). At the bar, Jeffrey got on very slowly. Very few fees came in, and these were chiefly from his father's connections. He began to despair of success, and even went to London with the object of becoming a literary "grub." He was furnished with letters to authors, newspaper editors, and publishers. But, fortunately, they received him coldly, and he returned to Edinburgh to re-occupy himself with essay writing, translating from the Greek, and waiting for clients. The clients did not come yet, and he began seriously to despair of ever achieving success in his profession.

"I cannot help," he wrote at this time, "looking upon a slow, obscure, and philosophical starvation at the Scotch bar, as a destiny not to be submitted to. There are some moments when I think I could sell myself to the minister or to the devil, in order to get above these necessities." He also entertained the idea of trying the English bar, or going out to India, like so many other young Scotchmen of his day. He had now been five years at the bar, and could not yet, as

the country saying goes, "make saut to his kail." In the seventh year of his practice, he says, "My profession has never yet brought me £ 100 a year." But this is the history of nearly all young men in their first ascent of the steeps of professional enterprise.

Yet Jeffrey's poor prospects did not prevent him falling in love with a girl as poor as himself, and he married her. The young lady was, however, of good family: she was the daughter of Dr. Nelson, Professor of Church History at St. Andrew's. The young pair settled down in Buccleuch Place, in the Old Town; and the biographer informs us that "his own study was only made comfortable at the cost of £ 7 18 s.; the banqueting-hall rose to £ 13 8 s.; and the drawing-room actually rose to £ 22 19 s." He made a careful inventory of all the costs of furnishing, which is still preserved.

But his marriage seemed to have been the starting-point of Jeffrey's success. He devoted himself sedulously to his profession. Clients appeared in greater numbers; he began to be looked upon as a rising man; and when once the ball is fairly set a-rolling, it goes on comparatively easy. Shortly after, the famous Edinburgh Review was projected by himself and Sydney Smith, though the merit of suggesting the work is undoubtedly due to the latter. Sydney Smith's account of its origin is this: "One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story, or flat, in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review." But Jeffrey's aptness for editorial work, his peculiar critical ability, together with the fact of his being the only settled man of the lot permanently located in Edinburgh, soon led to his undertaking the entire control of the Review, and furnishing the principal part of the writing.



The first number of the Edinburgh Review appeared in October, 1802, and the effect produced by it was almost electrical. It was so bold, so novel, so spirited and able, — so unlike anything of the kind that had heretofore appeared, — that its success from the first was decided. It afforded a gratifying proof of the existence of liberal feeling in a part of the country where before one dull, dead, uniform level of slavish obsequiency had prevailed. It gave a voice to the dormant feeling of independence which nevertheless still survived. The effect upon public opinion was most wholesome, and the influence of the Review went on increasing from year to year. Horner, Sydney Smith, and Brougham soon left Edinburgh for England, to enter upon public life ; but Jeffrey stood by the Review, and continued its main-stay. When Horner left Edinburgh, he made a present of his bar wig to Jeffrey, who “hoped that in time it would attract fees” besides admiration. But Jeffrey never liked to wear a wig, and soon abandoned it for his own fine black hair. Among the greatest bores which he experienced was attending Scotch appeals in the House of Lords in London, when he had to sit under a great load of serge and horsehair, perhaps in the very height of the dog-days !

His practice increased, while his fame in connection with the Review spread his name abroad. His severe handling of many of the writers of the day, brought down upon him a good deal of bitter speech, — such as Lord Byron’s “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.” His severe review of Moore’s lascivious love poems brought him into collision with that gentleman, and an innocuous duel was the consequence ; but after that they remained warm friends. There was little of interest in Jeffrey’s life for many years after this occurrence. It flowed on in an equable and widening current of steady prosperity. His wife died in 1805, and was sincerely lamented by him. The letter which he wrote

to his brother on the occasion is exceedingly beautiful, — full of affectionate and deep feeling for the departed. “I took no interest,” he says, “in anything which had not some reference to her. I had no enjoyment away from her, except in thinking what I should have to tell or to show her on my return ; and I have never returned to her, after half a day’s absence, without feeling my heart throb and my eye brighten with all the ardor and anxiety of a youthful passion. All the exertions I ever made in the world were for her sake entirely. You know how indolent I was by nature, and how regardless of reputation and fortune ; but it was a delight to me to lay these things at the feet of my darling, and to invest her with some portion of the distinction she deserved, and to increase the pride and vanity she felt for her husband, by accumulating these public tests of his merit. She had so lively a relish for life, too, and so unquenchable and unbroken a hope in the midst of protracted illness and languor, that the stroke which cut it off forever appears equally cruel and unnatural. Though familiar with sickness, she seemed to have nothing to do with death. She always recovered so rapidly, and was so cheerful and affectionate and playful, that it scarcely entered into my imagination that there could be one sickness from which she would not recover.” But Jeffrey did not remain single. A few years after, in 1813, we find him on his way to the United States, to bring home his second wife, — a grand-niece of the famous John Wilkes. He wooed and won her, and an admirable wife she made him.

There are only a few other prominent landmarks in Jeffrey’s career which we would note in the midst of his prosperous life. In 1820 he was elected Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, and delivered a noble speech on his installation. In 1829 he was elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, a post of high honor in the profession. On being elected, he gave up the editorship of the Review, after

superintending it for a period of twenty-seven years. In 1830 the Whigs came into office, and Jeffrey was appointed Lord Advocate,—the first law officer of the Crown for Scotland. This was the height of his ambition. He could only climb a step higher, which he did a few years later, when he was made a judge, and died Lord Jeffrey, in January, 1850.

His friend and fellow-judge has admirably depicted Jeffrey as he lived,—in his home life, which was beautiful, and in his public career, which was honorable, useful, and meritorious. He was a most affectionate man. In one of his letters,—and they are, perhaps, the most charming portions of the work,—he says, “I am every hour more convinced of the error of those who look for happiness in anything but centred and tranquil affection.” His intellect was sharp and bright,—not so powerful as keen. His knowledge was various rather than profound. His taste was exquisite; his sense of honor very fine; and his manner was full of gentleness and kindness. Withal, he was an earnest, resolute man, whose heart glowed in the conflicts of the world. In conclusion we may add, that Lord Jeffrey, in his valuable life, has furnished a further illustration of what honorable, persistent industry and application will do for a man in this life; for it was mainly this that raised him from obscurity and dependence to a position of affluence and worldly renown.

## EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

**E**BENEZER ELLIOTT, the Sheffield iron-merchant, a poet of no mean fame, was extensively known beyond the bounds of his own locality as "the Corn-Law Rhymer." Though for a time identified with a political movement, to which he consecrated the service of his lyre, he had nevertheless the world-wide vision of the true poet, who is of no sect nor party. Any one who reads his poems will not fail to note how closely his soul was knit to universal Nature — how his pulse beat in unison with her, — how deeply he read and how truly he interpreted her meanings. With a heart glowing for love of his kind, out of which indeed his poetry first sprung, and with a passionate sense of wrongs inflicted upon the suffering poor, which burst out in words of electric, almost tremendous power, there was combined a tenderness and purity of thought and feeling, and a love for Nature in all her moods, of the most refined and beautiful character. In his scathing denunciations of power misused, how terrible he is; but in his expression of beauty, how sweet! Bitter and fierce though his rhymes are when his subject is "the dirt-kings, — the tax-gorged lords of land," we see that all his angry spirit is disarmed when he takes himself out to breathe the fresh breath of the heavens, in the green lane, on the open heath, or up among the wild mountains. There he takes Nature to his bosom, — calls her by the sweetest of names, pours his soul out before her, gives her his whole heart, and yields up to her his manly adoration.

You see this beautiful side of the poet's character in his exquisite poems entitled "The Wonders of the Lane," "Come and Gone," "The Excursion," "The Dying Boy to the Sloe Blossom," "Flowers for the Heart," "Don and Rother," and even in "Win-hill," that most powerful of his odes. The utterance is that of a man, but the heart is tender as that of a woman. These exquisite little poems of Elliott, in their terseness and vividness of expression, and their sweetness and delicacy of execution, cannot fail to remind one of the kindred magical power and genius of Robert Burns.

Elliott's life proved, what is still a disputed point, that the cultivation of poetic tastes is perfectly compatible with success in trade and commerce. It is a favorite dogma of some men, that he who courts the Muses must necessarily be unfitted for the practical business of life; and that to succeed in trade, a man must live altogether for it, and never rise above the consideration of its little details. This is, in our opinion, a notion at variance with actual experience. Generally speaking, you will find the successful literary man a man of industry, application, steadiness, and sobriety. He must be a hard worker. He must apply himself. He must economize time, and coin it into sterling thought, if not into sterling money. His habits tell upon his whole character, and mould it into consistency. If he be in business, he must be diligent to succeed in it; and his intelligence gives him resources which to the ignorant man are denied. It may not have been so in the last century, when the literary man was a *rara avis*, a world's wonder, and was fêted and lionized until he became irretrievably spoilt; but now, when all men have grown readers, and a host of men have become writers, the literary man is no longer a novelty: he drags quietly along in the social team, engages in business, succeeds, and economizes, just as other men do, and generally to much better purpose than the illiterate and the uncultivated. Some of the most successful men in business, at the present day, are men who

regularly wield the pen in the intervals of their daily occupations, — some for self-culture, others for pleasure, others because they have something cheerful or instructive to utter to their fellow-men; and shall we say that those men are less usefully employed than if they had been cracking filberts over their wine, sleeping over a newspaper, gadding at clubs, or engaging in the frivolity of evening parties?

Ebenezer Elliott was a man who profitably applied his leisure hours to the pursuit of literature, and while he succeeded in business, he gained an eminent reputation as a poet. After a long life spent in business, working his way up from the position of a laboring man to that of an employer of labor, a capitalist, and a merchant, he retired from active life, built a house on a little estate of his own, and sat under his “vine and fig-tree” during the declining years of his life; cheered by the prospect of a large family of virtuous sons and daughters growing up around him in happiness and usefulness.

We enjoyed the pleasure of a visit to this gifted man, at his own fireside, little more than a month before his death. It was one of the last lovely days of autumn, when the faint breath of Summer was still lingering among the woods and fields, as if loath to depart from the earth she had gladdened; the blackbird was still piping his mellifluous song in the hedges and coppice, whose foliage was tinted in purple, russet, and brown, with just enough of green to give that perfect autumnal tint, so beautifully pictorial, but impossible to paint in words. The beech-nuts were dropping from the trees, and crackled under foot, and a rich, damp smell rose from the decaying leaves by the road-side. After a short walk through a lovely, undulating country, from the Darfield station of the North Midland Railway, along one of the old Roman roads, so common in that part of Yorkshire, and which leads into the famous Watling Street, near the town of Pontefract, we reached the village of Old Houghton, at

the south end of which stands the curious Old Hall,—an interesting relic of Middle-Age antiquity. Its fantastic gable-end, projecting windows, quaint doorway, diamond “quarrels,” and its great size looming up in the twilight, with the well-known repute which the house bears of being “haunted,” made us regard it with a strange, awe-like feeling: it seemed like a thing not of this every-day world; indeed, the place breathes the very atmosphere of the olden time, and a host of associations connected with a most interesting period of old English history are called up by its appearance. It reminds one of the fantastic old Tabard, in Dickens’s “Barnaby Rudge” (we think it is); and the resemblance is strengthened by the fact of this Old Hall being now converted into a modern public-house, the inscription of “Licensed to be drunk on the premises,” &c., being legibly written on a sign-board over the fantastic old porch. “To what base uses,” alas! do our old country-houses come at last! Being open to the public, we entered; and there we found a lot of the village laborers, ploughmen, and delvers, engaged, in a boxed-off corner of the Old Squire’s Hall, drinking their Saturday night’s quota of beer, amidst a cloud of tobacco-smoke; while the mistress of the place, seated at the tap in another corner of the apartment, was dealing out her potations to all comers and purchasers. A huge black deer’s head and antlers projected from the wall, near the door, evidently part of the antique furniture of the place; and we had a glimpse of a fine broad stone staircase, winding up in one of the deep bays of the hall, leading to the state apartments above. Though strongly tempted to seek a night’s lodging in this haunted house, as well as to explore the mysteries of the interior, we resisted the desire, and set forward on our journey to the more inviting house of the poet.

We reached Hargate Hill, the house and home of Ebenezer Elliott, in the dusk of the autumn evening. There was just light enough to enable us to perceive that it was

situated on a pleasant height, near the hill-top, commanding an extensive prospect of the undulating and finely-wooded country towards the south; on the north stretched away an extensive tract of moorland, covered with gorse-bushes. A nicely-kept flower-garden and grass-plot lay before the door, with some of the last of the year's roses still in bloom. We had a cordial welcome from the poet, his wife, and two interesting daughters, — the other members of his large family being settled in life for themselves, — two sons, clergymen, in the West Indies, two in Sheffield, and others elsewhere. Elliott looked the wan invalid that he was, pale and thin; and his hair was nearly white. Age had deeply marked his features since last we saw him; and, instead of the iron-framed, firm-voiced man we had seen and heard in Palace Yard, London, some eleven years before, and in his own town of Sheffield at a more recent date, he now seemed a comparatively weak and feeble old man. An anxious expression of face indicated that he had suffered much acute pain, — which indeed was the case. After he had got rid of that subject, and begun to converse about more general topics, his countenance brightened up, and, under the stimulus of delightful converse, he became, as it were, a new man. With all his physical weakness, we found that his heart beat as warm and true as ever to the cause of human kind. The old struggles of his life were passed in review, and fought over again; and he displayed the same zeal and entertained the same strong faith in the old cause which he had rhymed about so long before it seized hold of the public mind. He mentioned, what I had not before known, that the Sheffield Anti-Corn-Law Association was the first to start the system of operations afterwards adopted by the League, and that they first employed Paulton as a public lecturer; but to Cobden he gave the praise of having popularized the cause, knocked it into the public head by dint of sheer hard work and strong practical sense, and to Cobden he still looked as



the great leader of the day, — one of the most advanced and influential minds of his time. The patriotic struggle in Hungary had enlisted his warmest sympathies ; and he spoke of Kossuth as “ cast in the mould of the greatest heroes of antiquity.” Of the Russian Emperor he spoke as “ that tremendous villain, Nicholas,” and he believed him to be so infatuated by his success in Hungary, that he would not know where to stop, but would rush blindly to his ruin.

The conversation then led towards his occupations in this remote country spot, whither he had retreated from the busy throng of men, and the engrossing pursuits and anxieties of business. Here he said he had given himself up to meditation and thought ; nor had he been idle with his pen either, having a volume of prose and poetry nearly ready for publication. Strange to say, he spoke of his prose as the better part of his writings, and, as he himself thought, much superior to his poetry. But he is not the first instance of a great writer who has been in error as to the comparative value of his own works. On that question the world, and especially posterity, will pronounce the true verdict.

He spoke with great interest of the beautiful scenery of the neighborhood, which had been a source to him of immense joy and delight ; of the two great old oaks, near the old Roman road, about a mile to the north, under the shade of which the Wapontake formerly assembled, and in the hollow of one of which, in more recent times, Nevison the highwayman used to take shelter, but it was burnt down in spite, after his execution, by a band of Gypsies ; of the glorious wooded country which stretched to the south, — Wentworth, Wharncliffe, Conisborough, and the fine scenery of the Dearne and the Don ; of the many traditions which still lingered about the neighborhood, and which, he said, some Walter Scott, could he gather them up before they died away, would make glow again with life and beauty.

“ Did you see,” he observed, “ that curious Old Hall on

your way up? The terrible despot Wentworth, Lord Strafford, married his third wife from that very house, and afterwards lived in it for some time; and no wonder it is rumored among the country folks as 'haunted;' for if it be true that unquiet, perturbed spirits have power to wander over the earth, after the body to which they had been bound is dead, *his* could never endure the peaceful rest of the grave. After Wentworth's death it became the property of Sir William Rhodes, a stout Presbyterian and Parliamentarian. When the great civil war broke out, Rhodes took the field with his tenantry, on the side of the Parliament, and the first encounter between the two parties is said to have taken place only a few miles to the north of Old Houghton. While Rhodes was at Tadcaster with Sir Thomas Fairfax, Captain Grey (an ancestor of the present Earl Grey), at the head of a body of about three hundred Royalist horse, attacked the Old Hall, and, there being only some thirty servants left to defend it, took the place and set fire to it, destroying all that would burn. But Cromwell rode down the cavaliers with his ploughmen at Marston Moor, not very far from here either, and then Rhodes built the little chapel that you would see still standing apart at the west end of the Hall, and established a godly Presbyterian divine to minister there; forming a road from thence to Driffield, about three miles off, to enable the inhabitants of that place to reach it by a short and convenient route. I forget how it happened," he continued, "I believe it was by marriage,—but so it was, that the estate fell into the possession, in these latter days, of Monckton Milnes, to whom it now belongs. But as Monk Frystone was preferred as a family residence, and was in a more thriving neighborhood, the chief part of the land about was sold to other proprietors, and only some three holdings were retained, in virtue of which Mr. Milnes continues lord of the manor, and is entitled to his third share of the moor or waste lands in the neighborhood, which may be reclaimed under Enclosure Acts. But the Old Hall has been dismantled,

and all the fine old furniture and tapestry and paintings have been removed down to the new house at Monk Frystone."

And then the conversation turned upon Monckton Milnes, his fine poetry, and his "Life of Keats,"—on Keats, of whom Elliott spoke in terms of glowing eulogy as that great "resurrectionized Greek,"—on Southey, who had so kindly proffered his services in advancing the interests of Elliott's two sons, the clergymen, whose livings he obtained for them,—on Carlyle, whom he admired as one of the greatest of living poets, though writing not in rhyme,—and on Longfellow, whose "Evangeline" he had not yet seen, but longed to read. And thus the evening stole on with delightful converse in the heart of that quiet, happy family, the listeners recking not that the lips of the eloquent speaker would soon be moist with the dews of death. Shortly after the date of this visit, we sent the poet a copy of "Evangeline," of which he observed, in a letter written after a delighted perusal of it: "Longfellow is indeed a poet, and he has done what I deemed an impossibility,—he has written English hexameters, giving our mighty lyre a new string! When Tennyson dies, he should read 'Evangeline' to Homer." Poor Elliott! That task, if a possible one, be now his!

We cannot better conclude this brief sketch than by giving the last lines which Elliott wrote, while autumn was yet lingering round his dwelling, and the appearance of the robin red-breast near the door augured the approach of winter. They were written at the request of the poet's daughter (who was married only about a fortnight before his death), to the air of "T is time this heart should be unmoved":—

"Thy notes, sweet Robin, soft as dew,  
 Heard soon or late, are dear to me;  
 To music I could bid adieu,  
 But not to thee.

"When from my eyes this life-full throng  
 Has past away, no more to be;  
 Then, Autumn's primrose, Robin's song,  
 Return to me."

## GEORGE BORROW.

SINCE the publication of "The Bible in Spain," a singularly interesting and fascinating book, few English writers have excited so deep a personal interest as George Borrow, — Gypsy George, — Don Giorgio, — the Gypsy Hogarth. The writer projected so much of *himself* into that book, as well as into his "Gypsies of Spain," his first published work, and gave us such delightful glimpses of his own life and experience, as keenly to whet our curiosity, and make us eagerly long to know more about him.

Here was a travelling missionary of the Bible Society, who knew all about Gypsy life and lingo, was familiar with the lowest haunts of field thieves and mendicants, and up to all their gibberish; a horse-sorcerer and whisperer, a student of pugilism under Thurtell, and himself no mean practitioner in "the noble art of self-defence," but withal a man of the most varied gifts and accomplishments, — a philologist or "word-master," knowing nearly every language in Europe and the East, — a racy and original writer, with the force of Cobbett and the learning of Parr, — the translator of the Bible, or parts of it, into Mantchou, Basque, Rommaney, or gypsy-tongue, and many other languages, and of old Danish ballads into English, — a person of fascinating conversation and of powerful eloquence. Fancy these varied gifts embodied in a man standing six feet two in his stocking-soles, his frame one of iron, his daring and intrepidity unmatched, and you have placed before your

mind's eye George Borrow, the Bible Missionary, — the Gypsy Hogarth, — the emissary of Exeter Hall, — the quondam pupil of Thurtell, — Lavengro, the Word-master!

One wishes to know much of this extraordinary being. What is his history? What has been his life? It must be full of novel experiences, the like of which was never before written. Well, he has written a book called "Lavengro," in which he proposes to satisfy the public curiosity about himself, and to illustrate his biography as "Scholar, Gypsy, and Priest." The book, however, is not all fact; it is fact mixed liberally with fiction, — a kind of poetic rhapsody; and yet it contains many graphic pictures of real life, — life little known of, such as exists to this day among the by-lanes and on the moors of England. One thing is obvious, the book is thoroughly original, like all Mr. Borrow has written. It smells of the green lanes and breezy downs, — of the field and the tent; and his characters bear the tan of the sun and the marks of the weather upon their faces. The book is not written as a practised book-maker would write it; it is not pruned down to suit current tastes. Borrow throws into it whatever he has picked up on the highways and by-ways, garnishing it up with his own imaginative spicery *ad libitum*, and there you have it, — "Lavengro; the Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest"! But the work is not yet completed, seeing that he has only as yet treated us to the two former parts of the character; "The Priest" is yet to come, and then we shall see how it happened that Exeter Hall was enabled to secure the services of this gifted missionary.

From his childhood George Borrow was a wanderer, and doubtless his early associations and experiences gave their color to his future life. His father was a captain of militia about the beginning of the present century, when the principal garrison duties of the country were performed by that force. The regiment was constantly moving about from

place to place, and thus England, Scotland, and Ireland passed as a panorama before the eyes of the militia officer's son. He was born at East Dereham, in Norfolk, when the regiment was lying there in 1803. Borrow claims the honor of gentle birth, for his father was a Cornish gentillatre, and by his mother he was descended from an old Huguenot family, who were driven out of France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and, like many other of their countrymen, settled down in the neighborhood of Norwich. Borrow the elder was a man of courage, and though never in battle, he fought with his fists, and vanquished "Big Ben Brain," in Hyde Park, a feat of which his son thinks highly, and the more so, as Big Ben Brain, four months after the event, "was champion of England, having vanquished the heroic Johnson. Honor to Brain, who, at the end of four other months, worn out by the dreadful blows which he had received in his manly combats, expired in the arms of my father, who read the Bible to him in his later moments,—Big Ben Brain." Such are the son's own words in his autobiographic "Lavengro."

Borrow had one brother older than himself, an artist, a pupil of Haydon, the historical painter. He died abroad in comparative youth, but after he had given promise of excellency in his profession. This elder brother was the father's favorite; for George, when a child, was moody and reserved,—a lover of nooks and retired corners, shunning society, and sitting for hours together with his head upon his breast. But the family were constantly wandering and shifting about, following the quarters of the regiment, sometimes living in barracks, sometimes in lodgings, and sometimes in camp. At a place called Pett, in Sussex, they thus lived under canvas walls, and here the first snake-charming incident in the child's life occurred:—

"It happened that my brother and myself were playing one evening in a sandy lane, in the neighborhood of this

Pett camp; our mother was at a slight distance. All of a sudden a bright yellow, and, to my infantine eye, beautiful and glorious object, made its appearance at the top of the bank from between the thick quickset, and, gliding down, began to move across the lane to the other side, like a line of golden light. Uttering a cry of pleasure, I sprang forward, and seized it nearly by the middle. A strange sensation of numbing coldness seemed to pervade my whole arm, which surprised me the more, as the object, to the eye, appeared so warm and sunlike. I did not drop it, however, but, holding it up, looked at it intently, as its head dangled about a foot from my hand. It made no resistance; I felt not even the slightest struggle; but now my brother began to scream and shriek like one possessed. 'O mother, mother!' said he, 'the viper! my brother has a viper in his hand!' He then, like one frantic, made an effort to snatch the creature away from me. The viper now hissed amain, and raised its head, in which were eyes like hot coals, menacing, not myself, but my brother. I dropped my captive, for I saw my mother running towards me; and the reptile, after standing for a moment nearly erect, and still hissing furiously, made off, and disappeared. The whole scene is now before me as vividly as if it occurred yesterday, — the gorgeous viper, my poor, dear, frantic brother, my agitated parent, and a frightened hen clucking under the bushes, — and yet I was not three years old."

Borrow cites this as an instance of the power which some persons possess of exercising an inherent power or fascination — call it mesmeric, if you will — over certain creatures; and he afterwards cites instances of the same kind, or the taming of wild horses by the utterance of words or whispers, or by certain movements, which seemed to have power over them.

Thus the family wandered through Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and Kent. At Hythe, the sight of a huge Danish skull, the

headpiece of some mighty old Scandinavian pirate, lying in the old penthouse adjoining the village church, struck the boy's imagination with awe; and, like the apparition of the viper in the sandy lane, it dwelt in his mind, affording copious food for thought and wonder. "An undefinable curiosity for all that is connected with the Danish race began to pervade me; and if, long after, when I became a student, I devoted myself, with peculiar zest, to Danish lore, and the acquirement of the old Norse and its dialects, I can only explain the matter by the early impression received at Hythe from the tale of the old sexton beneath the penthouse, and the sight of the huge Danish skull."

Borrow's acquaintance with books began with the most fascinating of all boys' books, — one which has preserved its popularity undiminished for more than a hundred years, and, while boys' nature remains as now, will hold a high place in English literature, — the entrancing, fascinating, delightful "Robinson Crusoe." He afterwards fell in with another almost equally interesting book, by the same writer, "Moll Flanders," which an old apple-woman on London Bridge lent him to read while he sat behind her stall there; but "Robinson" exercised by far the greatest influence on his mind, and probably helped, in no slight degree, to give a direction to his after career.

His child-wanderings continued; Winchester, Norman's Cross, near Peterborough (where French prisoners were then kept), and many other places, passed before his eyes. At Norman's Cross, when he was some seven years of age, he met with a serpent-charmer; the man was catching vipers among the woods, and the boy accompanied him in his wanderings, learning from him his art of catching vipers. When the old man left the neighborhood, he made the boy a present of one of those reptiles, which he had tamed, and rendered quite harmless by removing the fangs.

Three years passed at Norman's Cross, during which the



boy learned Lilly's Latin Grammar. Then the regiment removed towards the north, halting, for a time, first in one town and then in another, — in Yorkshire, in Northumberland, and then beyond the Tweed, at Edinburgh, where the regiment was quartered in the Castle, standing high upon its crag, overlooking all the other houses in that interesting city. Here he was initiated into the boy-life of Edinburgh, — the "bickers" on the North Loch and along the Castle Hill, between the New Town and the Old, already immortalized by Sir Walter Scott. He entered a pupil in the High School, and gathered, before he left, some further acquaintance with Latin and other tongues. Oddly enough, one of the cronies whom he picked up when residing in the Castle, or engaged in "bickers" on the face of the crag, was David Haggart, then a drummer-boy, afterwards the most notorious of Scotch criminals, and hanged for murdering the jailer at Dumfries, in a desperate attempt to escape. But Borrow's sympathies are so entirely with the criminal and Gypsy class, that he does not hesitate to compare Haggart with Tamerlane! — the only difference being that "Tamerlane was a heathen, and acted according to the lights of his country, — he was a robber while all around were robbers, whereas Haggart" — then, after a strange eulogium of the "strange deeds" of Haggart, he concludes, "Thou mightest have been better employed, David! but peace be with thee, I repeat, and the Almighty's grace and pardon!"

Two years passed in Edinburgh, during which time the young Borrow acquired, to his father's horror, the unmistakable dialect of "the High School callant." Then they left; the militia corps returned to England, and were disbanded. Another year passed in quiet life; 1815 arrived, and Napoleon's return from Elba again threw the whole isle into consternation. The militia were raised anew, and though the French were quelled, disturbances were threatened in Ireland, and thither the corps with which Borrow's

father, and now his elder brother, were connected, were shipped from a port in Essex, and landed at Cork, in Ireland, in the autumn of the year above named. Up the country they went; it became wilder as they proceeded, — the people along the road-sides, with whom the soldiers jested in the *patois* of East Anglia, answered them in a rough, guttural language, strange and wild. The soldiers stared at each other, and were silent. It was Irish-Celtic that the people spoke, and soon, when the regiment got settled in quarters, young Borrow set to work, and learnt it from one of his school-fellows, taking lessons in Irish from him in exchange for a pack of cards.

Borrow's brother having been sent up the country with a small detachment of men, the younger brother went to visit him in his quarters, — crossed the bogs, passed many old ruined castles far up on the heights, on many of which "the curse of Cromwell" fell. He was overtaken by a snow-storm when crossing a bog, and had nearly been devoured by a wild smuggler and his dog, when a few words of Irish uttered by him at once cleared his road. At length he reached his brother, in a wild out-of-the-way place, "the officer's" apartments being in a kind of hay-loft, reached by a ladder. Young Borrow now learnt to ride; and it is delightful to hear him when he breaks out in praise of horse-flesh. One morning, a horse is led out by a soldier, that the youth might "give him a breathing:" he thus describes the horse: —

"The cob was led forth; what a tremendous creature! I had frequently seen him before, and wondered at him; he was barely fifteen hands, but he had the girth of a metropolitan dray-horse; his head was small in comparison with his immense neck, which curved down nobly to his wide back; his chest was broad and fine, and his shoulders models of symmetry and strength. He stood well and powerfully upon his legs, which were somewhat short. In a word, he was a

gallant specimen of the genuine Irish cob, a species at one time not uncommon, but at the present day nearly extinct."

He mounted, and the horse set off, the youth on its bare back. In two hours he made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain, and was returning along the road bathed with perspiration, but screaming with delight, — the cob laughing in his quiet equine way, scattering foam and pebbles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate of sixteen miles an hour. Hear his enthusiasm on the subject of the First Ride! —

"O, that ride! that first ride! most truly it was an epoch in my existence, and I still look back to it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first love, — it is a very agreeable event, I dare say, — but give me the flush, and triumph, and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob! My whole frame was shaken, it is true; and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand, but what of that? by that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints, after that first ride round the Devil's Hill on the cob."

His passion for horses seems almost equal, indeed, to his passion for boxing, for Bibles, for languages, and for Gypsy life. His sense of physical life is intense; and wherever muscular energy has full play, he seems to be in his native element. Afterwards, when in the middle of one of his sermons at Cordova (see his "Gypsies of Spain"), it occurs to him that the breed of horses at that ancient city is first-rate, and off he goes at full gallop, like a hunter who hears a horn, into a masterly sketch of the Andalusian Arab, and how to groom him! But one day, while in Ireland, an accident occurred which introduced him to his first lesson in "horse-whispering:" —

"By good luck a small village was at hand, at the entrance of which was a large shed, from which proceeded a

most furious noise of hammering. Leading the cob by the bridle, I entered boldly. 'Shoe this horse, and do it quickly, a-gough,' said I to a wild, grimy figure of a man, whom I found alone, fashioning a piece of iron.

"'Arrigod yuit?' said the fellow, desisting from his work, and staring at me.

"'O, yes; I have money,' said I, 'and of the best,' and I pulled out an English shilling.

"'Tabhair chugam?' said the smith, stretching out his grimy hand.

"'No, I sha'n't,' said I; 'some people are glad to get their money when their work is done.'

'The fellow hammered a little longer, and then proceeded to shoe the cob, after having first surveyed it with attention. He performed his job rather roughly, and more than once appeared to give the animal unnecessary pain, frequently making use of loud and boisterous words. By the time the work was done, the creature was in a state of high excitement, and plunged and tore. The smith stood at a short distance, seeming to enjoy the irritation of the animal, and showing, in a remarkable manner, a huge fang, which projected from the under jaw of a very wry mouth.

"'You deserve better handling,' said I, as I went up to the cob, and fondled it; whereupon it whinnied, and attempted to touch my face with its nose.

"'Are ye not afraid of that beast?' said the smith, showing his fang; 'arrah! it's vicious that he looks.'

"'It's at you, then; I don't fear him;' and thereupon I passed under the horse, between its hind legs.

"'And is that all you can do, agrah?' said the smith.

"'No,' said I, 'I can ride him.'

"'Ye can ride him; and what else, agrah?'

"'I can leap him over a six-foot wall,' said I.

"'Over a wall; and what more, agrah?'

"'Nothing more,' said I; 'what more would you have?'

“ ‘ Can you do this, agrah ? ’ said the smith ; and he uttered a word, which I had never heard before, in a sharp, pungent tone. The effect upon myself was somewhat extraordinary, a strange thrill ran through me ; but with regard to the cob it was terrible ; the animal forthwith became like one mad, and reared and kicked with the utmost desperation.

“ ‘ Can you do that, agrah ? ’ said the smith.

“ ‘ What is it ? ’ said I, retreating ; ‘ I never saw the horse so before.’

“ ‘ Go between his hind legs, agrah,’ said the smith, — ‘ his hinder legs ; ’ and he again showed his fang.

“ ‘ I dare not,’ said I ; ‘ he would kill me.’

“ ‘ He would kill ye ! and how do ye know that, agrah ? ’

“ ‘ I feel he would,’ said I ; ‘ something tells me so.’

“ ‘ And it tells ye truth, agrah ; but it’s a fine beast, and it’s a pity to see him in such a state ; Io agam airt leigeas ; ’ and here he muttered another word, in a voice singularly modified, but sweet and almost plaintive. The effect of it was almost instantaneous as that of the other, but how different ! the animal lost all its fury, and became at once calm and gentle. The smith went up to it, coaxed and patted it, making use of various sounds of equal endearment ; then turning to me, and holding out once more the grimy hand, he said, ‘ And now ye will be giving me the Sassanach tenpence, agrah ! ’ ”

But at length the militia were all disbanded, and the Borrowes returned to England, where they settled down at Norwich. The two boys were now growing up, and the elder was put to study painting ; the second, George, was still at his books and rambles. His thoughts were in the fields, but he learnt French, Italian, and German. His spare hours were spent in fishing or shooting, and sometimes in the practice of the “ noble art of self-defence.” One day, when attending the horse-fair at Norwich, attracted thither by the sight of the fine animals which he so admired, he fell in with

the son of the Gypsy man he had before met in the lane at Norman's Cross, and shortly after he followed him to his tent beyond the moor. The father and mother, described in our previous extract, had by this time been "bitchadey pawdel," that is, "banished beyond seas for crime," and their son, Jasper Pentulengro, now the Pharaoh of the Gypsies, had to shift for himself. From this time Borrow's intercourse with the wandering Gypsies was frequent; he accompanied them to fairs, learnt their language, acquired the art of horse-shoeing, familiarized himself with their ways of living, — much to the horror of his parents, who were disgusted with his loose and wandering habits.

But the boy was now fast growing up into the man, and something must be done to break him in to the ways of civilized life; his father accordingly cast about for him, and at length succeeded in getting the young man articled to a lawyer in Norwich. But he hated the drudgery of the desk, and made no progress in the study of the law. Blackstone was neglected for Danish ballads and Welsh poems. He made the grossest blunders in his business, and his master wished to get rid of him; but time sped on, and he remained, alternating his studies of Ab Gwilym by readings of the life of Moore Carew, "the King of the Beggars," and Murray and Latroon's histories of Illustrious Robbers and Highwaymen. Then a celebrated fight would come off in the neighborhood, and be sure our youth was present there. Extraordinary it is, how Borrow, the missionary, should be the one man living to eulogize this pastime in his books! but he does it, both in his "Gypsies in Spain" and in "Lavengro." In both he tells us how Thurtell, the murderer, taught him the use of "the gloves;" and there is one famous fight, which he has described in glowing language in both these books, which was got up by Thurtell and Gypsy Will, the latter his instructor in horse-riding.

"I have known the time," he says, "when a pugilistic en-

counter between two noted champions was almost considered in the light of a national affair ; when tens of thousands of individuals, high and low, meditated and brooded upon it, the first thing in the morning and the last at night, until the great event was decided. But the time is past, and many people will say, Thank God that it is ; all I have to say is, that the French still live on the other side of the water, and are still casting their eyes hitherward ; and that, in the days of pugilism, it was no vain boast to say, that one Englishman was a match for two of t' other race ; at present it would be a vain boast to say so, for these are not the days of pugilism."

And again he says : " What a bold and vigorous aspect pugilism wore at that time ! and the great battle was just then coming off ; the day had been decided upon, and the spot, a convenient distance from the old town ; — and to the old town were now flocking the bruisers of England, men of tremendous renown. Let no one sneer at the bruisers of England ; what were the gladiators of Rome, or the bull-fighters of Spain in its palmiest days, compared to England's bruisers ? Pity that corruption should have crept in amongst them, — but of that I wish not to speak ; let us still hope that a spark of *the old religion, of which they were the priests*, still lingers in the hearts of Englishmen." No, Mr. Borrow, the glories of pugilism, like those of duelling, bull-baiting, and bull-running, have all departed, and yet England stands where it did ; nay, we are even strongly of opinion that the English race, instead of retrograding thereby, has achieved an unquestionable moral advancement. But we willingly pass over this part of Mr. Borrow's confessions, which, though racily written, have a very unhealthful tendency.

At length Borrow's father dies ; his articles have expired, and he is thrown upon the world on his own resources. He went to London, like most young men full of themselves and yet wanting help. He packed up his translations of the

Danish ballads, and of Ab Gwilym's Welsh poetry, and sought for a publisher on his arrival in London. Of course he failed, but he got an introduction to Sir Richard Phillips, and through his instrumentality Borrow obtained some task-work from a publisher, though the remuneration derived from it was so trifling he could scarcely subsist. He compiled lives of highwaymen and criminals, and at length, when reduced to his last shilling, wrote a story, which enabled him to raise sufficient cash to quit the metropolis, which he did on the instant, and started on a pedestrian excursion through the country. His life in London occupies the second volume of "Lavengro;" it seems spun out, and reads heavy, — very inferior in interest to the first volume, which contains the cream of the book. In the country he falls in with a disconsolate tinker, who has been driven off his beat by the "Flaming Tinman," a gigantic and brutal ruffian. "Lavengro" buys the tinker's horse, cart, and equipment, and enters upon a life of savage freedom, many parts of which are most graphically depicted. At length he falls in with the "Flaming Tinman," and a desperate fight takes place between them; he vanquishes the tinman, and gains also one of the tinman's two wives, who remains with him in the Mumper's Dingle, where they encamp; and here "Lavengro" ends.

He does not tell us whether his encounter with the "Flaming Tinman," or his knowledge of Gypsy and hedge-life, had anything to do with his after career; or how it was that he became a Bible Society's agent; probably he may tell us something more of that by and by.

In the mean time we may add what we know of his public history in connection with the Bible Society, who, in engaging him, possibly had an eye more to the end than the means. Specimens of his "Kaempe Viser," from the Danish, were printed at his native place, Norwich, in 1825; and, shortly after, he was selected by the Bible Society to



introduce the Scriptures into Russia. He resided there for several years, during which time he mastered its language, the Slavonian, and its Gypsy dialects. He then prepared an edition of the entire Testament in the Tartar Mantchou, which was published at St. Petersburg, in 1835, in eight volumes. It was at St. Petersburg that he published versions into English from thirty languages. In the mean time he had been in France, where he was a spectator, if not an actor, in the Revolution of the Barricades. Then he went to Norway, crossed into Russia again, sojourned among the Tartars, among the Turks, the Bohemians, passed into Spain, from thence into Barbary, — in short, the sole of his foot has never rested; his course has been more erratic than that of any Gypsy, far more eccentric than that of his brother missionary, Dr. Wolff, the wandering Jew. In his “Bible in Spain” occurs the following passage, which flashes a light upon his remarkably varied history: —

“I had returned from a walk in the country, on a glorious sunshiny morning of the Andalusian winter, and was directing my steps towards my lodging. As I was passing by the portal of a large gloomy house near the gate of Xeres, two individuals, dressed in zamarras, emerged from the archway, and were about to cross my path, when one, looking in my face, suddenly started back, exclaiming in the purest and most melodious French, ‘What do I see? if my eyes do not deceive me, it is himself. Yes, the very same, as I saw him first at Bayonne; then, long subsequently, beneath the brick wall at Novogorod; then beside the Bosphorus; and last, at — at — O my respectable and cherished friend, where was it that I had last the felicity of seeing your well-remembered and most remarkable physiognomy?’

“*Myself.* — ‘It was in the south of Ireland, if I mistake not; was it not there that I introduced you to the sorcerer who tamed the savage horses by a single whisper into their ear? But tell me, what brings you to Spain and Andalu-

sia, — the last place where I should have expected to find you?’

“*Baron Taylor.* — ‘And wherefore, my most respectable B——? Is not Spain the land of the arts; and is not Andalusia of all Spain that portion which has produced the noblest monuments of artistic excellence and inspiration? But first allow me to introduce you to your compatriot, my dear Monsieur W——,’ turning to his companion, (an English gentleman, from whom, and from his family, I subsequently experienced unbounded kindness and hospitality on various occasions and at different periods, at Seville,) ‘allow me to introduce to you my most cherished and respectable friend; one who is better acquainted with Gypsy ways than the *Chef de Bohémiens à Triana*; one who is an expert whisperer and horse-sorcerer; and who, to his honor I say it, can wield hammer and tongs, and handle a horse-shoe with the best of the smiths amongst the Alpujarras of Granada.’”

From his great knowledge of languages, physical energies, and extraordinary intrepidity, it will be clear enough that Mr. Borrow was not ill adapted for the dangerous mission on which he was engaged; indeed, he seems to have been pointed out as the very man for the work. It is not child's play to go into foreign countries, such as Russia and Spain, and distribute Bibles. Fortunately for his success in Spain, the country was in a state of great disorder and turbulence at the time of his mission there, so that his movements were not so much watched as they would otherwise have been; yet, as it was, he became familiar with the interiors of half the jails in the Peninsula. There he cultivated his acquaintance with the Gypsies and other vagabond races, and gathered new words for his Rommany vocabulary.

While in Spain, however, he did more than cultivate Rommany and distribute Bibles; he brought out Bishop Scio's version of the New Testament in Spanish; he trans-

lated St. Luke into the Gypsy language, and edited the same in Basque, — one of the languages most difficult of attainment, because it has no literature; it has other difficulties, for it is hard to learn, — and the Basque people tell a story of the Devil (who does not lack abilities) having been detained among them seven years trying to learn the language, which he at last gave up in despair, having only been able to learn three words. Humboldt also tried to learn it, with no better success than his predecessor. But no difficulty was too great for Borrow to overcome; he acquired the Basque, thus vindicating his claim to the title of “Lavengro,” or word-master.

If any of our readers should happen not yet to have read “The Bible in Spain,” we advise them to read it forthwith. Though irregular, without plan or order, it is a thoroughly racy, graphic, and vigorous book, full of interest, honest, and straightforward, and without any cant or affectation in it; indeed, the man’s prominent quality is honesty; otherwise we should never have seen anything of that strong love of pugilism, horsemanship, Gypsy life, and physical daring of all kinds, of which his books are full. He is a Bible Harry Lorrequer, — a missionary Bampfylde Moore Carew, — an Exeter Hall bruiser, — a polyglot wandering Gypsy. Fancy these incongruities, — and yet George Borrow is the man who embodies them in his one extraordinary person!

## AUDUBON THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

**T**HE great naturalist of America, John James Audubon, left behind him, in his "Birds of America" and "Ornithological Biography," a magnificent monument of his labors, which through life were devoted to the illustration of the natural history of his native country. His grand work on the Biography of Birds is quite unequalled for the close observation of the habits of birds and animals which it displays; its glowing pictures of American scenery, and the enthusiastic love of nature which breathes throughout its pages. The sunshine and the open air, the dense shade of the forest, and the boundless undulations of the prairies, the roar of the sea beating against the rock-ribbed shore, the solitary wilderness of the Upper Arkansas, the savannas of the South, the beautiful Ohio, the vast Mississippi, and the green steeps of the Alleghanies, — all were as familiar to Audubon as his own home. The love of birds, of flowers, of animals, — the desire to study their habits in their native retreats, — haunted him like a passion from his earliest years, and he devoted almost his entire life to the pursuit.

He was born to competence, of French parents settled in America, in the State of Pennsylvania, — a beautiful green undulating country, watered by fine rivers, and full of lovely scenery. "When I had hardly yet learned to walk," says he, in his autobiography prefixed to his work, "the productions of nature that lay spread all around were constantly pointed out to me. They soon became my playmates; and

before my ideas were sufficiently formed to enable me to estimate the difference between the azure tints of the sky and the emerald hue of the bright foliage, I felt that an intimacy with them, not consisting of friendship merely, but *bordering on frenzy*, must accompany my steps through life; and now, more than ever, am I persuaded of the power of those early impressions. They laid such hold of me, that, when removed from the woods, the prairies, and the brooks, or shut up from the view of the wide Atlantic, I experienced none of those pleasures most congenial to my mind. None but aerial companions suited my fancy. No roof seemed so secure to me as that formed of the dense foliage under which the feathered tribes were seen to resort, or the caves and fissures of the massy rocks to which the dark-winged cormorant and the curlew retired to rest, or to protect themselves from the fury of the tempest."

Audubon seems to have inherited this intense love of nature from his father, who eagerly encouraged the boy's tastes, procured birds and flowers for him, pointed out their elegant movements, told him of their haunts and habits, their migrations, changes of livery, and so on, — feeding the boy's mind with vivid pleasure and stimulating his quick sense of enjoyment. As he grew up towards manhood, these tastes grew stronger within him, and he longed to go forth amid the forests and prairies of America to survey the native wild birds in their magnificent haunts. But, meanwhile, he learned to draw; he painted birds and flowers, and acquired a facility of delineation of their forms, attitudes, and plumage. Of course he only reached this through many failures and defeats; but he was laborious and full of love for his pursuit, and in such a case ultimate success is certain.

His education was greatly advanced by a residence in France, whither he was sent to receive his school education, returning to America at the age of seventeen. In Paris, he had the advantage of studying under the great David. He

revisited the woods of the New World with fresh ardor and increased enthusiasm. His father gave him a fine estate on the banks of the Schuylkill ; and amidst its beautiful woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, he pursued his delightful studies. Another object about the same time excited his passion, and he soon rejoiced in the name of husband. But though Audubon loved his wife most fondly, his first ardent love had been given to nature. It was his genius and destiny, which he could not resist, and he was drawn on towards it in spite of himself.

He engaged, however, in various branches of commerce, none of which succeeded with him, his mind being preoccupied by his favorite study. His friends called him "fool," — all excepting his wife and children. At last, irritated by the remarks of relatives and others, he broke entirely away from the pursuits of trade, and gave himself up wholly to natural history. He ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and the shores of the Atlantic, spending years away from his home and family. His object, at first, was not to become a writer ; but simply to indulge a passion, — to enjoy the sight of nature. It was Charles Lucien Bonaparte, an accomplished naturalist, who first incited him to arrange his beautiful drawings in a form for publication, and to enter upon his grand work, "The Birds of America." He now explored over and over again the woods and the prairies, the lakes, the rivers, and the sea-shore, with this object in view ; but when he had heaped together a mass of information, and collected a large number of drawings, an untoward accident occurred to his collection, which we cannot help relating in his own words : —

"I left the village of Henderson, in Kentucky, situated on the banks of Ohio, where I resided for several years, to proceed to Philadelphia on business. I looked to all my drawings (ten hundred in number) before my departure, placed them carefully in a box, and gave them in charge to

a relative, with injunctions to see that no injury happened to them. My absence was of several months; and when I returned, after having enjoyed the pleasures of home for a few days, I inquired after my box, and what I was pleased to call my treasure. The box was produced, and opened; but, reader, feel for me, — a pair of Norway rats had taken possession of the whole, and had reared a young family amongst the gnawed bits of paper, which, but a few months ago had represented nearly a thousand inhabitants of the air! The burning heat which instantly rushed through my brain was too great to be endured, without affecting the whole of my nervous system. I slept not for several nights, and the days passed like days of oblivion, until the animal powers being recalled into action, through the strength of my constitution, I took up my gun, my note-book, and my pencils, and went forth to the woods as gayly as if nothing had happened. I felt pleased that I might now make much better drawings than before, and ere a period not exceeding three years had elapsed, I had my portfolio filled again.”

While you read Audubon's books, you feel that you are in the society of no ordinary naturalist. Everything he notes down is the result of his own observation. Nature, not books, has been his teacher. You feel the fresh air blowing in your face, scent the odor of the prairie-flowers and the autumn woods, and hear the roar of the surf along the sea-shore. He takes you into the squatter's hut in the lonely swamp, where you listen to the story of the wood-cutter's life, and sally out in the night to hunt the cougar; or he launches you on the Ohio in a light skiff, where he paints for you in glowing words the rich autumnal tints decorating the shores of that queen of rivers, — every tree hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage predominating over the green leaves, — gliding down

the river under the rich and glowing sky which characterizes what is called the "Indian summer," and reminding you of the delicious description in Longfellow's "Evangeline:" —

"Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where, plume-like,  
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current,  
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars  
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,  
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.  
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress  
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air  
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.  
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,  
Swinging aloft on a willow-spray that hung o'er the water,  
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,  
That the whole air, and the woods, and the waves, seemed silent to  
listen."

In one of his excursions on the Ohio, Audubon was accompanied by his wife and eldest son, then an infant; and they floated on from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, sleeping and living in the boat, under the Indian summer sun and the mellowed beauty of the moon, skirting the delicious shores, so picturesque and lovely at that autumn season, gliding along the stream, and meeting with no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of the boat. The margins of the river were at that time (for this voyage took place about forty years ago) abundantly supplied with game, and occasionally the party landed at night on the green shore; a few gunshots procured a wild turkey or grouse, or a blue-winged teal; a fire was struck up, and a comfortable repast procured; after which the family again proceeded quietly on their way down stream. The following is only one of the many lovely pictures sketched by Audubon of this enchanting sail, which probably Longfellow had in his eye when he penned the charming description in his "Evangeline."

"As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions,



and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of the bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, or the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow."

The scene is greatly changed since then. The shores are inhabited; the woods are mainly cleared away; the great herds of elk, deer, and buffalo have ceased to exist; villages, farms, and towns margin the Ohio; hundreds of steamboats are plying up and down the river, by night and by day; and thousands of British and American emigrants have settled down, in all directions, to the pursuits of agriculture and commerce, where only forty years ago was heard the hoot of the owl, the cry of the whip-poor-will, and the sharp stroke of the squatter's axe.

Or, he takes you into the Great Pine Swamp, like a "mass of darkness," the ground overgrown by laurels and pines of all sorts; he has his gun and note-book in hand, and soon you have the wood-thrush, wild turkeys, pheasants, and grouse lying at his feet, with the drawings of which he enriches his portfolio; or you are listening to his host, while he reads by the log fire the glorious poetry of Burns. Again, you are with him on the wide prairie, treading some old Indian track, amid brilliant flowers and long grass, the fawns and their dams gambolling along his path, and across boundless tracks of rich lands as yet almost untrodden by the foot of the white man, and then only by the Canadian trappers or

Indian missionaries. Or he is on the banks of the Mississippi, where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and the groves; where the white-flowered *Stuartia* and innumerable vines festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, shedding on the vernal breeze the perfume of their clustered flowers; there, by the side of deep streams, or under the dense foliage, he watches by night the mocking-bird, the whip-poor-will, the yellow-throat, the humming-bird, and the thousand beautiful songsters of that delicious land. Then a *crevasse*, or sudden irruption of the swollen Mississippi, occurs, and forthwith he is floating over the submerged lands of the interior, nature all silent and melancholy, unless when the mournful bleating of the hemmed-in deer reaches the ear, or the dismal scream of an eagle or a raven is heard, as the bird rises from the carcass on which it had been allaying its appetite.

How gloriously Audubon paints the eagle of his native land! The American white-headed eagle, that haunts the Mississippi, stands sculptured before your eyes in his book. See! he takes wing, and there you have him whirling up into the air as a noble swan comes in sight, and now there is the screaming pursuit and the fatal struggle.

“Now is the moment to witness the display of the eagle’s powers. He glides through the air like a falling star, and, like a flash of lightning, comes upon the timorous quarry, which now, in agony and despair, seeks, by various manœuvres, to elude the grasp of his cruel talons. It mounts, doubles, and willingly would plunge into the stream, were it not prevented by the eagle, which, long possessed of the knowledge that by such a stratagem the swan might escape him, forces it to remain in the air, by attempting to strike it

with his talons from beneath. The hope of escape is soon given up by the swan. It has already become much weakened, and its strength fails at the sight of the courage and swiftness of its antagonist. Its last gasp is about to escape, when the ferocious eagle strikes with his talons the under side of its wing, and, with unresisted power, forces the bird to fall in a slanting direction upon the nearest shore."

Then we have the same bird on the Atlantic shore in pursuit of the fish-hawk. "Perched on some tall summit, in view of the ocean, or of some watercourse, he watches every motion of the osprey while on wing. When the latter rises from the water with a fish in its grasp, forth rushes the eagle in pursuit. He mounts above the fish-hawk, and threatens it by actions well understood, when the latter, fearing perhaps that its life is in danger, drops its prey. In an instant the eagle, accurately estimating the rapid descent of the fish, closes his wings, follows it with the swiftness of thought, and the next moment grasps it. The prize is carried off in silence to the woods, and assists in feeding the ever-hungry brood of the eagle."

But Audubon did not like the white-headed eagle, no more than did Franklin, who, in common with the ornithologist, regretted its adoption as the emblem of America, because of its voracity, its cowardice, and its thievish propensities. Audubon's favorite among the eagles of America was the great eagle, or "The Bird of Washington," as he named it. He first saw this grand bird when on a trading voyage with a Canadian, on the Upper Mississippi, and his delight was such that he says, "Not even Herschel, when he discovered the planet that bears his name, could have experienced more rapturous feelings." But the bird had soon flown over the heads of the party and became lost in the distance. Three years elapsed before he saw another specimen; and then it was when engaged in collecting cray-fish on one of the flats which border and divide Green River, in Kentucky, near its

junction with the Ohio, that he discerned, up among the high cliffs which there follow the windings of the river, the marks of an eagle's nest. Climbing his way towards it, he lay in wait for the parent: two hours elapsed, and then the loud hissings of two young eagles in the nest announced the approach of the old bird, which drew near and dropped in among them a fine fish. "I had a perfect view," he says, "of the noble bird as he held himself to the edging rock, hanging like the barn, bank, or social swallow, his tail spread, and his wings partly so. In a few minutes the other parent joined her mate, and from the difference in size (the female of rapacious birds being much larger) we knew this to be the mother bird. She also had brought a fish, but, more cautious than her mate, she glanced her quick and piercing eye around, and instantly perceived that her abode had been discovered. She dropped her prey, with a loud shriek communicated the alarm to her mate, and, hovering with him over our heads, kept up a growling cry, to intimidate us from our suspected design. This watchful solicitude I have ever found peculiar to the female; must I be understood to speak only of birds?"

Two years more passed in fruitless efforts to secure a specimen of this rare bird; but at last he was so fortunate as to shoot one; and then gave it the name it bears, "The Bird of Washington," the noblest bird of its genus in the States. Why he so named the bird he thus explains: "To those who may be curious to know my reasons, I can only say, that, as the New World gave me birth and liberty, the great man who insured its independence is next to my heart. He had a nobility of mind and a generosity of soul such as are seldom possessed. He was brave, so is the eagle; like it, too, he was the terror of his foes; and his fame, extending from pole to pole, resembles the majestic soarings of the mightiest of the feathered tribes. If America has reason to be proud of her Washington, so has she to be proud of her Great Eagle."

In the course of his extensive wanderings, Audubon experienced all sorts of adventures. Once he was within an inch of his life in a solitary squatter's hut in one of the wide prairies of the Upper Mississippi; in one of the extensive swamps of the Choctaw territory in the State of Mississippi, he joined in the hunt of a ferocious cougar or *painter* (panther) which had been the destruction of the flocks in that neighborhood; in the Banem of Kentucky, he was once surprised by an earthquake, the ground rising and falling under his terrified horse like the ruffled waters of a lake; he became familiar with storms and hurricanes, which only afforded new subjects for his graphic pen; he joined in the Kentucky hunting sports, or with the Indian expeditions on the far prairie; he witnessed the astounding flights of wild pigeons in countless multitudes, lasting for whole days in succession, so that "the air was literally filled with pigeons, the light of noonday obscured as by an eclipse, the dung fell in spots not unlike melting flakes of snow, and the continued buzzing of the millions of wings had a tendency to lull the senses to repose," — one of these enormous flocks extending, it is estimated by Audubon, over a space of not less than 180 miles; then he is on the trail of the deer or the buffalo in the hunting-grounds of the Far West, he misses his way, and lies down for the night in the copse under the clear sky, or takes shelter with a trapper, where he is always welcome; then he is in the Gulf of Mexico, spending weeks together in the pursuit of birds, or observing their haunts and habits; then he is in the thick of a bear-hunt. Such is the rapid succession of objects that passes before you in the first volume of the "Birds of America," interspersed with delicious descriptions of such birds as the mocking-bird, whip-poor-will, humming-bird, wood-thrush, and other warblers of the forest.

In his description of the wood-thrush, which he confesses to be his "greatest favorite of the feathered tribes," you see something of the hardships to which he exposed himself by

the enthusiasm with which he followed his exciting pursuit. "How often," he says, "has it revived my drooping spirits when I have listened to its wild notes in the forest, after passing a restless night in my slender shed, so feebly secured against the violence of the storm as to show me the futility of my best efforts to rekindle my little fire, whose uncertain and vacillating light had gradually died away under the destructive weight of the dense torrents of rain that seemed to involve the heavens and the earth in one mass of fearful murkiness, save when the red streaks of the flashing thunderbolt burst on the dazzled eye, and, glancing along the huge trunk of the stateliest and noblest tree in the immediate neighborhood, were instantly followed by an uproar of crackling, crashing, and deafening sounds, rolling their volumes in tumultuous eddies far and near, as if to silence the very breathings of the unformed thought. How often, after such a night, when far from my dear home, and deprived of the presence of those nearest and dearest to my heart, wearied, hungry, drenched, and so lonely and desolate as almost to question myself why I was thus situated; when I have seen the fruits of my labors on the eve of being destroyed, as the water collected into a stream, rushed through my little camp, and forced me to stand erect, shivering in a cold fit, like that of a severe ague; when I have been obliged to wait with the patience of a martyr for the return of day, trying in vain to destroy the tormenting mosquitos, silently counting over the years of my youth, doubting, perhaps, if ever again I should return to my home, and embrace my family; — how often, as the first glimpses of morning gleamed doubtfully amongst the dusky masses of the forest-trees, has there come upon my ear, thrilling along the sensitive cords which connect that organ with the heart, the delightful music of this harbinger of day; and how fervently, on such occasions, have I blessed the Being who formed the wood-thrush, and placed it in those solitary forests, as if to console me

amidst my privations, to cheer my depressed mind, and to make me feel, as I did, that never ought man to despair, whatever may be his situation, as he can never be certain that aid and deliverance are not at hand."

After many years of persevering toil, when he had collected a rich treasure of original drawings of the birds of America, many of which up to that time were altogether unknown, and had never been described, Audubon proceeded to the then two chief cities of the States, Philadelphia and New York, and endeavored to find a publisher. He sought for one in vain! Some said his book would never sell, others that his drawings could never be engraved. Audubon was of a resolute spirit, and had learnt to brave all manner of difficulties in the pine-woods and the prairies, and he determined that he *would* find a publisher. America was not the world; he would carry his collections to Europe, and try and find a publisher there.

He came to England in 1827, and was welcomed with open arms. Many yet remember the glowing enthusiasm of the "American Woodsman," and the ardent eloquence of his descriptions of the glorious rivers, the wide prairies, the magnificent vegetation, and the ornithological treasures of his native country. "All mankind love a lover," and here was one of the most ardent, kindling all hearts with a generous glow. His drawings were exhibited and greatly admired. From Liverpool, where he landed, he proceeded to Scotland, the land of Burns, for he "longed to see the men and the scenes immortalized by his fervid strains." He reached Edinburgh, and was "received as a brother" by the most distinguished scientific and literary men of that metropolis. There he found a publisher in Adam Black, with Lizars for his engraver. The first number of his magnificent illustrations appeared in 1825, and the first complete volume of the "Ornithological Biography" in 1831. The work was received with general laudations. Nothing of the

kind equal to it in riveting interest had appeared before; and it still stands unrivalled. He proposed to devote the remainder of his life to the completion of his work. Sixteen years was the time he had estimated as required for the preparation and production of the whole. Observing on the time remaining for its completion, he says: "After all, it will be less than the period frequently given by many persons to the maturation of certain wines placed in their cellars." It is not thus that men generally write now-a-days, post-haste and at railroad speed. Audubon's object was to do his work — one work — thoroughly and well, so as to leave nothing to be desired after it; and he has done it gloriously.

In the introduction to his third volume, published in 1835, he said: "Ten years have now elapsed since the first number of my 'Illustrations of the Birds of America' made its appearance. At that period, I calculated that the engravers would take sixteen years in accomplishing their task; and this I announced in my prospectus, and talked of to my friends." At that time, there was not a single individual who encouraged him to proceed; they all called him "rash," advised him to abandon his plans, dispose of his drawings, and give up the project. When he delivered the first drawings to the engraver, he had not a single subscriber; but he had *determined* on success, and he persevered. "To will is to do," says the maxim, and it was Audubon's. "My heart was nerved," he says, "and my reliance on that Power on whom all must depend brought bright anticipations of success. I worked early and late, and glad I was to perceive that the more I labored the more I improved." Subscribers at length supported him, and encouraged him, when they saw he was bent on success, and at the end of some four years of great anxiety, his engraver, Mr. Havell, presented him with the first volume of his "Birds of America."

In the interval he made several voyages between the



United States and England, pursuing his ornithological observations there, and superintending his publication here. In 1828, he visited the illustrious Cuvier at Paris. He spent the winter in England, and went out to the States in April, 1829. "With what pleasure," he says, "did I gaze on each setting sun, as it sank in the far distant west! With what delight did I mark the first wandering American bird that hovered over the waters! and how joyous were my feelings when I saw a pilot on our deck! I leaped on the shore, scoured the woods of the Middle States, and reached Louisiana in the end of November." Louisiana was one of his favorite localities for the study of birds; and Audubon often lingered there. In his description of the "great blue heron," and other birds which frequent that State, he shows how familiar he is with its luxuriant swamps. "Imagine, if you can," he says, "an area of some hundred acres overgrown with huge cypress-trees,—the trunks of which, rising to a height of perhaps fifty feet before they send off a branch, spring from the midst of the dark muddy waters. Their broad tops, placed close together with interlaced branches, seem intent on separating the heavens from the earth. Beneath their dark canopy scarcely a stray sunbeam ever makes its way; the mire is covered with fallen logs, on which grow matted grasses and lichens, and the deeper parts with nympeal and other aquatic plants. The Congo-snake and water-moccasin glide before you as they seek to elude your sight; hundreds of turtles drop, as if shot, from the floating trunks of the fallen trees, from which also the sullen alligator plunges into the dismal pool. The air is pregnant with pestilence, but alive with mosquitos and other insects. The croaking of the frogs, joined with the hoarse cries of the anhingas and the screams of the herons, forms fit music for such a scene. Standing knee-deep in the mire, you discharge your gun at one of the numerous birds that are brooding high overhead,

when immediately such a deafening noise arises, that, if you have a companion with you, it were quite useless to speak to him. The frightened birds cross each other in their flight; the young attempting to secure themselves, some of them lose their hold and fall into the water with a splash; a shower of leaflets whirls downwards from the tree-tops, and you are glad to make your retreat from such a place."

Accompanied by his wife, Audubon left New Orleans in January, 1830, proceeded to New York, and from thence again to England, where he arrived to receive a diploma from the Royal Society, which he esteemed as a great honor conferred on an American woodsman. Returning to the States in 1831, he took with him two assistants, his work assuming an importance not before dreamt of. The American government now aided him, and he was provided with letters of protection along the frontiers, which proved valuable helps. His chief field of investigation this year was Florida, — full of interest and novelty to the ornithologist. It was, comparatively, a new field, and Audubon explored it with his usual enthusiasm. There, along the reef-bound coast about Key West, and among the islets of coral that everywhere rise from the surface of the ocean like gigantic water-lilies, he cruised in his bark, often under a burning sun, pushing for miles over soapy flats, tormented by myriads of insects, but eager to procure some new heron, the possession of which would at once compensate him for all his toils. There, in these native haunts, he studied the habits of the sandpiper and the cormorant, and scoured the billows after the fulmar and the frigate-bird. There, along the shore, among its luxuriant fringe of flowers, plants, and trees, gorgeously luxuriant, he followed after birds nearly all of which were new to him, and which filled him with boundless delight.

On the east coast of Florida, he was surprised and delighted at the wild orange-groves through which his steps often led

him ; the rich perfume of the blossoms, the golden hue of the fruits that hung on every twig and lay scattered on the ground, and the deep green of the glossy leaves which sometimes half concealed the golden fruit. Audubon used sometimes to pass through orange-groves of this kind a full mile in extent, quenching his thirst with the luscious fruit, and delighted at the rich variety of life with which the woods were filled.

Having received letters from the Secretaries of the Navy and Treasury of the United States to the commanding officers of the vessels of war and of the reserve service, directing them to afford assistance to Audubon in his labors, he on one occasion embarked at St. Augustine, in the schooner *Spark*, for St. John's River, a little to the north. He now studied, amid their haunts along the coast, the snowy pelican, cormorants, sea-eagles, and blue herons ; and sailed for one hundred miles up the river, between banks swarming with alligators, where he landed and made familiar acquaintance with beautiful humming-birds, and the other frequenters of the groves and thickets in that tropical region. Here is an ugly phase of the naturalist's life :—

“ Alligators were extremely abundant, and the heads of the fishes which they had snapped off lay floating around on the dark waters. A rifle-bullet was now and then sent through the eye of one of the largest, which, with a tremendous splash of its tail, expired. One morning we saw a monstrous fellow lying on the shore. I was desirous of obtaining him, to make an accurate drawing of his head, and, accompanied by my assistant and two of the sailors, proceeded cautiously towards him. When within a few yards, one of us fired and sent through his side an ounce ball, which tore open a hole large enough to receive a man's hand. He slowly raised his head, bent himself upwards, opened his huge jaws, swung his tail to and fro, rose on his legs, blew in a frightful manner, and fell to the earth. My assistant

leaped on shore, and, contrary to my injunctions, caught hold of the animal's tail; when the alligator, awaking from its trance, with a last effort crawled slowly towards the water, and plunged heavily into it. Had he once thought of flourishing his tremendous weapon, there might have been an end of his assailant's life; but he fortunately went in peace to his grave, where we left him, as the water was too deep. The same morning another of equal size was observed swimming directly for the bows of our vessel, attracted by the gentle rippling of the water there. One of the officers, who had watched him, fired and scattered his brains through the air, when he trembled and rolled at a fearful rate, blowing all the while most furiously. The river was bloody for yards round; but although the monster passed close by the vessel, we could not secure him, and after a while he sank to the bottom."

At other times, Audubon was carried out beyond the coral reef which surrounds the Floridan coast, to the Keys, or islands standing out a little to sea. These were covered with rich vegetation, and full of life. The shores were also swarming with crabs and shell-fish of all kinds. "One of my companions thrust himself into the tangled groves that covered all but the beautiful coral beach that in a continued line bordered the island, while others gazed on the glowing and diversified hues of the curious inhabitants of the deep. I saw one rush into the limpid element to seize on a crab, that, with claws extended upwards, awaited his opponent, as if determined not to give way. A loud voice called him back to the land, for sharks are as abundant along those shores as pebbles, and the hungry prowlers could not have got a more dainty dinner." Flamingoes, ibises, pelicans, cormorants, and herons frequent those islands in vast numbers, and turtles and sea-cows bask along their shores. The party landed at night on the Indian Key, where they were kindly welcomed; and while the dance and the song were going on around him,

Audubon, his head filled with his pursuit, sat sketching the birds that he had seen, and filling up his notes respecting the objects witnessed in the course of the day. Thus it is that his descriptions have so strong and fresh a flavor of nature, and that to read them is like being present at the scenes he so graphically depicts. After supper, the lights were put out, the captain returned to his vessel, and the ornithologist, with his young men, "slept in light swinging hammocks under the leaves of the piazza." It was the end of April, when the nights are short there and the days long; so, anxious to turn every moment to account, they were all on board again at three o'clock next morning, and proceeded outwards to sea. He thus briefly describes a sunrise on one of those early April mornings:—

"The gentle sea-breeze glided over the flowing tide, the horizon was clear, and all was silent save the long breakers that rushed over the distant reefs. As we were proceeding towards some Keys seldom visited by man, the sun rose from the bosom of the waters with a burst of glory that flashed on my soul the idea of that Power which called into existence so magnificent an object. The moon, thin and pale, as if ashamed to show her feeble light, concealed herself in the dim west. The surface of the waters shone in its tremulous smoothness, and the deep blue of the clear beams was pure as the world that lies beyond them. The heron flew heavily towards the land, like the glutton retiring at daybreak, with well-lined paunch, from the house of some wealthy patron of good cheer. The night-heron and the owl, fearful of day, with hurried flight sought safety in the recesses of the deepest swamps; while the gulls and terns, ever cheerful, gambolled over the waters, exulting in the prospect of abundance. I also exulted in hope; my whole frame seemed to expand; and our sturdy crew showed, by their merry faces, that nature had charms for them too. How much of beauty and joy is lost to those who never view the rising of the sun, and of whose waking existence the best half is nocturnal!"

They landed on Sandy Island, which lies about six miles from the extreme point of South Florida, stretching away down into the Gulf of Mexico; they laid themselves down in the sand to sleep, the waters almost bathing their feet; the boat lay at their side, like a whale reposing on a mud-bank. Birds in myriads fed around them, — ibises, godwits, herons, fish-crows, and frigate pelicans. Having explored the island, and shot a number of birds, they proceeded back to land through the tortuous channels among the reefs, and were caught by one of those sudden hurricanes which so often sweep across the seas. And here is Audubon's picture of the storm: —

“ We were not more than a cable's length from the shore, when, with imperative voice, the pilot said to us: ‘ Sit quite still, gentlemen, for I should not like to lose you overboard just now; the boat can't upset, my word for that, if you but sit still. *Here we have it!*’ Persons who have never witnessed hurricanes such as not unfrequently desolate the sultry climates of the south, can scarcely form an idea of their terrific grandeur. One would think that, not content with laying waste all on land, it must needs sweep the waters of the shallows quite dry to quench its thirst. No respite for an instant does it afford to the objects within the reach of its furious current. Like the scythe of the destroying angel, it cuts everything by the roots, as it were with the careless ease of the experienced mower. Each of its revolving sweeps collects a heap that might be likened to the full sheaf which the husbandman flings by his side. On it goes, with a wildness and fury that are indescribable; and when at last its frightful blasts have ceased, Nature, weeping and disconsolate, is left bereaved of her beauteous offspring. In some instances even a full century is required before, with all her powerful energies, she can repair her loss. The planter has not only lost his mansion, his crops, and his flocks, but he has to clear his lands anew, covered and entangled as

they are with the trunks and branches of trees that are everywhere strewn. The barque, overtaken by the storm, is cast on the lee-shore, and, if any are left to witness the fatal results, they are the 'wreckers' alone, who, with inward delight, gaze upon the melancholy spectacle. Our light bark shivered like a leaf the instant the blast reached her sides. We thought she had gone over, but the next instant she was on the shore. And now, in contemplation of the sublime and awful storm, I gazed around me. The waters drifted like snow, the tough mangroves hid their tops amid their roots, and the loud roaring of the waves driven among them blended with the howl of the tempest. It was not rain that fell; the masses of water flew in a horizontal direction, and when a part of my body was exposed, I felt as if a smart blow had been given to it. But enough!—in half an hour it was over. The pure blue sky once more embellished the heavens, and although it was now quite night, we considered our situation a good one. The crew and some of the party spent the night in the boat. The pilot, myself, and one of my assistants, took to the heart of the mangroves, and having found high land, we made a fire as well as we could, spread a tarpauling, and, fixing our insect bars over us, soon forgot in sleep the horrors that had surrounded us."

Audubon returned to Charleston with a store of rich prizes for his work, and from thence proceeded to Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, greatly enjoying the lavish hospitality of the last-named city. Then he proceeded, still on his industrious explorations, to Moose Island, in the Bay of Fundy (situated between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick), where he continued to extend his observations on altogether different classes of birds from those in the South. He afterwards explored New Brunswick and Maine, increasing his collections, and returned to Boston, where he was a witness to the melancholy death of the great Spurzheim, the phrenologist. He was himself seized with illness, the result

of close application to his work, but he soon after resolved to set out again in quest of fresh materials for his pencil and pen.

This time, it was the grand, rocky coasts of Labrador, haunted by innumerable sea-birds, that attracted him. At Eastport, in Maine, he chartered a beautiful and fast-sailing schooner, the "Ripley," and set sail, with several friends, on his delightful voyage. He passed out of the port under a salute of honor from the guns of the fort and of the revenue-cutter at anchor in the bay. Touching islands in the St. Lawrence Gulf, each haunted by its peculiar tribes of birds, a heavy gale came on, and the vessel sped away, under reefed sails, to the coast of Labrador. Masses of drifting ice and snow, filling every nook and cove of the rugged shores, came in sight; they neared the coast at the place called the "American Harbor," and there Audubon landed. Large patches of unmelted snow dappled the face of the wild country; vegetation had scarcely yet commenced; the chilliness of the air was still penetrating; the absence of trees, the barren aspect of all around, the sombre mantle of the mountainous distance that hung along the horizon, excited melancholy feelings. But hush! what is that? It is the song of the thrush, — the first sound that meets Audubon's ear, — and the delightful associations it called up at once reconciled him to the comparative miseries of the locality, so different from the glowing luxuriance of Florida, and his favorite Louisiana. Robins, hopping about amid the blossoms of the dogwood; black-poll warblers, and numerous other birds, some of them entirely new, began to appear; and soon Audubon was fully absorbed in his delightful pursuit. The Ripley sailed further north, and entered the harbor of Little Macatina, of which this is his description: —

"It was the middle of July; the weather was mild, and very pleasant; our vessel made her way, under a smart



breeze, through a very narrow passage, beyond which we found ourselves in a small, circular basin of water, having an extent of seven or eight acres. It was so surrounded by high, abrupt, and rugged rocks, that, as I glanced around, I could find no apter comparison for our situation than that of a nut-shell at the bottom of a basin. The dark shadows that overspread the waters, and the mournful silence of the surrounding desert, sombred our otherwise glad feelings into a state of awe. The scenery was grand and melancholy. On one side hung over our heads, in stupendous masses, a rock several hundred feet high, the fissures of which might to some have looked like the mouths of a huge, undefined monster. Here and there a few dwarf pines were stuck, as if by magic, to this enormous mass of granite; in a gap of the cliff, the brood of a pair of grim ravens shrunk from our sight, and the gulls, one after another, began to wend their way overhead towards the middle of the quiet pool, as the furling of the sails was accompanied by the glad cries of the sailors. The remarkable land-beacons erected in that country to guide vessels into the harbor, looked like so many figures of gigantic stature, formed from the large blocks that lay on every hill around. A low valley, in which meandered a rivulet, opened at a distance to the view. The remains of a deserted camp of seal-catchers was easily traced from our deck, and as easily could we perceive the innate tendency of man to mischief, in the charred and crumbling ruins of the dwarf-pine forests. But the harbor was so safe and commodious, that, before we left it to find shelter in another, we had cause to be thankful for its friendly protection."

Thus coasting along Labrador, peeping into its bays and inlets, — through bogs, and ice, and fishing-smacks, pursuing their vocations, — landing here and there along the coast, and penetrating into the interior, — the summer of 1833 passed joyously and profitably. Audubon enriched his

portfolio with drawings of new birds, and his note-book with numerous fine descriptions of Labrador coast-life and scenery. He describes cod-fishing in glowing colors; devotes a chapter each to the "egggers of Labrador," and the "squatters of Labrador;" and enlivens his details of the natural history, haunts, and habits of birds by a thousand interesting adventures and reflections. He makes you feel the enthusiasm he felt himself, and shares with you the delight he experienced in the course of his cruisings and journeyings. He returned to the States in autumn, touching at Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and thence on to Boston. "One day only was spent there, when the husband was in the arms of his wife, who, with equal tenderness, embraced his beloved child." For Audubon's eldest son had accompanied him in this last-named voyage.

Subscribers to the "Birds of America" now increased; friends multiplied in all quarters; and he proceeded again to England to superintend the continued publication of his work. There he extended his friendships and enlarged his knowledge, comparing his experience with that of the greatest authorities in natural history. His third volume of "Ornithological Biography" was published in 1835; in it he gives a graphic sketch of an interview he had with Thomas Bewick, the famous wood-engraver and naturalist, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. This volume is quite equal in interest to the two first, and greatly added to his reputation as a writer. In it he describes birds of North and South, of Labrador and Florida, of the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, and of the swamps along the Mississippi, with marvellous picturesque power and fidelity. He returned to the States in 1836, again to pursue his studies; again he visited the western coast of Florida, and sailed through the Gulf of Mexico to New Orleans; then explored the coast of Texas to the Bay of Galveston, travelled across Texas, and returned again to New Orleans. Crossing the country by Mobile,

Pensacola, and Augusta, he again reached Charleston, and thence northwards by Washington to New York. He embarked again for England in 1837, where new honors and diplomas awaited him, bringing out his fourth volume of "Ornithological Biography" at the end of 1838. He was now sixty-three years of age, but, speaking of himself, he observed: "The adventures and vicissitudes which have fallen to my lot, instead of tending to diminish the fervid enthusiasm of my nature, have imparted a toughness to my bodily constitution, naturally strong, and to my mind, naturally buoyant, an elasticity such as to assure me that, though somewhat old, and considerably denuded in the frontal region, I could yet perform on foot a journey of any length, were I sure that I should thereby add materially to our knowledge of the ever-interesting creatures which have for so long a time occupied my thoughts by day, and filled my dreams with pleasant images." In the following year, 1839, he published his fifth and last volume, and was then as full of hope and life as ever. His only regret, in parting with his readers, was that he could not transfer to them the whole of the practical knowledge which he had acquired during so many years of enthusiastic devotion to the study of nature.

"Amid the tall grass," said he, "of the far-extended prairies of the West, in the solemn gusts of the North, on the heights of the midland mountains, by the shores of the boundless ocean, and on the bosom of the vast lakes and magnificent rivers, have I sought to search out the things which have been hidden since the creation of this wondrous world, or seen only by the naked Indian, who has, for unknown ages, dwelt in the gorgeous but melancholy wilderness. Who is the stranger to my own dear country that can form an adequate conception of its primeval woods, — of the glory of those columnar trunks that for centuries have waved in the breeze and resisted the shock of the tempest, — of the vast bays of our Atlantic coasts, replenished by thou-

sands of streams, differing in magnitude as differ the stars that sparkle in the expanse of the pure heavens, — of the density of aspect in our Western plains, our sandy Southern shores, interspersed with reedy swamps, and the cliffs that protect our Eastern coasts, — of the rapid currents of the Mexican Gulf, and the rushing tide-streams of the Bay of Fundy, — of our ocean lakes, our mighty rivers, our thundering cataracts, our majestic mountains, rearing their snowy heads into the calmest regions of the clear cold sky? Would that I could delineate the varied features of that loved land!

As he lived, so he died, full of love for nature. He went on observing, comparing, and noting down his experience, to the last. On the 27th of January last, 1851, at his home in New York, at the advanced age of seventy-six, “the American woodsman,” to use his own words in one of his volumes, “wrapped himself in his blanket, closed his eyes, and fell asleep.”

## WILLIAM MACGILLIVRAY.

**E**NGLAND has as yet produced no naturalist so distinguished as Audubon in his particular department of science. Wilson, the Paisley weaver, published an admirable work on the birds of America, and, having settled in that country, he came to be regarded as an American rather than as a British writer. Macgillivray, perhaps, stands at the head of English writers on British birds. His history is similar to that of many other ardent devotees of science and art. His early life was a long and arduous struggle with difficulties, poverty, and neglect; and it was only towards the close of his career, when he had completed the last volume of his admirable work, that he saw the clouds which had obscured his early fortunes clearing away and revealing the bright sky and sunshine beyond, — but, alas! the success came too late: his constitution had given way in the ardor of the pursuit, and the self-devoted man of science sank lamented into an early grave.

William Macgillivray was born at Aberdeen, the son of comparatively poor parents, who nevertheless found the means of sending him to the University of his native town, in which he took the degree of Master of Arts. It was his intention to take out a medical degree, and he served an apprenticeship to a physician with this view; but his means were too limited, and his love of natural history too ardent, to allow him to follow the profession as a means of support. He accordingly sought for a situation which should at the

same time enable him to subsist and to pursue his favorite pursuit.

Such a situation presented itself in 1823, when he accepted the appointment of assistant and secretary to the Regius Professor of Natural History, and Keeper of the Museum, of the Edinburgh University. The collection of natural history at that place is one of peculiar excellence, and he was enabled to pursue his studies there with increased zest and profit;—not, however, as regarded his purse, for the office was by no means lucrative; but, having the charge of this fine collection, he was enabled to devote his time exclusively to the study of scientific ornithology during the winter, whilst during the summer vacation he made long excursions in the country in order to investigate and record the habits of British birds. He was afterwards appointed Conservator to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons at Edinburgh, where we have often seen him diligently poring over, dissecting, and preparing the specimens which, from time to time, were added to that fine collection. It was while officiating in the latter capacity that he wrote the three first volumes of his elaborate work. His spare time was also occupied in the preparation of numerous other works on natural history, some of them of standard excellence; by which he was enabled to eke out the means of comfortable subsistence.

Mr. Macgillivray was a man of indefatigable industry, of singular order and method in his habits, a strict economist of time, every moment of which he turned to useful account. Although he studied and wrote upon many subjects,—zoölogy, geology, botany, mollusca, physiology, agriculture, the feeding of cattle, soils and subsoils,—ornithology was always his favorite pursuit. He accompanied Audubon in most of his ornithological rambles in Scotland, and doubtless imbibed some portion of the ardent enthusiasm with which the American literally burned. Mr. Macgillivray wrote the descriptions of the species, and of the alimentary and respira-

tory organs, for Audubon's work. His own "British Birds" reminds us in many parts of the enthusiasm of Audubon, and of the graces of that writer's style. Like him, Macgillivray used to watch the birds of which he was in search by night and day. Wrapped in his plaid, he would lie down upon the open moor or on the hill-side, waiting the approach of morning to see the feathered tribes start up and meet the sun, to dart after their prey, or to feed their impatient brood. We remember one such night spent by him on the side of the Lammermoor hills, described in one of his early works, which is full of descriptive beauty, as well as of sound information upon the subject in hand. There is another similar description of a night spent by him among the mountains of Braemar. He had been in search of the gray ptarmigan, whose haunts and habits he was engaged in studying at the time, and had traced the river Dee far up to its sources among the hills, where all traces of the stream became lost: clouds began to gather; nevertheless he pressed on towards the hill-top, until at length he found himself on the summit of a magnificent precipice, several hundred feet high, and at least half a mile in length. "The scene," he says, "that now presented itself to my view was the most splendid that I had then seen. All around rose mountains beyond mountains, whose granite ridges, rugged and tempest-beaten, furrowed by deep ravines worn by the torrents, gradually became dimmer as they receded, until at length on the verge of the horizon they were blended with the clouds or stood abrupt against the clear sky. A solemn stillness pervaded all nature; no living creature was to be seen: the dusky wreaths of vapor rolled majestically over the dark valleys, and clung to the craggy summits of the everlasting hills. A melancholy, pleasing, incomprehensible feeling creeps over the soul when the lone wanderer contemplates the vast, the solemn, the solitary scene, over which savage grandeur and sterility preside.

“The summits of the loftier mountains, Cairngorm on the one hand, Ben-na-muic-dui and Benvrotan on the other, and Loch-na-gar on the south, were covered with mist; but the clouds had rolled westward from Ben-na-buird, on which I stood, leaving its summit entirely free. The beams of the setting sun burst in masses of light here and there through the openings in the clouds, which exhibited a hundred varying shades. There, over the ridges of yon brown and torrent-worn mountain, hangs a vast mass of livid vapor, gorgeously glowing with deep crimson along all its lower-fringed margin. Here the white shroud that clings to the peaked summits assumes on its western side a delicate hue, like that of the petals of the pale-red rose. Far away to the north glooms a murky cloud, in which the spirits of the storm are mustering their strength, and preparing the forked lightnings, which at midnight they will fling over the valley of the Spey.”

The traveller, seeing night coming on, struck into a corry, down which a small mountain streamlet rushed; and having reached the bottom of the slope, he began to run, starting the ptarmigans from their seats and the does from their lair. It became quite dark; still he went on walking for two hours, but all traces of the path became lost, and he groped his way amid blocks of granite, ten miles at least from any human habitation, and “with no better cheer in my wallet,” he says, “than a quarter of a cake of barley and a few crumbs of cheese, which a shepherd had given me. Before I resolved to halt for the night, I had, unfortunately, proceeded so far up the glen that I had left behind me the region of heath, so that I could not procure enough for a bed. Pulling some grass and moss, however, I spread it in a sheltered place, and after some time succeeded in falling into a sort of slumber. About midnight I looked up on the moon and stars that were at times covered by the masses of vapor that rolled along the summits of the mountains, which, with



their tremendous precipices, completely surrounded the hollow in which I cowered, like a ptarmigan in the hill-corry. Behind me, in the west, and at the head of the glen, was a lofty mass enveloped in clouds; on the right a pyramidal rock, and beside it a peak of less elevation; on the left a ridge from the great mountain, terminating below in a dark conical prominence; and straight before me, in the east, at the distance apparently of a mile, another vast mass. Finding myself cold, although the weather was mild, I got up and made me a couch of larger stones, grass, and a little short heath; unloosed my pack, covered one of my extremities with a nightcap, and thrust a pair of dry stockings on the other, ate a portion of my scanty store, drank two or three glasses of water from a neighboring rill, placed myself in an easy posture, and fell asleep. About sunrise I awoke, fresh, but feeble; ascended the glen; passed through a magnificent corry, composed of vast rocks of granite; ascended the steep with great difficulty, and at length gained the summit of the mountain, which was covered with light gray mist that rolled rapidly along the ridges. As the clouds cleared away at intervals, and the sun shone upon the scene, I obtained a view of the glen in which I had passed the night, the corry, the opposite hills, and a blue lake before me. The stream which I had followed I traced to two large fountains, from each of which I took a glassful, which I quaffed to the health of my best friends.

“Descending from this summit, I wandered over a high moor, came upon the brink of rocks that bounded a deep valley, in which was a black lake; proceeded over the unknown region of alternate bogs and crags; raised several flocks of gray ptarmigans, and at length, by following a ravine, entered one of the valleys of the Spey, near the mouth of which I saw a water-ouzel. It was not until noon that I reached a hut, in which I procured some milk. In the evening, at Kingussie, I examined the ample store of

plants that I had collected in crossing the Grampians, and refreshed myself with a long sleep in a more comfortable bed than one of granite slabs with a little grass and heather spread over them."

Macgillivray's description of the golden eagle of the highlands, in its eloquence, reminds one of the splendid descriptions of his friend Audubon. We can only give a few brief extracts.

"The golden eagle is not seen to advantage in the menagerie of a zoölogical society, nor when fettered on the smooth lawn of an aristocratic mansion, or perched on the rockwork of a nursery-garden; nor can his habits be well described by a cockney ornithologist, whose proper province it is to concoct systems, 'work out' analogies, and give names to skins that have come from foreign lands carefully packed in boxes lined with tin. Far away among the brown hills of Albyn is thy dwelling-place, chief of the rocky glen! On the crumbling crag of red granite — that tower of the fissured precipices of Loch-na-gar — thou hast reposed in safety. The croak of the raven has broken thy slumbers, and thou gatherest up thy huge wings, smoothest thy feathers on thy sides, and prearest to launch into the aerial ocean. Bird of the desert, solitary though thou art, and hateful to the sight of many of thy fellow-creatures, thine must be a happy life! No lord hast thou to bend thy stubborn soul to his will, no cares corrode thy heart; seldom does fear chill thy free spirit, for the windy tempest and the thick sleet cannot injure thee, and the lightnings may flash around thee, and the thunders shake the everlasting hills, without rousing thee from thy dreamy repose.

"See how the sunshine brightens the yellow tint of his head and neck, until it shines almost like gold! There he stands, nearly erect, with his tail depressed, his large wings half raised by his side, his neck stretched out, and his eye glistening as he glances around. Like other robbers of the

desert, he has a noble aspect, an imperative mien, a look of proud defiance ; but his nobility has a dash of churlishness, and his falconship a vulturine tinge. Still he is a noble bird, powerful, independent, proud, and ferocious ; regardless of the weal or woe of others, and intent solely on the gratification of his own appetite ; without generosity, without honor ; bold against the defenceless, but ever ready to sneak from danger. Such is his nobility, about which men have so raved. Suddenly he raises his wings, for he has heard the whistle of the shepherd in the corry ; and bending forward, he springs into the air. O that this pencil of mine were a musket charged with buckshot ! Hardly do those vigorous flaps serve at first to prevent his descent ; but now, curving upwards, he glides majestically along. As he passes the corner of that buttressed and battlemented crag, forth rush two ravens from their nest, croaking fiercely. While one flies above him the other steals beneath, and they essay to strike him, but dare not, for they have an instinctive knowledge of the power of his grasp ; and after following him a little way they return to their home, vainly exulting in the thought of having driven him from their neighborhood. Bent on a far journey, he advances in a direct course, flapping his great wings at regular intervals, then shooting along without seeming to move them.

“ Over the moors he sweeps, at the height of two or three hundred feet, bending his course to either side, his wings wide spread, his neck and feet retracted, now beating the air, and again sailing smoothly along. Suddenly he stops, poises himself for a moment, stoops, but recovers himself without reaching the ground. The object of his regards, a golden plover, which he had espied on her nest, has eluded him, and he cares not to pursue it. Now he ascends a little, wheels in short curves, — presently rushes down headlong, — assumes the horizontal position, — when close to the ground, prevents his being dashed against it by expanding his wings

and tail, — thrusts forth his talons, and, grasping a poor terrified ptarmigan that sits cowering among the gray lichen, squeezes it to death, raises his head exultingly, emits a clear, shrill cry, and, springing from the ground, pursues his journey.

“ In passing a tall cliff that overhangs a small lake, he is assailed by a fierce peregrine falcon, which darts and plunges at him as if determined to deprive him of his booty, or drive him headlong to the ground. This proves a more dangerous foe than the raven, and the eagle screams, yelps, and throws himself into postures of defiance ; but at length the hawk, seeing the tyrant is not bent on plundering his nest, leaves him to pursue his course unmolested. Over woods and green fields and scattered hamlets speeds the eagle ; and now he enters the long valley of the Dee, near the upper end of which is dimly seen through the thin gray mist the rock of his nest. About a mile from it he meets his mate, who has been abroad on a similar errand, and is returning with a white hare in her talons. They congratulate each other with loud yelping cries, which rouse the drowsy shepherd on the strath below, who, mindful of the lambs carried off in spring-time, sends after them his malediction. Now they reach their nest, and are greeted by their young with loud clamor.”

His descriptions of the haunts of the wild birds of the North are full of picturesque beauty. Those of the grouse, the ptarmigan, the merlin, are full of memorable pictures, and here is a brief sketch of the haunts of the common snipe, which recalls many delightful associations. “ Beautiful are those green woods that hang upon the craggy sides of the fern-clad hills, where the heath-fowl threads its way among the tufts of brown heath, and the cuckoo sings his ever-pleasing notes as he balances himself on the gray stone, vibrating his fan-like tail. Now I listen to the simple song of the mountain blackbird, warbled by the quiet lake that

spreads its glittering bosom to the sun, winding far away among the mountains, amid whose rocky glens wander the wild deer, tossing their antlered heads on high as they snuff the breeze tainted with the odor of the slow-paced shepherd and his faithful dog. In that recess, formed by two moss-clad slabs of mica-slate, the lively wren jerks up its little tail, and chits its merry note, as it recalls its straggling young ones that have wandered among the bushes. From the sedgy slope, sprinkled with white cotton-grass, comes the shrill cry of the solitary curlew ; and there, high over the heath, wings his meandering way the joyous snipe, giddy with excess of unalloyed happiness.

“ There another has sprung from among the yellow-flowered marigolds that profusely cover the marsh. Upwards slantingly, on rapidly vibrating wings, he shoots, uttering the while his shrill, two-noted cry. Tissick, tissick, quoth the snipe, as he leaves the bog. Now in silence he wends his way, until at length, having reached the height of perhaps a thousand feet, he zigzags along, emitting a louder and shriller cry of zoo-zee, zoo-zee, zoo-zee ; which over, varying his action, he descends on quivering pinions, curving towards the earth with surprising speed, while from the rapid beats of his wing the tremulous air gives to the ear what at first seems the voice of distant thunder. This noise some have likened to the bleating of a goat at a distance on the hill-side, and thus have named our bird the Air-goat and Air-bleater.”

In his later volumes, the naturalist gives many admirable descriptions of the haunts of sea-birds along the rock-bound shores of his native Highlands. He loves to paint the coast of the lonely Hebrides, where he often resorted in the summer months to watch and study the divers and plungers of the sea. Here, for instance, is a picture of the gray heron on a Highland coast : —

“ The cold blasts of the north sweep along the ruffled

surface of the lake, over whose deep waters frown the rugged crags of rusty gneiss, having their crevices sprinkled with tufts of withered herbage, and their summits covered with stunted birches and alders. The desolate hills around are partially covered with snow, the pastures are drenched with the rains, the brown torrents scum the heathy slopes, and the little birds have long ceased to enliven those deserted thickets with their gentle songs. Margining the waters, extends a long muddy beach, over which are scattered blocks of stone, partially clothed with dusky and olivaceous weeds. Here and there a gull floats buoyantly in the shallows; some oyster-catchers repose on a gravel-bank, their bills buried among their plumage; and there, on that low shelf, is perched a solitary heron, like a monument of listless indolence,—a bird petrified in its slumber. At another time, when the tide has retired, you may find it wandering, with slow and careful tread, among the little pools, and by the sides of the rocks, in search of small fishes and crabs; but, unless you are bent on watching it, you will find more amusement in observing the lively tringas and turnstones, ever in rapid motion; for the heron is a dull and lazy bird, or at least he seems to be such; and even if you draw near, he rises in so listless a manner, that you think it a hard task for him to unfold his large wings and heavily beat the air, until he has fairly raised himself. But now he floats away, lightly, though with slow flapping, screams his harsh cry, and tries to soar to some distant place, where he may remain unmolested by the prying naturalist.

“Perhaps you may wonder at finding him in so cold and desolate a place as this dull sea-creek, on the most northern coast of Scotland, and that, too, in the very midst of winter; but the heron courts not society, and seems to care as little as any one for the cold. Were you to betake yourself to the other extremity of the island, where the scenery is of a very different character, and the inlands swarm with ducks and gulls,

there, too, you would find the heron, unaltered in manners, slow in his movements, careful and patient, ever hungry and ever lean; for even when in best condition, he never attains the plumpness that gives you the idea of a comfortable existence."

In 1841 Mr. Macgillivray was appointed by the Crown to the Professorship of Natural History in Marischal College, Aberdeen, solely on account of his acknowledged merit, for he had no interest whatever; and the zeal, ability, and success with which he discharged his duties amply justified the nomination. He was an admirable lecturer, — clear, simple, and methodical, laboring to lay securely the foundations of knowledge in the minds of his pupils. He imbued them with the love of science, and communicated to them — as every successful lecturer cannot fail to do — a portion of his own enthusiasm.

In the autumn of 1850 he made an excursion to Braemar, with the intention of writing an account of the Natural History of Balmoral (which was ready for publication at the time of his death); and he afterwards extended his excursion to the central region of the Grampians, in pursuit of the materials for another work. The fatigue and exposure which he underwent on this occasion seriously affected his health; and he removed to Torquay, in Devon, in hopes of renewed vigor. But he never rallied. A severe calamity befell him while in Devon, through the sudden death of his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached. Nevertheless, he went on steadily with his work, which even his seriously impaired health would not permit him to interrupt. We can conceive him in such a state to have written the following passage, which appears in the Preface to his last work, published in the week of his death.

"As the wounded bird seeks some quiet retreat, where, freed from the persecution of the pitiless fowler, it may pass the time of its anguish in forgetfulness of the outer world, so

have I, assailed by disease, betaken myself to a sheltered nook, where, unannoyed by the piercing blasts of the North Sea, I had been led to hope that my life might be protracted beyond the most dangerous season of the year. It is thus that I issue from Devonshire the present volume, which, however, contains no observations of mine made there, the scenes of my labors being in distant parts of the country.

“It is well that the observations from which these descriptions have been prepared, were made many years ago, when I was full of enthusiasm, and enjoyed the blessings of health, and freedom from engrossing public duties; for I am persuaded that now I should be in some respects less qualified for the task, — more, however, from the failure of physical than of mental power. Here, on the rocky promontory, I shiver in the breeze, which, to my companion, is but cool and bracing. The east wind ruffles the sea, and impels the little waves to the shores of the beautiful bay, which present alternate cliffs of red sandstone and beaches of yellow sand, backed by undulated heights and gentle acclivities, slowly rising to the not distant horizon; fields and woods, with villages, and scattered villas, forming — not wild nor altogether tame — a pleasing landscape, which, in its summer and autumnal garniture of grass and corn, and sylvan verdure, orchard blossom and fruit, tangled fence-bank, and furze-clad common, will be beautiful indeed to the lover of nature. Then, the balmy breezes from the west and south will waft health to the reviving invalid. At present, the cold vernal gales sweep along the Channel, conveying to its haven the extended fleet of boats that render Bircham, on the opposite horn of the bay, one of the most celebrated of the southern fishing-stations of England. High over the waters, here and there, a solitary gull slowly advances against the breeze, or shoots athwart, or, with a beautiful gliding motion, sweeps down the aerial current. At the entrance to Torquay are assembled many birds



of the same kind, which, by their hovering near the surface, their varied evolutions, and mingling cries, indicate a shoal, probably, of atherines or sprats. On that little pyramidal rock, projecting from the water, repose two dusky cormorants; and far away, in the direction of Portland Island, a gannet, well known by its peculiar flight, winnows its exploring way, and plunges headlong into the deep."

And, speaking of the conclusion of his great work, on the last page he says of it:—

"Commenced in hope, and carried on with zeal, though ended in sorrow and sickness, I can look upon my work without much regard to the opinions which contemporary writers may form of it, assured that what is useful in it will not be forgotten, and knowing that already it has had a beneficial effect on many of the present, and will more powerfully influence the next generation of our home ornithologists. I had been led to think that I had occasionally been somewhat rude, or at least blunt, in my criticisms; but I do not perceive wherein I have much erred in that respect, and I feel no inclination to apologize. I have been honest and sincere in my endeavors to promote the truth. With death, apparently not distant, before my eyes, I am pleased to think that I have not countenanced error through fear or favor; neither have I in any case modified my statements so as to endeavor thereby to conceal or palliate my faults. Though I might have accomplished more, I am thankful for having been permitted to add very considerably to the knowledge previously obtained of a very pleasant subject. If I have not very frequently indulged in reflections on the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, as suggested by even my imperfect understanding of his wonderful works, it is not because I have not ever been sensible of the relation between the Creator and his creatures, nor because my chief enjoyment when wandering among the hills and valleys, exploring the rugged shores of the ocean, or searching the cultivated fields, has not been

in a sense of His presence. 'To Him who alone doeth great wonders' be all the glory and praise. Reader, farewell!"

Mr. Macgillivray was able to return to Aberdeen — to die. He expired on the 5th of September, 1852, at the age of fifty-six, leaving a large family behind him, for whom he had been unable (through the slenderness of his means throughout life) to make any provision. His eldest son, however, had already distinguished himself as a naturalist, having been employed by the late Earl of Derby to accompany the expedition sent by him round the world; and he was subsequently appointed Government Naturalist on board the *Rattlesnake*, to complete the exploration of the Eastern Archipelago and Southern Pacific. We may, therefore, expect to have considerable accessions to our knowledge of the natural history of these interesting regions from his already experienced pen.

## LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

**S**YDNEY SMITH, in his amusing and clever letter to Archdeacon Singleton, thus describes Lord John Russell:—“There is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is, that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone, build St. Peter’s, or assume (with or without ten minutes’ notice) the command of the Channel fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died, the church tumbled down, and the Channel fleet been knocked to atoms. I believe his motives are always pure, and his measures often able; but they are endless, and never done with that pedetentous pace and that pedetentous mind in which it behoves the wise and virtuous improver to walk. He alarms the wise Liberals; and it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch.”

This, though a smart sketch, is by no means correct; indeed, it is as nearly as possible the reverse of correct. What Sydney Smith averred Lord John Russell to be, that assuredly he is not. No man is less rash than he; no man is slower to initiate measures. By nature and temperament, he is eminently conservative. Sir Robert Peel, who was proverbially cautious, was bolder than he; witness his thoroughgoing measure on the Corn Laws. Gladstone, also a careful, slow man, has shot far ahead of Russell in matters of finance. Had Lord John Russell not been a man of great

tact, discretion, and caution, he never could have secured the confidence of his large body of followers. And when he *has* lost adherents, and excited suspicions amongst those who sit upon his own side of the House, it has almost invariably been through his holding back, — his disposition to stand still and even to recede, — certainly never through his enterprise or boldness.

Lord John Russell is an eminently respectable politician. His high family connections give him influence, and his pure personal character commands respect. He is a man of carefully cultivated powers, of sound judgment, of large experience, and of undoubted patriotism. He is beloved, as well as admired. But he is not a man of genius; he is neither brilliant nor original; his qualities are of a more solid, practical, and useful kind. He has excellent tact, his style of speaking is exactly suited to the House of Commons, and, though he is not eloquent, no man makes more appropriate and telling speeches, or is more attentively listened to. He is not an orator, yet he succeeds better than many orators do, for he labors to convince. And he does this in spite of his deficiency in those graces which are so greatly admired in other speakers. His *physique* is against him. He is a little, quiet, modest, almost insignificant-looking personage. His features are sharp, and his frame fragile. When he is first pointed out, you wonder that such a man can be a leader of the House of Commons, and of the many great, bulky men you find there. But, as Ben Jonson says,

"It is not growing, like a tree,  
In bulk, doth make man better be."

And when Lord John Russell speaks, you soon find that in him, as in all of us, "the mind's the measure of the man." His manner, at first, is rather hesitating, and his voice is feeble in tone and quality. It is somewhat monotonous, and seemingly incapable of that fine modulation which is admired

so much in the orations of Disraeli. There is an aristocratic twang and thorough House of Commons tone about it. As he warms, he becomes freer and easier, but he rarely rises into enthusiasm. When he has said a good thing, which he does in the most polished manner, he turns round, as if to receive the cheers of his supporters, which are always ready; and his statesmanlike views, expounded in felicitous diction, rarely fail to command the admiration of both sides of the House. He is always self-possessed, and on emergencies he is never found wanting in skill and energy. It is these qualities, and his long experience of Parliamentary tactics, which have given Lord John his present eminent position in the British legislature.

He entered the House of Commons when a very young man. He was born in 1792,—the third son of the late Duke of Bedford,—and he was returned to Parliament in 1813, as member for Tavistock, one of the family boroughs. He thus commenced his Parliamentary career at twenty-one years of age, and has continued a member of the House of Commons almost without interval since then,—that is, for a period of nearly fifty years. His maiden speech was made on the Alien Bill, in the year 1814. The speech which he then delivered very much resembled one of his speeches now; it was terse, pointed, argumentative, and enlivened by playful satire and wit. In that speech he alluded to the question of Parliamentary Reform, to which he afterwards devoted himself so thoroughly, and made the question almost his own in the House of Commons. It would be beside our purpose to quote the early sentiments of Lord John on this topic, but it appears to us that not only was his mind, character, and style of oratory formed at that early period of his career, but that he has added little to these except what careful culture and the maturing influence of years and experience have necessarily effected. In this respect he strikingly differs from Peel, Disraeli, and many of his famous contemporaries.

From 1814 to 1831 he revived from time to time the discussion of Whig Parliamentary Reform, as opposed to Radical Parliamentary Reform. To the latter he was always opposed; and he withstood Burdett, O'Connell, and Hunt as emphatically as Sir Harry Inglis himself could do. His plans were invariably moderate, and on one occasion, at the request of Lord Castlereagh, he withdrew his resolutions for the disfranchisement of certain corrupt boroughs, on the understanding that Grampound only was to be disfranchised, which was done. But two years later, in 1821, he renewed his efforts, proposing to extend the measure of disfranchisement of rotten boroughs, and transfer the seats to large towns then unrepresented. The question was taken up out of doors, agitation increased from year to year, until March, 1831, when Lord John proposed the first Reform Bill in the House of Commons. The measure was thought to be very revolutionary at the time; but experience has shown that it was rather conservative than otherwise. Still it was a great and important constitutional change, to which Lord John Russell's exertions were greatly instrumental. Since then he has been prominently before the public as a practical statesman, as a Liberal leader in the House of Commons, and occasionally as Prime Minister of Britain. He has represented during his career the moderate liberalism of his age, and his exertions have been devoted quite as much to restraining the too eager amongst his own followers, as to urging on the lagging spirit of his opponents. One thing is clear and admitted, that Lord John Russell is a thoroughly honest politician, animated by a pure sense of duty, and that, while many others of our public men have proved faithless, he has adhered pretty constantly to his early moderate Whig principles and opinions.

We turn now to Lord John Russell's career as an author, — for he, like many other members of the present administration, has been a writer of books. His success as a writer

has, however, been but moderate, and we question whether the copyright of his works would be regarded by any bookseller as a desirable investment. That he has sought to achieve reputation as a writer of books is, however, creditable to him as a man; and it indicates a literary taste which is honorable even to a lord. He has written a novel, — “The Nun of Aronea;” a play, — “Don Carlos;” a biography, — “Lord William Russell;” a history, — “Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe;” and he has written several essays and tracts on political subjects. His last works are his “Memoirs and Letters of Fox,” and his “Memoirs and Letters of Moore,” — both of which might have been better done.

To speak the truth, his Lordship does not shine as an author. We have inquired for “The Nun of Aronea” at the circulating library, but the librarian’s answer was, “Never heard of such a book.” The Nun may therefore be regarded as a mere curiosity of literature, interesting only as a Prime Minister’s first literary enterprise. Several of the leading Whig ministers made their literary *début* in the same line. The Marquis of Normanby’s novel, entitled “No,” is, we suppose, still inquired after, though it is a somewhat sickly affair. The Duke of Argyle and Sir William Molesworth are also authors, but of a more solid, philosophical kind. It is not improbable that Lord Byron — with whom Lord John Russell was intimate in his early years, travelling with him in Portugal in 1809 — had some influence in directing Lord John Russell’s attention to imaginative literature. His journey in Spain seems to have suggested to him the subject of the drama commenced by him about the same time, though not published for many years after, on the subject of “Don Carlos.” This play has been a good deal ridiculed by his Lordship’s literary opponents, yet it is a favorable specimen of his literary powers, even though it be not equal to Schiller’s tragedy bearing the

same title. The Westminster Review has characterized the speeches in the play, which are intended to be dignified, as "grand nonsense, which, of all things, is the most unsupportable;" and added, that "there is not a vestige of poetical feeling, nor a single passage that rises above commonplace, not a character or creation in the whole *dramatis personæ*; they are mere automata; a more undignified, pitiful puppet than Philip could not be walked through five acts of any play; nor a more puling, characterless personage than Don Carlos, whose mawkish sentimentality would overpower even a boarding-school miss of the last generation." This, however, is too severe. For example, the following passage is well written, and it will be read with interest now, as indicating, under the guise of a fictitious character, the source of the writer's own after-success in the political drama in which he has played so prominent a part:—

*Valdez.*

It was my aim.

And I obtained it not for empty glory,  
For as I rooted out the weeds of passion,  
One still remained, and grew till its tall plant  
Struck root in every fibre of my heart:  
It was ambition, — not the mean desire  
Of rank or title, but great, glorious away  
O'er multitudes of minds.

*Lucero.* That you have gained.

*Valdez.* I have indeed, and why? I'll tell thee why.

My appetites

Were in one potent essence concentrate,  
I neither loved, nor feasted, nor played dice;  
Power was my feast, my mistress, and my game.  
Thus I have acted with a will entire,  
And wreathed the passion that distracted others  
Into a sceptre for myself.

Another of Lord John's early essays, if not his first, was a book entitled "Essays and Sketches of Life and Character, by a Gentleman who has left his Lodgings." The pseudonyme assumed by his Lordship on this occasion was "Joseph Skillet," who ushered the essays into notice with a



rather humorous preface, explaining how the MSS. came into his possession, and why he determined to print them. This was a fashion in vogue at the time, and probably the author of *Waverley* helped it by the very amusing prefaces which he usually prefixed to his novels. Joseph Skillet's essays were not, however, very brilliant, though somewhat dogmatic. They indicated considerable reading, and a cultivated literary taste. There is some smartness about the essays, but we search them in vain for one original thought. Take, for instance, a passage on "Men of Letters:" —

"There is no class of persons, it may be observed, whose feelings are more open to remark than men of letters. In the first place, they are raised on an eminence, where everything they do is carefully observed by those who have not been able to get so high. In the next place, their occupation, especially if they are poets, being either the expression of superabundant feeling or the pursuit of praise, they are naturally more sensitive and quick in their emotions than any other class of men: hence a thousand little quarrels and passing irritabilities. In the next place, they have the power of wounding deeply those of whom they are envious. A man who shoots envies another who shoots better. A shoemaker even envies another who makes more popular shoes; but the sportsman and the shoemaker can only say they do not like their rivals; the author cuts his brother author to the bone with the sharp edge of an epigram or *bon mot*."

But Lord John's reputation as a literary man rather rests on his political works than on any of those above mentioned. In 1820 he published a *Life* of his distinguished ancestor, Lord William Russell. This is a good, readable biography, though we are disposed to suspect biographies written by descendants of distinguished men. They can scarcely be called impartial, as they are concerned to spare the deceased in matters about which the public are interested in knowing

the whole truth. The "Life of Lord William Russell" is rather too much of a collection, in the style of Moore's Life and Letters. In the art of biography, Lord John certainly is not great. Speaking of the opinion of his relative, the author states: "The political opinions of Lord Russell were those of a Whig. His religious creed was that of a *mild and talented Christian*." But he adds, speaking of his animosity to the Catholics: "It must be owned that the violence of Lord Russell against the Roman Catholics betrayed him into credulity." Thus, the mild and talented Christian, according to the author, was a man of violent animosity and a credulous zealot.

Lord John, when recently speaking at Bristol, on the subject of English History, was very hard upon Hume and others, who fell infinitely short of his own high standard. But it is clear that the history of England, written in the above style, would be neither accurate nor instructive.

In 1821 another work appeared from Lord John Russell's pen, entitled "An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, from the Reign of Henry the Seventh to the present Time." This work is fragmentary, being only the latter half of the treatise originally proposed by his Lordship, which was to embrace an examination of the history of constitutional monarchies. The Essay contains a summary of the then political opinions of his Lordship on poor laws, national debt, liberty of the press, Parliamentary reform, public schools, and such like subjects. The conclusion of the treatise contains the pith of it, as postscripts often do, and it is as follows: "There was a practical wisdom in our ancestors, which induced them to alter and vary the form of our institutions as they went on, to suit the circumstances of the time, and reform them according to the dictates of experience. They never ceased to work upon one frame of government, as a sculptor fashions the model of a favorite statue. It is an act now seldom used, and the

disuse has been attended with evils of the most alarming magnitude." Cobbett would have found a rich subject for his sarcasm in this sentence, had he analyzed it in his usual scarifying style, — for it is anything but well written, — yet you see through the author's meaning clearly enough; the *Westminster Review* thus briefly criticised it: "The sentence exhibits the tinkering propensities of Lord John to mend the constitutional kettle." In former days, his Lordship was a zealous supporter of the Corn Laws, which he looked upon as "preventing the abandonment of agriculture in England;" and he very highly approved Lord Lauderdale's scheme of coining guineas of the value of twenty-one shillings paper currency, as a measure necessary for "the safety of the State" and the satisfaction of the claims of the national creditor.

One of the best-written sentences in the last-mentioned Essay is that in which his Lordship describes the character of the political lawyer, — a description, however, by no means complimentary to the Bar: —

"Generally speaking, the first disposition of a lawyer, it must be confessed, is to inquire boldly and argue sharply upon public abuses. They are not apt to indulge any bigoted reverence for the depositaries of power; and, on the other hand, they value liberty as the guardian of free speech. But the close of a lawyer's life is not always conformable to his outset. Many who commence by too warm an admiration for popular privileges, end by too frigid a contempt for all enthusiasm. They are accustomed to let their tongues for the hour, and by a natural transition they sell them for a term of years, or for life. Commencing with the vanity of popular harangues, they end by the meanest calculations of avarice." This is certainly sense, but happily not quite correct. There are lawyers who have ratted; but even ministers are not infallible; and there are men of all political parties the close of whose lives is not always conformable to

their outset, — for which, indeed, they are as often entitled to our praise as to our blame.

The largest work which Lord John has published, and that on which he has bestowed most pains, is his "Memoirs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht," published in two quarto volumes, in 1824; and it has since reached a fourth edition. This bespeaks the public approval. But the book is dull, and lends no fresh interest to the history of the period. It is a dry compilation, an annotated chapter of historical events; but it is not history, unless it be the dropsy of history. Beside Macaulay, Alison, and Martineau, his Lordship indeed looks small. But he continued to write other historical works; the principal of which are, "The Establishment of the Turks in Europe; an Historical Essay, with Preface," published in 1828, in which the author regarded with rather a favorable eye the doctrines of Mahomet, but failed to give any clear idea of the history or government of Turkey in Europe. Another historical essay followed, in 1832, on "The Causes of the French Revolution," a gossiping book about Voltaire, Rousseau, and the court of Louis; but its title is evidently a misnomer. Indeed, his Lordship was now so immersed in the political life of the House of Commons, that works of an elaborate or carefully studied character were scarcely to be expected from his pen. Nevertheless, he has since appeared as an author, or rather as an editor, — in 1842, as the editor of the "Correspondence of John, Fourth Duke of Bedford," and more recently as the editor of Tom Moore's and Charles James Fox's "Life and Correspondence." The subjects are in themselves of great interest, and deserve able and careful treatment. Whether they have received that, let the critics and the public be the judges. It is clear, however, that Lord John Russell's reputation with posterity will not depend upon his literary works. His true arena is the House of Commons, — the theatre of his greatest intellectual efforts and his most decided triumphs.

## THE RT. HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

**T**HE distinguished Conservative leader of the House of Commons is entitled to be regarded as a literary, quite as much as a political character. He had achieved a reputation as an author long before his advent as a debater; and, not improbably, it was his careful training in the former capacity which laid the foundations of his success in the latter.

This British statesman is of Jewish descent. His grandfather, Benjamin Disraeli, was a Venetian merchant, settled for many years in England. He left a moderate fortune to his son, Isaac Disraeli, the well-known author of the "Curiosities of Literature," and other works. Mr. Isaac Disraeli lived at the old house, No. 6 Bloomsbury Square, where Benjamin, the future Chancellor of the Exchequer, was born, in December, 1805.

The son took after the father's tastes, and very early made his *début* in literature. After a careful course of school instruction, and an ineffectual attempt on the part of his father to make a city merchant of him, the youth made a tour in Germany, in his eighteenth year, and on his return to England he set about the composition of his first work, which was published while he was yet a minor, in the beginning of 1826. The book was a novel, in five volumes, — the well-known "Vivian Grey." Its appearance caused considerable excitement in the literary world; it quite puzzled the busy idlers of high life by its pictures of fashion-

able society, which, however faithful they may have been, were calculated to give the general reader a thorough contempt for that *blasé* region of humanity. But those caterers for the press, who assumed to represent the aristocratic portion of society, pronounced the pictures drawn in "Vivian Grey" to be impudently false and outrageously absurd. However this may be, the book was eagerly read, and was the "talk of the season." It exhibited almost reckless power, was full of daring sarcasm, and, though often false and absurd, was yet, throughout, (we speak more especially of the first two volumes, which are complete in themselves,) original and coherent.

It is curious, at this time of day, to read "Vivian Grey" by the light thrown upon its pages by the more recent career of its author. Thus regarded, it is something of a *prophetic* book. It contained the germs of nearly all the subsequent fruit of Mr. Disraeli's mind, — to the extent of his political aspirations, his struggles, and his successes. They are all foreshadowed there. Although, in the third volume (published a year after the first two), he disclaimed the charge of having attempted to paint his own portrait in the book, it is nevertheless very clear that, in imagination, he was the hero of his own tale, and that the characters or puppets which he exhibited and worked were such as he would have formed had he the making of the world; nay, more, they were such as he subsequently found ready-made to his hand.

In "Vivian Grey" you have the fast young man in upper-class life, — a brilliant, fashionable, clever, sardonic, heartless, ambitious youth, — possessed by an ardent craving for political intrigue, and a keen desire for fame and power, to achieve which he has no scruples about the means, employing tricks, falsities, and grand *coups de théâtre*, provided these will serve his purpose. The motto standing on the title-page bespeaks the character of Vivian Grey:

"Why then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open."

One of the prominent characters in the book is the Marquis de Carabas, — an aristocratic booby, — one of those ciphers with a figure before it, in the shape of a title, which give ciphers so much value in modern society. This Marquis de Carabas had been in power, — and he might be again. So Vivian clings to his skirts, makes a friend of him, intrigues for him, and hopes by his aid to vault into power and office, though despising, all the while, the Marquis's heart, intellect, and character. Vivian first gains his Lordship's favor at a dinner-party, by helping him out in an argument by a quotation from Bolingbroke (invented by Vivian for the occasion), and he afterwards secures the noble lord by furnishing him with a receipt for making "*Tomahawk Punch*." From a dissertation on punch, Vivian diverges into a conversation about Power, and of course he succeeds, in his usual all-powerful way, in rousing the old lord's slumbering ambition. Here is a curious passage: —

“‘Is power a thing so easily to be despised, young man?’ asked the Marquis.

“‘O, no, my lord, you do mistake me,’ eagerly burst forth Vivian; ‘I am no cold-blooded philosopher, that would despise *that*, for which, in my opinion, men — *real* men — should alone exist. Power! O, what sleepless nights! what days of hot anxiety! what exertions of mind and body! what travel! what hatred! what fierce encounters! what dangers of all possible kinds, would I not endure, with a joyous spirit, to gain it!’ . . . . .

“‘It must not be supposed that Vivian was, to all the world, the fascinating creature that he was to the Marquis of Carabas. Many complained that he was reserved, silent, haughty. But the truth was, Vivian Grey often asked himself, ‘Who is to be my enemy to-morrow?’ He was too cunning a master of the human mind not to be aware of the quicksands upon which all greenhorns strike; he knew too well the danger of *unnecessary intimacy*. A SMILE FOR A FRIEND,

AND A SNEER FOR THE WORLD, is the way to govern mankind, and such was the motto of Vivian Grey.

“Now, Vivian Grey was conscious that there was at least *one* person in the world who was no craven, either in body or mind; and so he had long come to the comfortable conclusion that it was impossible that his career could be anything but the most brilliant. . . . Not that it must be supposed, even for a moment, that Vivian Grey was what the world calls *conceited*. O, no! he knew the measure of his own mind, and had fathomed the depth of his powers with equal skill and impartiality; but in the process he could not but feel that he *could* conceive *much*, and *dare* do *more*.”

Vivian climbs well. He forms a party, and seems on the eve of vaulting with them into power. At this time his father (a retired literary gentleman) writes to him as follows. It is Vivian Grey's other self that speaks; and perhaps Benjamin Disraeli himself may yet look back with interest at this prophetic utterance of his youth:—

“You are now, my dear son, a member of what is called *le grand monde*,—society formed on anti-social principles. Apparently, you have possessed yourself of the object of your wishes; but the scenes you live in are very movable; the characters you associate with are *all masked*; and it will always be doubtful whether you can retain that long which has been obtained by some slippery artifice. Vivian, *you are a juggler*; and the deception of your sleight-of-hand tricks depends upon instantaneous motion. When the selfish combine with the selfish, bethink you how many projects are doomed to disappointment; how many cross interests baffle the parties, at the same time joined together without ever uniting. What a mockery is their love! but how deadly are their hatreds! All this great society, with whom so young an adventurer has trafficked, abate nothing of their price in the slavery of their service and the sacrifice of violated feelings. What sleepless nights has it cost you to win over the



disobliged, to conciliate the discontented, to cajole the contumacious! You may smile at the hollow flatteries, answering to flatteries as hollow, which, like bubbles when they touch, dissolve into nothing; but tell me, Vivian, what has the self-tormentor felt at the laughing treacheries which force a man down into self-contempt?"

An old political character, Cleveland, thus discourses to Vivian:—

“O Grey! of all the delusions which flourish in this mad world, the delusion of that man is the most frantic who voluntarily, and of his own accord, supports the interest of a party. I mention this to you because it is a rock on which all young politicians strike. Fortunately, you enter life under different circumstances from those which usually attend most political *débutants*. You have your connections formed and your views ascertained. But if, by any chance, you find yourself independent and unconnected, never, for a moment, suppose that you can accomplish your objects by coming forward, unsolicited, to fight the battle of a party. They will cheer your successful exertions, and then smile at your youthful zeal; or, crowing themselves for the unexpected succor, be too cowardly to reward their unexpected champion. No, Grey, make them *fear* you, and they will kiss your feet.”

It will be seen, from these extracts, that the book is intensely political in its character, and is not without its close bearings upon the career of the author himself. Its sketches of character were found so clever, its satire so keen and relentless, its dialogue so brisk and effervescent, that “Vivian Grey” became the rage of the day, and there was a decided run upon it at all the circulating libraries. Not improbably its great success dazzled the author. Finding himself suddenly raised to a giddy eminence, he struggled convulsively to retain it; and in his next novel, entitled “Contarini Fleming, or, The Physiological Romance,” the faults of “Vivian Grey” came out again in a still more exaggerated form. There was the

same flashiness and force, the same dashing satire and exaggerated character, the same strong self-portraiture, the same desire to astonish people, and take them, as it were, by storm. And yet, withal, the book was full of brilliant writing and captivating imagery ; and though the taste which dictated it was often false, the thoughts were generally striking, and the language chaste, elegant, and classical.

In the mean time, the author had made an extensive tour through foreign countries, visiting Italy, Greece, and Albania ; passing from thence, in the winter of 1829-30, to Constantinople. In the following spring he visited the land of his fathers, and traversed the scenes made memorable by the deeds and history of the children of Israel, — a portion of his tour which seems to have exercised great influence on his ardent imagination. From Syria, he travelled on to Egypt and Nubia, and returned to England in 1831, where he found the nation in the throes of the Reform agitation. He could not fail to be influenced by the stirring events passing around him at this time ; but, still under the deep shadow of Eastern tradition and romance, he now gave birth to his "Wondrous Tale of Alroy," — which the critics universally hailed as a damning proof of the young author's confirmed literary lunacy. The book was beautifully written, yet it was an exhibition of "romance run mad, which no elegances of style could redeem. Wild, incongruous, and raving, it was laughed at unmercifully, — and for a writer to be laughed at in England, when he means to be serious ! every one knows what the fate of that writer is. But Disraeli had pluck in him, and he recovered himself in time, though not before he had perpetrated several other literary absurdities of an extraordinary kind. One of these was his "Revolutionary Epic," in commemoration of the great revolutionists of modern times, from Robespierre down to John Frost. Only the first part of this poem was given to the world ; but the author promised future instalments,

should the plaudits of the public encourage him to proceed. In his Preface, however, he added, "That if the decision of the public should be in the negative, then will he, without a pang, hurl his lyre to Limbo." As the public laughed at the poem, nothing more has been heard of the sequel of the "Revolutionary Epic."

After the lapse of a few years, Mr. Disraeli again appeared before the public in a succession of novels. Abandoning the ultra-romantic style he had adopted in the "Wondrous Tale of Alroy," and the ultra-sardonic manner of "Vivian Grey," he consented to enter upon a more beaten track, in which, by dint of perseverance and hard work, he was soon enabled to get ahead of most of his contemporaries. "Henrietta Temple," "Venetia," and "The Young Duke," were rather sickening in their love passages, but the stories were well told. "Violette the Danseuse" (which has been generally attributed to him) was a charming tale, though there was about it rather too much of the "man about town." His later tales are well known; they are certainly his best;—"Coningsby," published in 1844; "Sybil," in 1845; and "Tancred," in 1847.

"Coningsby" and "Sybil" are of a strongly political character; they might almost be regarded as a kind of official state papers, embodying the theories of Young England as to politics, society, and history. "Coningsby" was hailed, on its appearance, as an exceedingly clever novel,—clever in the higher acceptation of the term. It exhibited moral courage, mental independence, and worthy aims. It showed, on the writer's part, a strong desire to make Conservatism popular: and even while scouting democracy, he made his court to it. "Coningsby" is eminently a novel of progress; it might almost be termed democratic. The pictures of the aristocracy and their toadies, given there, do not make us fall in love with them,—most probably they were not intended to do so. In delineating the corruption of the rotten

boroughs, though Disraeli may not equal Thackeray or Dickens, he yet furnishes us with capital pictures, broadly painted, and full of truthful vigor. His Rigby, Monmouth, Taper, and Tadpole, will not soon be forgotten.

But it is difficult to ascertain from these novels, or even from Mr. Disraeli's speeches, what his precise principles are. One thing he is very enthusiastic about, and that is, the Judaic element in civilization, and he from time to time cries up "the pure Caucasian breed," and "the Venetian origin of the British Constitution." But his notions about the said British Constitution are very peculiar. He decries the representative part of it, which many take to be its vital element. He sets the press and public opinion above the Parliament. "Opinion," says he, "is now supreme, and speaks in print. The representation of the press is far more complete than the representation of Parliament. Parliamentary representation was the happy device of a ruder age, to which it was admirably adapted; an age of semi-civilization, when there was a leading class in the community; but it exhibits many symptoms of desuetude. It is now controlled by a system of representation more vigorous and comprehensive." And then he goes on to say that, "If we are forced to revolutions, let us propose to our consideration the idea of a free monarchy, established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local government, ruling an educated people, represented by a free and intellectual press;" in fact, a kind of parental despotism, or combination of absolutism and democracy, such as is now being tried on the other side of the English Channel. All this may seem rather destructive in its tendencies. Indeed, Mr. Disraeli's *forte* is not constructiveness: he is good at pulling down; but any hodman can do this. The great practical genius must show *how he can build*. If we were called upon, after a perusal of Mr. Disraeli's writings and speeches, to give a definition of his politics, we

should say, — his sentiments are Tory, his presentiments are Radical; he feels like a Paladin, he thinks like a Republican. As for his proper political party, though he may at present be the leader of a party, his own is really to make yet. He has but few sympathies with the men whom he leads, and they have few or none with him. The Buckingham county aristocracy turn up their noses at him; but let these and other county magnates beware how they spit upon the Jewish gabardine. He may plant his foot upon their necks yet. He has himself publicly stated in the House of Commons, that he had little sympathy for either of the great political parties into which the public men of England have heretofore been divided; and in "Coningsby," while he avers that "the Whigs are worn out," and "Radicalism is polluting," he also emphatically declares that "Conservatism is a sham."

Indeed, Mr. Disraeli is a thorough sceptic as regards all that we denominate social progress. He scouts it as a delusion, and represents it as a hoax. This is made very clear in his most careful novel, "Tancred." As the Edinburgh Review observed, in noticing the work on its appearance: "All that we are accustomed most to admire and desiderate, all that we are wont to rest upon as most stable amid the fluctuating fortunes of the world, — the progress of civilization, the development of human intelligence, the co-ordinate extension of power and responsibility among the masses of mankind, the advance of self-reliance and self-control, — all, in truth, for which not we alone, but all other nations, have been yearning, and fighting, and praying for the last three centuries, — all that has been done by the Reformation, by the English and French Revolutions, by American Independence, — is here proclaimed an entire delusion and failure; and we are taught that we can now only hope to improve our future by utterly renouncing our past."

"Tancred" falls back upon an old idea of Mr. Disraeli's, —

the supremacy of the Jewish race, and their alleged prerogative of being at once the moral ruler and political master of humanity. Indeed, we are strongly impressed with the idea that this distinguished man's life and opinions have been in no small degree influenced by the fact of his own peculiar origin and ancestry. We say this in no offensive or hostile spirit. But a man cannot ignore his own blood; and of all races of men, the "peculiar people" cling the most tenaciously to their traditions, kindred, and ancestry. A Jew never becomes thoroughly influenced by the national spirit of the people among whom he lives; he is a Jew still; his home and country are in the East,—still in the promised land. What is more, he cannot sympathize fully with the ideas of progress and civilization entertained by other races. He is neither inspired by the military and adventurous spirit of the Celt, nor the colonizing, laborious enterprise of the Saxon. He does not cling to the soil until it becomes native to him. Though centuries pass away, the Jewish family, like the Gypsy, remains the same. It never merges nor subsides, like the Saxon, Danish, or Norman, into the nation amid which it has planted itself.

This essential characteristic of the Jew will be found to form the true key to "Coningsby," "Sybil," and especially to "Tancred;" and also to those peculiarly "destructive" and altogether indefinite political views entertained (so far as can be collected from his speeches and writings) by the distinguished subject of our present memoir. In "Tancred," the old Judaic notions as to the race will be found revived in their most intense form. He there represents "the slumber of the East as more vital than the waking life of the rest of the globe;" and Europe is described as "that quarter of the globe to which God has never spoken." "I know well," says Tancred, in Palestine, 'though born in a northern or distant isle, that the Creator of the world speaks with men only in this land; and that is why I am here.'" "Is it to

be believed," writes Mr. Disraeli, speaking in his own proper person, "that there are no peculiar and eternal qualities in a land thus visited, which distinguish it from all others? that Palestine is like Normandy or Yorkshire, or even Athens or Rome?" Strange, that the country gentlemen of England should have adopted this Fetichist for their leader!

We have left ourselves but small space to refer to the political career of Mr. Disraeli; but it is not necessary we should refer to this at any length. In "*Vivian Grey*" his political views seemed bounded by a desire to find a *Marquis de Carabas*. The feverish excitement of the Reform Bill, which stimulated him to become the poet of the epoch, brought him out in the character of a Radical, or rather a hater of the Whigs; because, after all, he never seems to have clung very closely to Radicalism. However, he went down to High Wycombe as a candidate for that borough, in 1832, recommended by Mr. Hume and Sir E. L. Bulwer. Mr. O'Connell was, at the same time, applied to for a character. Mr. Disraeli was defeated; a second election took place in the same year, when he was again defeated; and he tried the borough a third time, in 1835, when he was a third time defeated. It seems that the late Earl Grey, on hearing of Disraeli having contested the Wycombe election with his relative, Colonel Grey, asked of some one the question, "Who is he?" and immediately the young aspirant for Parliamentary honors issued a furious pamphlet under this title. It was originally published by Hatchard of Piccadilly, but is not now to be had. It was a furious onslaught on the Whigs, very eloquent, but in many places very unintelligible.

A vacancy in the representation of Marylebone shortly after occurred, on which Disraeli announced himself as a candidate, published placards, and canvassed the constituency; but he did not go to the poll. Joseph Hume, on whom he called, gave him "the cold shoulder;" for the old veteran could not see very clearly through the young politician's

hodge-podge notions of Anti-Whig Liberalism, Tory Radicalism, and Absolutist Democracy, which he had just developed in an address to the electors of High Wycombe, under the title of "The Crisis Examined." So, abandoning the hope of getting into Parliament on Joseph Hume's or Daniel O'Connell's shoulders, the Young-Englander suddenly wheeled round on the other tack, and forthwith came out in the character of a full-blown Tory. He went down to Taunton to oppose Mr. Labouchere, and was defeated. A furious altercation between him and O'Connell afterwards took place, in which the latter denounced him, in his usual coarse, Swift-like style, as one who, "if his genealogy were traced, would be found to be the true heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross." On this, Disraeli, stung to fury, challenged Morgan O'Connell to fight him in a duel; but Morgan declined; Disraeli was bound over to keep the peace, and the correspondence was published. In his letter to O'Connell he concluded with these words: "*We shall meet at Philippi*, where I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting castigation for the insults you have lavished upon me." The correspondence was a good deal laughed at, and Disraeli had by this time certainly succeeded in reducing himself to the lowest possible plight as a public man. But he had genius in him, and resolution; and he worked his way upward again, as we shall see.

He began to recover himself through means of the press, — always his great power. He wrote a very clever, brilliant, and admirable essay, entitled, "A Vindication of the English Constitution;" and shortly after, he published in the Times newspaper a series of very clever letters, afterwards collected in a volume, entitled the "Letters of Runnymede." They were racy, brilliant, satirical, and well-informed, though occasionally rather insolent in their smartness. It is also supposed that, about the same time, and even down to a recent date, Mr. Disraeli contributed frequently to the leading columns of "The Thunderer."



At length, Mr. Disraeli succeeded in obtaining admission to Parliament, as one of the members for the borough of Maidstone. This was at the general election in 1837. No great expectations were formed of him, and yet there was some curiosity excited respecting his *début* as an orator. He had delivered some blazing philippics against the Whigs out of doors, and uttered sundry mystic speeches, rather overlaid with classical allusions. The gentlemen of the House of Commons expected that Disraeli would make a fool of himself; and he did not disappoint them. His first effort was a ludicrous failure, — his maiden speech being received with “loud bursts of laughter.” The newspapers said of him, that he went up like a rocket, and came down like its stick. You may conceive the chagrin of the young legislator, — whose speech had been composed in the grandest and most ambitious strain of eloquence, but was received as if every period concluded a pun or a flash of wit. It was as if Hamlet had been played as a comedy! But towards the conclusion, he threw in a sentence worthy of being quoted, for it was a true prophecy. Writhing under the shouts of laughter which had drowned so much of his studied eloquence, he exclaimed in an almost savage voice: “*I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when YOU WILL HEAR ME!*” The time did come, — for Disraeli now stands confessed to be one of the greatest orators within the walls of the British Parliament.

The subsequent career of Disraeli furnishes an admirable lesson to all men: it shows what determination and energy will do. He owed all his success to hard work and patient industry. He began carefully to unlearn his faults, to study the character of his audience, to cultivate the arts of speech, and to fill his mind with the elements of Parliamentary knowledge. He soon felt that success in oratory was not to be obtained at a bound, but had to be patiently worked for.

His triumph did come ; but it came slowly, and by degrees. A year and a half elapsed before he again attempted to address the House ; and then the results of his care and study showed themselves in an excellent speech on the presentation of the Chartist Petition. He had already thrown away his poetic and historical imagery, and took his stand on facts, feelings, and strong common-sense. In the following year, he delivered a speech full of strong sympathy for the incarcerated Chartists, Lovett and Collins, disclaiming the plea of mercy on the part of the state in their behalf, and insisting that they were the really aggrieved parties. His speeches on copyright and education in the following year were much admired, and also his famous attack on foreign consular establishments in the session of 1842. These speeches served to efface the recollection of his first egregious failure, though he had not yet achieved a very high position in the House.

In 1844 Mr. Disraeli commenced his series of oratorical attacks on Sir Robert Peel, and continued them with invincible pertinacity, and with growing power and force of satire, until the fall of that lamented statesman, and even for some time after. It is said that Disraeli had been slighted in his aspirations for office,—at all events, he had been overlooked ; for Sir Robert Peel always preferred to have under him men of strongly practical qualities. How that may be, we cannot tell ; but certainly, the vehement personal attacks,—the stinging, biting satire launched through the teeth,—the almost vengeful wrath with which Disraeli pursued the minister, and met him with his poisoned shafts at every turn,—exhibited a determined personal hostility, which must have had its foundation in some slighted ambition or exasperated individual feeling. So far as Disraeli was concerned, it was war to the knife, and to the death. A series of assaults, so long sustained and so vindictive, is probably unexampled in the history of Parliamentary warfare. There was a large and

growing party of malecontents, too, in the House, who did not fail to urge on the satire of Disraeli by their laughter and applause. His irony became more and more polished, keen, and penetrating. His speeches were full of refinement, but equally full of venom. The adder lurked under the rose-leaves: the golden arrows were tipped with deadly poison. No wonder that the sensitive subject of all those speeches should have writhed under the hands of his ruthless, but too skilful anatomist.

Take a few instances of Disraeli's satire. On one occasion, he characterized the Premier as only "a great Parliamentary middleman." And what is a middleman? "He was a man who bamboozled one party and plundered the other, till, having obtained a position to which he was not entitled, he called out, 'Let us have no party! Let us have fixity of tenure!'" This passage, however, has since been quoted against Mr. Disraeli himself. Then he went on to describe his great Parliamentary antagonist's speeches, recorded in Hansard, as "dreary pages of interminable talk; full of predictions falsified, pledges broken, calculations that had gone wrong, and budgets that had blown up. And this not relieved by a single original thought, a single generous impulse, or a single happy expression." Then he described the Peel policy as "a system so matter-of-fact, yet so fallacious; taking in everybody, though everybody knew he was deceived; a system so mechanical, yet so Machiavellian, that he could hardly say what it was, except a sort of humdrum hocus-pocus, in which the 'Order of the Day' was moved to take in a nation;" and he concluded the speech by calling on the House to prove that "cunning is not caution, nor habitual perfidy high policy of state," exhorting them to "dethrone a dynasty of deception, by putting an end to this intolerable yoke of official despotism and Parliamentary imposture." It was in the course of the same session (1846) that Mr. Disraeli made the happy hit of

representing Sir Robert Peel as having "caught the Whigs bathing, and run away with their clothes," — an idea which Punch seized upon, and worked out with characteristic vigor. There was also a terrible sting in his apparently off-hand, but probably studied remark on Sir Robert Peel's habit of quotation, in which he advised him to "stick to quotation; because he never quoted any passage that had not previously received the full meed of Parliamentary approbation."

Of course, any mere description would fail to convey the screaming delight with which such palpable hits were hailed on one side of the House, and the blank dismay which they caused on the other. Their sting lay in the tone with which the words were uttered, and in the position of the contending parties at the time. They were addressed to minds familiar with the person attacked, with his history as written in Hansard, and hot with the living politics of the day. To those who read them on the printed paper, they may seem comparatively dead and pointless.

Disraeli's boldness increased with his success. There was no other man on his side to compare with him. He towered infinitely above the host of country gentlemen, who, though exasperated Protectionists, were nevertheless for the most part dumb, and could only find a vent for their eloquence in cheering Disraeli's bitter attacks on the Premier. The session of 1846 brought his oratory to its climax. He then took the lead in opposing the Premier's measure of Corn-Law Repeal, and delivered on the occasion several of his ablest speeches, full of cutting sarcasm and powerful invective. In the debate on the third reading of the Corn Bill, in a strain of withering irony, he acquitted the Premier of meditated deception in his adoption of Free-Trade principles, "seeing that he had all along, for thirty or forty years, traded on the ideas of others; that his life had been one great appropriation clause; and that he had ever been the burglar of other men's intellects." He also denounced him

as the "political pedler, who, adopting the principles of Free Trade, had bought his party in the cheapest market, and sold them in the dearest." The feeling which dictated these speeches was obviously not so much deep-rooted conviction as personal hostility and revenge; and though Disraeli's followers may have cheered, they could not but, at the same time, condemn much of what he so eloquently uttered. Sir Robert Peel fell from power, and only then did his enemy's attacks cease.

The subsequent history of Mr. Disraeli is too well known to require comment at our hands. We do not here discuss politics or parties. In this sketch we have aimed merely at giving an idea of the *littérateur* and the statesman, whose talents, energy, and industry have already carried him so high, and may possibly carry him higher.

With the features and general portraiture of Disraeli the reader of *Punch* is already familiar; indeed, that useful periodical may be regarded as a gallery of the portraits of living men of mark. His external appearance is very characteristic. A face of ashy paleness, large dark eyes, curling black hair, a stooping gait, an absorbed look, a shuffling walk, — these are his external marks; and once seen, you will not fail to remember Disraeli. There is something unusual, indeed quite foreign, in his appearance; and you could not by any possibility mistake him for a Saxon. Notwithstanding his position, he is an exceedingly isolated being. He makes no intimates, has few or no personal friends, — he seems to be lonely and self-absorbed, feeding upon his own thoughts.

As a debater, Mr. Disraeli is entitled to a very high rank, perhaps the highest in the present House of Commons. But it must be confessed that his oratory is entirely intellectual. He never touches the heart: his greatest efforts have been satirical, — of the scathing, blighting, and destroying kind: his best speeches have been eminently of a destructive char-

acter. Yet their finish has been perfect, — perfect as a product of the mere intellect. He never carries away his auditors in a fit of enthusiasm, as O'Connell and Shiel could do. The feeling he leaves with you is that of high admiration of his intellectual powers, — and you cannot help saying, "What a remarkably clever man Disraeli is!" Though usually ungainly and somewhat supercilious in his action, no speaker can be more effective than he is in making his "points." His by-play, as actors call it, is perfect; and to his sneers and sarcasms he gives the fullest force by the most subtle modulations of his voice, by transient expressions of the features, and by the inimitable shrug; and, while the House is convulsed by the laughter which he has raised at an adversary's expense, he himself usually remains as apparently unmoved and impassive, as if he were not an actor in the scene.

Such is but a brief and imperfect sketch of this remarkable man, — lately Chancellor of the British Exchequer. His position is a lofty one, and he has earned it solely by his talent and his industry. He has already achieved success in many ways; but he is competent to do much more. Whether he succeed as a great statesman, and found an enduring reputation as a patriot and benefactor of men, depends entirely upon himself.

## THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

**T**HE present Chancellor of the British Exchequer has sprung from the middle ranks of the people. His father, the late Sir John Gladstone, of Fasque, was in early life a small tradesman in the town of Leith, where he was born. The family originally came from Biggar, in Lanarkshire, and were respectable people, though in humble circumstances. John Gladstone, or Gladstones, as he was then called, did not succeed in business at Leith, and afterwards removed to Liverpool, where, at the age of twenty-two, he began the world anew, in a very small way; but by dint of industry, energy, and frugality, and through shrewd knowledge of men, of life, and of business, he rapidly succeeded in accumulating an immense fortune, chiefly in the West Indian and American trade. Indeed, rapid though the success of Liverpool men often is, that of John Gladstone was almost unprecedented. This was, in a great measure, owing to his commercial skill and enterprise, which led him to embark in ventures from which other merchants held aloof; but the safety and wisdom of which, rash though to some they might appear, were amply justified by the result. For example, he was the first Liverpool merchant who ventured upon the East India trade, now of such vast extent; his vessel, the *Kinginsall*, having been the very first that sailed from Liverpool to Calcutta. He thus opened up an immense field of profitable trade to Liverpool; and, while he largely increased his own fortunes, he proved a benefactor to his

fellow-townsmen, which they were never slow to acknowledge.

John Gladstones not only succeeded as a merchant, but he also achieved distinction as a member of Parliament. At different times he represented Lancaster, Woodstock, and Berwick. Though a Conservative, he was a man of liberal tendencies, being one of Mr. Canning's most attached supporters; and when Canning visited Liverpool, during the time he represented that town, he invariably made Seaforth House (Mr. Gladstone's residence) his temporary home. In 1835, he obtained permission, by royal license, to drop the final letter *s* in his name; and in 1846 he was created a baronet of the United Kingdom. Having purchased extensive estates in his native country, at Fasque and Belfour, in Kincardineshire, he chiefly resided there in his later years, leaving his extensive Liverpool business to the management of his sons.

Sir John Gladstone was twice married, — first to a Liverpool lady, the daughter of Joseph Hall, Esq., by whom he had no issue; and, secondly, to Miss Anne Robertson, a daughter of Andrew Robertson, Provost (or Mayor) of Dingwall, a small town in the north of Scotland, situated in the Highland county of Ross. By this lady Sir John Gladstone had a family of four sons and two daughters. The fourth son, William Ewart, is the subject of our present sketch. Readers of the newspapers may have observed that, not long ago, he paid a visit to Dingwall, the early home of his mother; and that he still associates that place of his kindred, in his memory, with many tender recollections. He was, on the occasion referred to, presented with the freedom of the burgh, — a usual mode of complimenting public men in the towns of the North; and it generally affords an opportunity for much pleasant speech-making and exchange of compliments, which on the above occasion was not neglected.

Sir John Gladstone, like Sir Robert Peel the elder, early



designed his son William for the legislature, and educated him with the view of placing him there. Doubtless the youth long remembered the beautiful face and the lofty career of Canning, his father's favorite political leader; and he may have received impressions from those visits of Canning to his father's house while he was yet a boy, which exercised no slight influence upon his subsequent career. William Ewart Gladstone was born in 1809; he was sent to Eton School in 1821, and entered Christ Church, Oxford, as a student, in 1829. He there distinguished himself by his diligence, good conduct, studious habits, and classical attainments. Amongst his fellow-students were the present Lord Canning, with whom he entered as a student, the Duke of Newcastle, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Elgin, Lord Harris, and Mr. Sidney Herbert. Great hopes were entertained of his future career, even at that early age; and these were not diminished by his appearance in 1831, when he took a double first-class and his degree of B. A. He had even then, too, achieved considerable eminence as a debater at the meetings of the Oxford Debating Society, where he assumed that liberal tone of Conservative politics which has since distinguished him.

The Conservative party was not very strong in talent at that time, and the burden of the battle in Parliament fell upon Peel, who gallantly, but ineffectually, struggled to resist the democratic tendencies of the age. When Mr. Gladstone entered the House of Commons for Newark, in December, 1832, he was accordingly welcomed as an important accession to the debating phalanx of the Conservatives. Nor were public expectations in "the young Oxonian" disappointed. In two years he had made a position in the House, though he was then not more than twenty-five years of age. One secret of his success as a speaker was, not that he was so eloquent, as that he was so diligent. He made himself thoroughly acquainted with the subjects upon which he

spoke; mastered blue-books, statistics, Parliamentary history, and political economy; the driest and most repulsive subjects were encountered and unravelled by him in his search for facts. Such men always succeed in the House. It is seen that they are conscientious and well-informed, and when they speak, the audience know that they have really got something to say.

Mr. Gladstone at first did what the Conservative members of Parliament then felt impelled to do,— united with his fellow-representatives of similar views to stem the tide of “Reform.” His first speech was delivered in reply to Lord Howick, on the question of Negro emancipation, in which he urged the right of the planters to compensation. He opposed, in successive Parliaments, the reform of the Irish Church, the reduction of the number of Irish bishops, the “Appropriation Clause,” the Dissenters’ Chapel Bill, the endowment of Maynooth, the emancipation of the Jews, and many other measures, on which his views have since entirely changed. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone, in the early period of his career, was regarded in the light of an Oxford bigot; and he was stigmatized as a man of a narrow head, and a still narrower heart. The Whig Examiner named him the “Pony Peel,” regarding Peel himself as the “Joseph Surface” of politics. We need scarcely say how different is the appreciation in which Mr. Gladstone is now held.

It takes a long course of education in the practical business of life to bring out the true qualities of a man; and Mr. Gladstone’s career only proves the truth of this observation. It appears to us that Mr. Gladstone’s history may be divided into two distinct parts;— one dating from his entry into the House of Commons down to the death of Sir Robert Peel; the other, since that event. During nearly the whole of the first period, he was a pure Conservative,— his efforts being mainly devoted to resist all change or “reform;” whereas during the second period, or since Sir

Robert Peel's famous Free-Trade policy was introduced, he has been engaged in the initiation and practical carrying out of a series of changes and reforms of the most extensive and influential character.

Among the many remarkable gifts of Sir Robert Peel was that of detecting and appreciating character. He rarely failed in the selection of the right man to support him in carrying out his policy to a successful issue; and from an early period, he seems to have appreciated the qualities of Mr. Gladstone. He saw much deeper into him than most men. While others saw in him a clever chopper of "Oxford logic," a man who could only split straws and promulgate extreme notions of High-Church policy, Peel saw in him a clear-sighted, practical man, of liberal tendencies and large views. No one doubted Mr. Gladstone's scholarship, his skill as a debater, or his earnestness as a religious man; but he seems to have been regarded as one who lived amongst abstractions rather than realities, and whose mind was too much filled with the theories of the schoolmen and theologians, to attract any active sympathy from men living in a practical and rather commonplace age.

During that first period of his career, Mr. Gladstone's style of oratory was somewhat peculiar. It was very deferential, subdued, mild, and rather casuistical; yet there was a mysterious sort of charm about it, which invariably riveted the attention of the House. Sincerity in any cause will always command attention and respect; and these Mr. Gladstone invariably obtained. His manner was singular in the House of Commons, where dapper debaters and glib-tongued orators, with very little in their heads, are always ready enough to spring to their feet, and arrogantly deliver themselves of platitudes or blarney, to the disgust of reporters and the dismay of the Speaker. Yet here was a man of the most profound scholarship, who, in the quietest possible tone of voice, — mild, clear, and harmonious, — in an abstracted,

absorbed, and unaffected manner, delivered himself of the serious utterances of a deeply reflective and religious spirit. He was never personal, and he carefully avoided all appeals which could serve to rouse the violence of political or religious rancor. His finely-organized mind shrank from all this; he thus made few enemies, and gradually increased the number of his friends and admirers. Still he was looked upon very much in the light of a resurrectionized monk, quite out of his element in a hard-mouthed modern legislature.

Now we must speak of his practical qualities, which shortly afterwards came into light. As we have observed, Peel marked him as a useful man, and he early secured him as a practical ally. Mr. Gladstone's character has two distinct sides, the theoretical and the practical, the latter of which Peel was the first to detect. In 1834 he was nominated a Lord of the Treasury, an office which was afterwards changed for that of Under-Secretary for the Colonies. Great was the surprise of the *quid nuncs* at the intimation of the last appointment. "What could Peel be thinking about, that he should appoint Gladstone, the young Oxonian and religious theorist, to so important an office?" But the *quid nuncs* did not know, as Peel knew, that Gladstone had one character for the study and another for the secretary's desk. In the latter capacity, he soon distinguished himself as an intelligent, active, painstaking official, thoroughly practical, knowing the business details of his office, and, in short, possessed of all those qualities which make the successful statesman. Peel knew his man better than the *quid nuncs*, and they were afterwards found ready enough to admit his eminent abilities. Mr. Gladstone's first tenure of office was, however, short, as he went out with Sir Robert Peel's ministry; in 1835, on their defeat upon the Appropriation Clause.

He remained out of office until the year 1841; and in the interval he occupied a good deal of his leisure on literary topics. He was a diligent contributor to periodicals; he

wrote a very admirable review of the *Life of Blanco White* in the *Quarterly*, and published several anonymous political pamphlets. But the work which excited the greatest interest was that entitled "*The State in its Relations with the Church*," which he published at Amiens in 1838. This book embodied his then views of the Church, and deservedly excited a great deal of notice. It formed the subject of one of Macaulay's best essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, and it was defended by Dr. Arnold in his *Introductory Lectures on Modern History*. There were few Reviews which passed by this book at the time of its appearance; and though Mr. Gladstone there put forward views of the most extreme kind, calculated to excite the most keen religious controversy,—leading, as they seemed to lead, to religious persecution,—still they were so evidently sincere, and the result of such conscientious inquiry, and set before the reader in such mild and plausible language, that they excited little hostility, though a very great deal of criticism.

Mr. Gladstone, having laid down his principle, did not scruple to push it to its consequences, although in somewhat vague and misty logic. His theory was based on the principle, that all "power," as the gift of God, is to be used for his glory; and that, in consequence, the possessors of all such power—statesmen, legislators, and magistrates—are called upon to hallow it by joint acts of worship. Hence the state must select a religion, establish it, and make the people adopt it, discouraging every other form of religion,—not by direct persecution, but by excluding the professors of the non-established religion from civil offices, and from all marks of national honor. Mr. Macaulay handled the subject of Mr. Gladstone's essay in a masterly manner, showing that the profession of a state religion by the entire members of the state would be a gross absurdity, and not only so, but a base tyranny. To that essay we beg to refer the attention of the reader who would see the whole sub-

ject of Mr. Gladstone's work thoroughly discussed in all its bearings.

Macaulay was, however, very complimentary to Mr. Gladstone. He congratulated him, a young and rising politician, on the devotion of a portion of his leisure to study and research; setting himself down to the preparation of a grave and elaborate treatise on an important part of the philosophy of government. Mr. Macaulay also recognized in Mr. Gladstone a man well qualified for philosophical investigation. "His mind," he says, "is of large grasp; nor is he deficient in dialectical skill. But he does not give his intellect fair play. There is no want of light, but a great want of what Bacon would have called dry light. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from all his mistakes. . . . The book, though not a good book, shows more talent than many good books. It abounds with eloquent and ingenious passages; it bears the signs of much patient thought; it is written throughout with excellent taste and temper; nor does it, so far as we have observed, contain one expression unworthy of a gentleman, a scholar, or a Christian."

Doubtless, Mr. Gladstone was still under the strong influences of the High-Church principles inculcated at Oxford when he wrote his book. The main aim of the teaching of that seminary seems to be to direct the mind *backwards*, rather than forwards; to revive old traditions, and renovate old forms; to feed upon old books, and cherish old thoughts; to make men lead lives of the tenth century, instead of the nineteenth. But, as Mr. Macaulay well remarks, "It is to no purpose that a man resists the influence which the vast mass, in which he is but an atom, must exercise on him. He may try to be a man of the tenth century, but he cannot. Whether he will or no, he must be a man

of the nineteenth century. He shares in the motion of the moral as well as in that of the physical world. He can no more be as intolerant as he would have been in the days of the Tudors, than he can stand in the evening exactly where he stood in the morning. The globe goes round from west to east, and he must go round with it."

What Mr. Gladstone mainly wanted at this time, to bring out his better qualities, was more abundant intercourse with men, and larger acquaintance with the living world about him. And, fortunately for himself and his country, those opportunities shortly after occurred to him. In 1841 Sir Robert Peel returned to power, and, with his usual sagacity, filled his offices with the best men about him. Many of these were comparatively young and untried, but they amply justified the selection of their chief. Mr. Gladstone, the Oxonian, was, strange to say, placed at the Board of Trade, first as Vice-President, and afterwards as President. He was also made Master of the Mint, and a member of the Cabinet. Sir Robert Peel received most valuable aid from his young coadjutor, with whom he confidentially consulted in all the difficult debates which arose out of his proposed modifications of commercial law. Mr. Gladstone, who had been regarded, even by many of his own party, as a dreamy enthusiast, astonished the public by the mastery which he exhibited over the minutiae of commercial and financial arrangements, pursuing the business of his office into the minutest details, and bringing to bear upon practical questions a large amount of information, drawn from all sources, — from the under-current of commerce which flows in warehouses and country-houses, as well as from the more readily accessible library, full of statistical tables and Parliamentary returns. He was unwearied in his assiduity, and always ready to defend the measure of his chief. Indeed, during the progress of the Free-Trade measures, he was confessedly Sir Robert's right arm. And not in Parliament only was he indefatigable,

but also in the press. In his pamphlet, published in 1844, "On the Ministry and the Sugar Duties," he brought the full force of fact and argument to bear in favor of the total abolition of differential duties; and in an able article published by him in the "Colonial and Foreign Quarterly," he showed a disposition to go much further in the direction of Free Trade than was supposed to be contemplated by the party then in power.

In 1845 Mr. Gladstone resigned office, on conscientious grounds. Having, in his book on "The State in its Relations to the Church," stated opinions adverse to the continued endowment of Maynooth, he preferred resigning office to supporting by his vote the ministerial measure with that object. But his speeches, since delivered, on the "Papal Aggression Bill," show that his views on that question must have undergone some important change; if not so, then we are altogether unable to reconcile them. At an early period in his career he was also opposed to the admission of the Jews to Parliament; but on that question, too, he dropped his opposition, and subsequently supported the measure. This shows that his opinions, as published in "The State in its Relations to the Church," were prematurely given to the world; and we have very little doubt that, before long, Mr. Gladstone will show that his views on the entire subject have undergone still more important modifications. Indeed, he has already declared his conviction that his early High-Church theory cannot be carried out in practice; and what he now desires is, equal civil rights for men of all religious persuasions, and a disconnection of the Church from the secular power.

Mr. Gladstone was felt to be too valuable a man to be allowed to remain out of office. Accordingly, when, at the close of 1845, Sir Robert Peel announced his resolution to repeal the Corn Laws, and Lord Stanley thereupon resigned the Secretaryship for the Colonies, Mr. Gladstone was at once appointed to the vacant post. But, representing as he



did Newark, one of the family seats of the late Duke of Newcastle, — a bitter opponent of the Free-Trade measures, — Mr. Gladstone felt called upon to resign ; and, consequently, he remained out of Parliament during the discussion of the Corn-Law question, though still consulted on all occasions by the indefatigable Premier. Mr. Gladstone remained out until the general election of 1847, when he was returned for Oxford University, which he continues to represent. On his return to Parliament, he took part in the debates as before, exhibiting rapid progress as a skilful and eloquent speaker. He began to throw himself with more ardor than before into the party conflicts of the time ; no less anxious to convince, he became more vigorous and trenchant in his replies, showing a growing eagerness to achieve triumph, as well as to produce conviction. And without this, a House of Commons speaker is not likely to achieve decided success. He must yield himself, in a great measure, to the spirit of his party ; and if he would be a leader, he must master and direct it. Mr. Gladstone was evidently now in a fair way of becoming a great party leader.

The growing liberal tendency of his mind was strikingly exhibited in 1850, when he went to Naples for the benefit of his children's health. He had no intention of making any comment on the internal state of the kingdom when he went there ; but hearing of the frightful atrocities committed on Neapolitan subjects, for no other crime than that of entertaining liberal views of politics, he made inquiries, visited the prisons, saw the wretched prisoners, gathered information about them from their friends and relatives, and the heart of the humane man was torn with indignation and horror. He was appalled at the violation of all honor, good faith, and humanity, by the king and his ministers. Thirty thousand men, and these the best in Naples, were incarcerated in dungeons, cruelly tortured, and ignominiously treated there ! His whole nature revolted at this monstrous inhumanity, and he

determined to do what he could to remedy the evil. Returned home, he addressed a private letter to his friend, Lord Aberdeen, whom he knew to have considerable influence at the Neapolitan court, detailing the wrongs of the prisoners and the horrible discoveries which he had made. Lord Aberdeen did expostulate with the King of Naples and his ministers, but without effect. Then Mr. Gladstone determined on publishing his "Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen," and thus to denounce the monstrous cruelty of the Neapolitan Bourbon in the face of the civilized world. The letters had an immense sale, and commanded universal admiration, not less for their trenchant style than for the vein of large-hearted humanity which ran through them. Lord Palmerston addressed a copy of the pamphlet to every minister representing England at foreign courts, as an appeal and protest to the great family of nations against the tyranny of Naples.

Shortly after Mr. Gladstone's return to England, in 1851, the brief Stanley interregnum occurred, and, in consequence of Mr. Gladstone's vote in favor of Disraeli's motion of inquiry into agricultural distress, hopes were entertained that he might be disposed to join the Protectionist administration. No expectations could have proved more unfounded; and to the application of Lord Derby he returned a decided negative. In the following year, when the Protectionists succeeded at length in forming a ministry, Mr. Gladstone placed himself in decided opposition. He may almost be said to have been the leader of the opposition. He acted with unflagging spirit, was always ready to defend by his voice and his vote the great measures of Peel, and showed a power and amplitude of resource in debate which astonished even his warmest admirers. He took the very first rank in the House. As a ready and skilful speaker, a close and argumentative reasoner, there were few, if any, to equal him. His views of the question under discussion were always large and statesmanlike, and he often succeeded in presenting it in a new and strikingly original aspect.

Towards the close of the session of 1852, Mr. Gladstone came more and more closely into collision with the brilliant Protectionist leader, Mr. Disraeli. The style of speaking of the two men is very different. Disraeli is full of brilliant points, is often fiercely defiant and sarcastic, and he tries to hit hard, nor does he often fail. Gladstone's success was never so dazzling; but his cool precision, keen analysis, logical force and accuracy of reasoning, not without a considerable power of quiet ridicule, made him on many occasions Disraeli's match. In weight of character he had greatly the advantage; and it is character, more than genius, which leads the House of Commons. But on some occasions Mr. Gladstone, in pure oratory, outstripped even Disraeli.

The most notable instance occurred on the night of the 16th December, 1852, — a night memorable in the annals of Parliament. The Protectionist budget had been under discussion for more than a week, and the division was drawing nigh. Disraeli, the one man of commanding talent on his side of the House, rose to reply, and his speech must be confessed a masterpiece. He spoke from ten in the Thursday evening until two o'clock in the Friday morning, under circumstances of great discouragement; yet his pluck never failed him, and to the last he fought desperately, like a gallant stag at bay. He gored and tossed his assailants, hurled defiance at them, was keenly sarcastic and fiercely denunciatory by turns, galled them with personalities, and lashed the House into passion, cheered on by his party, and, perhaps, stimulated by the vehemence of his own hate. His speech was a splendid one, magnificently delivered; and though evidently the desperate defiance of a defeated leader, it was worthy of a hero.

Who was to reply? Mr. Gladstone sprang to his feet. Remember, it was two o'clock in the morning when Disraeli sat down, and the House was impatient to divide. The dif-

ficulty in obtaining the ear of the House on such an occasion and at such an hour is always very great. But Mr. Gladstone made himself master of the situation by an artful appeal to the outraged personal feelings of the House: "He felt that the speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer called for a reply, and a reply on the moment. He told the right honorable gentleman that the license of language he had used, the phrases he had applied to the characters of men whose public career (interruption), — he told the right honorable gentleman that he was not entitled to charge with insolence members of that House, — to say to the right honorable member for Carlisle that he respected but did not regard him. Much as he had already learned, the right honorable gentleman had yet to learn the limits of moderation, of discretion, and of temperance, that ought to restrain the conduct and language of every member of that House, disregard of which was an offence in the meanest among them, and which was tenfold more so when committed by the leader of the House of Commons." He had now completely secured the attention of his audience, and he proceeded in a masterly style to vindicate the Free-Trade policy established by the preceding administration, which he did with an aptness and brilliancy of language, and in a compactness of argument, abundantly supported by apposite facts and illustrations, which stamped the speaker as one of the greatest orators and most successful debaters who had ever addressed that august assembly. The display of that night was worthy of the proudest days of Parliament; and it is only matter of regret, that, in consequence of the lateness of the hour at which Mr. Gladstone's speech of two hours' duration was delivered, the reports of it published in the next morning's papers were so unavoidably curtailed and imperfect.

On the accession of the present ministry to office, Mr. Gladstone was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, — an eminence which his financial abilities eminently qualify

him to occupy ; and it is no exaggeration to say, that his speech on presenting the late ministerial budget, which embraced so many important changes and improvements in taxation and finance, was one of the ablest ever made upon any similar occasion.

Mr. Gladstone does not possess the physical attributes of the popular orator. He has rather a recluse-like air ; and, like his rival Disraeli, seems to be possessed by an abstraction of thought from which he with difficulty rouses himself. His voice is clear and musical, but wanting in tone and volume : it sounds somewhat like a voice clearly heard afar off. His countenance is that of a student, — pale and intellectual ; his eye is of remarkable depth, and might almost be described as fascinating. Like Disraeli, he wants dignity of gait, and slouches somewhat. But in the House of Commons, personal short-comings such as these are thought lightly of.

We cannot better take leave of the illustrious subject of this brief sketch, than by quoting his own language, addressed to the people of Manchester a short time ago, on the occasion of unveiling the statue of Sir Robert Peel, erected in front of the Royal Infirmary there ; and we do so chiefly on this account, — that we believe the aims and objects of Sir Robert Peel's life, as thus described by Mr. Gladstone, are those which mainly animate and inspire himself.

“ It is easy,” said he, “ to enumerate many characteristics of the greatness of Sir Robert Peel. It is easy to speak of his ability, of his sagacity, of his indefatigable industry ; but, great as were the intellectual powers of Sir Robert Peel, if you will allow me, as one who may call myself his pupil and his follower in politics, to bear my witness, this I must say, that there was something greater still in Sir Robert Peel, — something yet more admirable than the immense intellectual endowments with which it had pleased the Almighty to gift him, — and that was, his sense of public virtue, — it was his

purity of conscience,—it was his determination to follow the public good,—it was that disposition in him which, when he had to choose between personal ease and enjoyment, or again, on the other hand, between political power and distinction and what he knew to be the welfare of the nation, his choice was made at once; and when his choice was once made, no man ever saw him hesitate,—no man ever saw him hold back from that which was necessary to give it effect. And, Mr. Mayor, it is the last word which I will address to you when I say this,—may God grant that many of those who shall traverse this crowded thoroughfare, as they eye the work which has been this day delivered over to your custody, may have awakened within their breasts the noble and honorable desire to tread, each for himself, in his own sphere, be it wide or be it narrow, the path of duty and of virtue; and in discharging those functions which appertain to us as citizens, to discharge them in the spirit of that great man,—the spirit and the determination to allow no difficulty, no obstacle, to stand between him and the performance of his duty,—relying upon it that duty in this country is the road to fame,—that if public men do not reap their reward, as in barbarous times they may have sought it, from immense and extensive possessions, measured upon the surface of the earth, they reap it in a form far more precious, when, like Sir Robert Peel, they bequeath a name which is the property not only of their family, not only of their own descendants, but of every man who calls himself an Englishman,—a part of our common wealth,—something that helps to endear us to our common country,—something that makes us feel that England is indeed a country that it is a blessing to belong to,—a country that has a great and beneficial part to play in the designs of Providence for the improvement and advancement of mankind.”



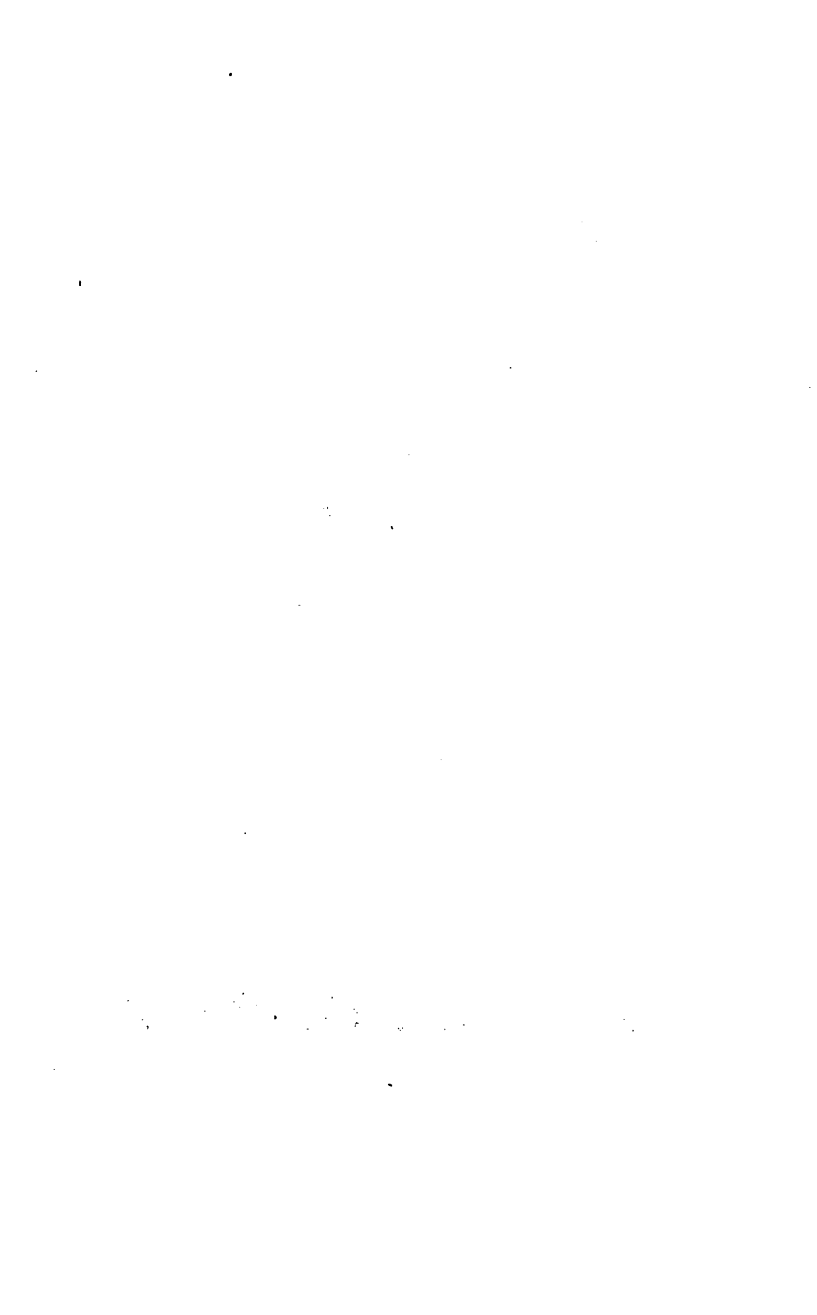


*Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

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power. But he had, long before the publication of that book, been well known in America as an author. As long ago as 1837 he published the first volume of his "Twice-told Tales," and in 1842 the second volume appeared; in 1845 he edited the "Journal of an African Cruiser;" and in 1846 he published his "Mosses from an Old Manse." But his best works are, unquestionably, his "Scarlet Letter," "The House of the Seven Gables," and, more recently, "The Marble Faun," which has already, like his other works, passed through many editions in England.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is a New-Englander, having been born at Salem, Massachusetts, — a district chiefly peopled by the stern old Puritan race. He counts among his ancestors "bold Hawthorne," a general famous during the Revolutionary struggle; though for many generations the Hawthorne family had followed their English instinct towards a sea life, and pursued their fortunes on that element. The "author" of the family was born about 1807, and was educated at Bowdoin College, in Maine, where he graduated in 1825. He studied in company with Longfellow, the poet, whom he still counts among his warm friends. Though the Hawthornes are comfortable, snug people, well to do in the world, this son, like the rest, must needs work; and so he learned this "blessed faculty and divine gift of labor," as Elihu Burritt, we think, has styled it; filling up the intervals of his time in study and literary occupation. Having succeeded in obtaining a situation in the Boston custom-house, while Bancroft, the future historian, was collector there, he spent several years, with considerable advantage to himself, in that enlightened town.

Like many young minds, he became haunted with ideas of Christian brotherhood, and left his situation at Boston to join himself to the community of Brook Farm, near West Roxbury, where he toiled amidst its rugged furrows in field labor, and dreamed great dreams of the reconstruction of old

society upon entirely new foundations. But the dreams did not last long. His individualism was too strong for community; so he left the Farm, and married. Then it was that he went to reside at the little town of Concord, where dwelt Emerson, the Thinker. In the *Life of Margaret Fuller*, Emerson thus refers to the new-comer:—

“In 1842 Nathaniel Hawthorne came to live in Concord, in the ‘Old Manse,’ with his wife, who was herself an artist. With these welcomed persons, Margaret formed a strict and happy acquaintance. She liked their home, and the taste which had filled it with new articles of beautiful furniture, yet harmonized with the antique fixtures left by the former proprietors. She liked, too, the pleasing walks and rides and boatings which the neighborhood commanded. At the same time, William Ellery Channing, whose wife was her sister, built a house in Concord, and this circumstance made a new tie and another home for Margaret.”

The Old Manse, to which Hawthorne had thus removed, had never, until he and his young wife entered it as their home, been profaned by a lay occupant. Those who are familiar with his works will remember the delicious picture which he gives in the first chapter of the “*Mosses from an Old Manse*,” which was written there.

“Between two tall gate-posts of rough-hewn stone, (the gate itself having fallen from its hinges at some unknown epoch,) we beheld the gray front of the old parsonage-house, terminating the vista of an avenue of black ash-trees. It was now a twelvemonth since the funeral procession of the venerable clergyman, its last inhabitant, had turned from that gateway towards the burying-ground. The wheel-track leading to the door, as well as the whole breadth of the avenue, was almost overgrown with grass, affording dainty mouthfuls to two or three vagrant cows, and an old white horse, who had his own living to pick up along the roadside. The glimmering shadows, that lay half asleep between the door of the

house and the public highway, were a kind of spiritual medium, seen through which the edifice had not quite the aspect of the natural world. Certainly, it had little in common with those ordinary abodes, which stand so imminent upon the road, that every passer-by can thrust his hand, as it were, into the domestic circle. From these quiet windows, the figures of passing travellers looked too remote and dim to disturb the sense of privacy. In its near retirement, and accessible seclusion, it was the very spot for the residence of a clergyman; a man not estranged from human life, yet enveloped, in the midst of it, with a veil woven of intermingled gloom and darkness. It was worthy to have been one of the time-honored parsonages of England; in which, through many generations, a succession of holy occupants pass from youth to age, and bequeath each an inheritance of sanctity to pervade the house, and hover over it as an atmosphere."

Curiously enough, Emerson himself had once been an inhabitant of the Old Manse. In its rear was a delightful little nook of a study, in which he wrote "Nature;" and he used to watch the Assyrian dawn and the Paphian sunset and moon-rising, from the summit of the eastern hill near at hand. The windows of the study peeped between willow branches down into the orchard, revealing glimpses of the river Assabet, shining through the trees. From one of the windows, facing northward, a broader view of the river was gained, and at a spot where its hitherto obscure waters gleam forth into the light of history. It was at this window that the clergyman who then dwelt in the Manse stood watching the outbreak of a long and deadly struggle between two nations; he saw the irregular array of his parishioners on the further side of the river, and the glittering line of the British on the hither bank; and he waited in an agony of suspense the rattle of the musketry. It came, — and there needed but a gentle wind to sweep the battle-smoke around this quiet home. Un-

der the stone-wall which separates the battle-ground from the precincts of the parsonage is still to be seen the grave of two British soldiers, slain in the skirmish, and who have since slept peacefully there where they were laid.

While Hawthorne lived at the Old Manse, he had many visitors of mark, for his name had now become known. There were Lowell the poet, and Emerson, and Margaret Fuller, and Ellery Channing, who occasionally came to enjoy a day's fishing in the river. It was a kind of poet's life which Hawthorne led, amidst the sound of bees, the murmuring of streams, and the rustling of leaves. What was more, the Old Manse was said to be "haunted;" and occasionally there came a rustling noise, as of a minister's silk gown, sweeping through the very midst of the company, so closely as almost to brush against the chairs: yet there was nothing visible.

Glancing back at his three years' life there, he afterwards said: "It seems but the scattered reminiscences of a single summer. In fairy-land there is no measurement of time; and in a spot so sheltered from the turmoil of life's ocean, three years hasten away with a noiseless flight, as the breezy sunshine chases the cloud-shadows across the depths of a still valley. Now came hints, growing more and more distinct, that the owner of the old house was pining for his native air. Carpenters next appeared, making a tremendous racket among the out-buildings, strewing green grass with fine shavings and chips of chestnut joists, and vexing the whole antiquity of the place with their discordant renovations. Soon, moreover, they divested our abode of the veil of woodbines which had crept over a large portion of its southern face. All the aged mosses were cleared unsparingly away; and there were horrible whispers about brushing up the external walls with a coat of paint,—a purpose as little to my taste as might be that of rouging the venerable cheeks of one's grandmother. But the hand that renovates is always more sacrilegious than

that which destroys. In fine, we gathered up our household goods, drank a farewell cup of tea in our pleasant little breakfast-room, — delicately fragrant tea — an unpurchasable luxury — one of the many angel-gifts that had fallen like dew upon us, — and passed forth between the tall stone gate-posts, as uncertain as the wandering Arabs where our tent might next be pitched. Providence took me by the hand, and — an oddity of dispensation which, I trust, there is no irreverence in smiling at — has led me, as the newspapers announce while I am writing, from the Old Manse into a Custom House !”

Hawthorne now became Surveyor of the Customs in Salem, and thither he removed accordingly. He remained there three years, occasionally digging amongst the old archives of the place, amongst which he professes to have discovered the record of the story which he has so skilfully woven together in his “Scarlet Letter.” Hawthorne went in as Surveyor with the Loco-Foco, or Polk administration, and he also went out with them. It is one of the evils of the popular system of governing in America, that, at every change of power from party to party, there is a clean sweep made of those in office, in favor of the adherents of the new dynasty. As head Surveyor, Hawthorne had it in his power, on assuming office, to turn out the former officials, and supply their places with those of his own kidney in politics. “The greater part of my officers,” he says, “were Whigs. It was well for their venerable brotherhood that the new Surveyor was not a politician, and, though a faithful Democrat in principle, neither received nor held his office with any reference to political services. It pained, and at the same time amused me, to behold the terrors that attended my advent ; to see a furrowed cheek, weather-beaten by half a century of storm, turn ashy pale at the glance of so harmless an individual as myself ; to detect, as one or another addressed me, the tremor of a voice which, in long-past days, had been wont to halloo through a

speaking-trumpet, hoarsely enough to frighten Boreas himself into silence." But Hawthorne never could find it in his heart to dismiss the old veterans; so they vegetated on, each in his old place.

Hawthorne confesses that it was good for him, at this time of his life, to be brought into companionship with men whose habits and pursuits and intellectual abilities were of an altogether different kind from his own; and whose peculiar qualities he must go out of himself to appreciate. He had now fallen among business men, who knew nothing of literature, who read few books, but who were full of the practical knowledge of the world. He found there were other valuable qualities in life besides literary ones, requiring fully as much integrity, manliness, courage, ability, and industry to display and develop them aright.

"I took it," he says, "in good part at the hands of Providence that I was thrown into a position so little akin to my past habits, and set myself seriously to gather from it whatever profit was to be had. After my fellowship of toil and impracticable schemes with the dreamy brethren of Brook Farm; after living for three years within the subtle influence of an intellect like Emerson's; after those wild, free days in the Assabet, indulging fantastic speculations, beside our fire of fallen boughs, with Ellery Channing; after talking with Thoreau about pine-trees and Indian relics; after growing fastidious by sympathy with the classic refinement of Hillard's culture; after becoming imbued with poetic sentiment at Longfellow's hearthstone,—it was time, at length, that I should exercise other faculties of my nature, and nourish myself with food for which I had hitherto had little appetite. Even the old inspector was desirable, as a change of diet, to a man who had known Alcott. I looked upon it as an evidence, in some measure, of a system naturally well balanced, and lacking no essential part of a thorough organization, that, with such associates to remember, I could mingle

at once with men of altogether different qualities, and never murmur at the change. Literature, its exertions and objects, were now of little moment in my regard. I cared not, at this period, for books; they were apart from me. Nature — except it were human nature — the nature that is developed in earth and sky — was, in one sense, hidden from me; and all the imaginative delight wherewith it had been spiritualized passed away out of my mind. A gift, a faculty, if it had not departed, was suspended and inanimate within me.”

So Hawthorne, for the time, gave up writing, and confined himself to business, — to dry details of imports, and puzzling figures of arithmetic. He ceased to be the poet, and sunk into the ordinary man. His creative gifts lay dormant within him. He was regarded by those about him as the Surveyor of the revenue, — nothing more. “It is a good lesson — though it may be often a hard one — for a man who has dreamed of literary fame, and of making for himself a rank among the world’s dignitaries by such means, to step aside out of the narrow circle in which his claims are recognized, and to find how utterly devoid of significance beyond that circle is all that he achieves, and all that he aims at.” But Hawthorne’s time of dismissal came round. He had already gathered the groundwork of a tale, by poring among the old custom-house records; but he could not set to work upon it. The atmosphere of the custom-house deadened his contrivance and imagination: his gift had departed from him. Happily, the quadrennial election of President came round, and the usual clearance was made of the heads of departments. General Taylor, the Whig, was elected, and all Democratic officials were dismissed, to make room for Whig ones. So Hawthorne was driven forth from his Surveyorship. He became himself again; and to his dismissal from office we most probably owe the publication of his “Scarlet Letter” and other subsequent works.

It was in “The Scarlet Letter” that Hawthorne’s strongly-



marked characteristics as an author first clearly displayed themselves. Indeed, until its appearance, his name was not at all extensively known as a writer; nor does he himself seem to have been very ambitious after fame. He had long written anonymously in magazines and reviews, when a friend of his, Horatio Bridge, of the United States Navy, was instrumental in bringing him before the public as the author of the "Twice-told Tales."

In the last dedication of "The Snow Image" to Mr. Bridge, the author says: "If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came; but, while we were lads together at a country college, gathering blueberries, in study hours, under those tall academic pines; or watching the great logs as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons and gray squirrels in the woods; or bat-fowling in the summer twilight; or catching trouts in that shadowy little stream which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again, — two idle lads, in short, (as we need not fear to acknowledge now,) doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it would have been the worse for us, — still it was your prognostic of your friend's destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction. And a fiction-monger, in due season, he became. But, was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public, as in my case? I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprang up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity. And there, perhaps, I should be sitting at this moment, with the moss on the imprisoning tree-trunks, and the yellow leaves of more than a score of autumns piled above me, if it had not been for you. For it was through your interposition — and that, moreover, unknown to him-

self—that your early friend was brought before the public somewhat more prominently than theretofore, in the first volume of ‘Twice-told Tales.’”

These “Twice-told Tales” contain many very clever sketches of life, character, and nature; as also does the collection entitled “The Snow Image, and other Tales,” as well as the “Mosses from an Old Manse.” The “Rill from the Town Pump” has travelled far and wide. It was published by the teetotallers in England many years ago, but without any author’s name attached. In “Ethan Brand,” “Goodman Brown,” “Main Street,” “The Minister’s Black Veil,” and “Legends of the Province House,” Hawthorne showed what power slumbered within him. But these are confessedly cursory sketches, thrown off with ease, to fill the pages of newspapers, magazines, and annuals, where for a long time they lay buried, until the author’s fame, founded on his later writings, brought them to light again. These sketches exhibit lively imagination, and close observation; their style is simple, pure, and tranquil. A deep love of nature is apparent in them; nor are they wanting in a quaint humor and tenderness, which give a charming interest to his recitals of the old traditions and legends of New England. But on the whole, the feeling which pervades these early sketches is that of pensiveness and melancholy. The writer shows a strong sympathy with the darker side of human nature, and never seems more in his element than when unravelling a gloomy life-mystery, and tracing some dark thread of guilt to its source. Even his humor is melancholy, and his gaiety seems to flow from him with effort. But his deep pensiveness is always natural. The American poet Lowell, who knows him well, has hit him off in a few lines, as

“Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare,  
That you hardly at first see the strength that is there.

His strength is so tender, his mildness so meek,  
He’s a John Bunyan Fouqué, a Puritan Tieck.”

Lowell even fancies that Nature has made a slight mistake in Hawthorne, — that, having run short of material in his construction, she finished him off with

“Some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared.”

In “The Scarlet Letter,” as we have said, Hawthorne for the first time fully brings out his great and peculiar powers. He lays decisive hand upon the apparition, — brings it near to us, so that we can see it face to face, — and unravels, skilfully and painfully, the dark mysteries of being. There is something extraordinarily fascinating in this book: we read on even while we shrink from it. The misery of the poor woman, Hesther Prynne, — she who wears the badge of disgrace, — stands prominent in every page; in strange contrast with her elfin child, little Pearl. We hang over that remarkable scene between the faithless priest and the guilty woman, in the deep shadow of the primeval forest, — while the mysterious child plays near at hand by the brookside, with a deeply-riveted interest. Then, that picture of the wronged husband, silently pursuing his revenge, — how terrible it is! Yet, harrowing though the subject be, there is nothing prurient or feverish about it. The whole story is told with simple power. The work is pure, severe, and truthful; and it holds every reader in thrall until the end of the dark story is reached. There are many gems of thought scattered throughout the story, only a few of which we can venture to carry away. For instance: —

“There is a fatality, a feeling so irresistible and inevitable that it has the force of doom, which almost invariably compels human beings to *linger around and haunt, ghost-like, the spot where some great and marked event has given the color to their lifetime*; and still the more irresistibly, the darker the tinge that saddens it.”

“Mr. Dimmesdale was a true priest, a true religionist, with the reverential sentiment largely developed, and an

order of mind that impelled itself powerfully *along the track of a creed, and wore its passage continually deeper with the lapse of time.* In no state of society would he have been what is called a man of liberal views; it would always be essential to his peace *to feel the pressure of a faith about him,* supporting, while it confined him, within its iron framework. Not the less, however, though with a tremulous enjoyment, did he feel the occasional relief of looking at the universe through the medium of another kind of intellect than those with which he habitually held converse. *It was as if a window were thrown open, admitting a freer atmosphere* into the close and stifed study, where his life was wasting away, amid lamp-light or obstructed day-beams, and the musty fragrance, be it sensual or moral, that exhales from books. But the air was too fresh and chill to be long breathed with comfort; so the minister, and the physician with him, withdrew again within the limits of what their church defined as orthodox."

"When an uninstructed multitude attempts to see with its eyes, it is exceedingly apt to be deceived. When, however, it forms its judgment, as it usually does, *on the intuitions of its great and warm heart, the conclusions thus attained are often so profound and so unerring, as to possess the character of truths supernaturally revealed.*"

"It is remarkable that *persons who speculate the most boldly, often conform with the most perfect quietude to the external regulations of society.* The thought suffices them, without investing itself in the flesh and blood of action."

"No man, for any considerable period, can wear *one face to himself, and another to the multitude, without finally getting bewildered as to which may be the true.*"

"A tendency to speculation, though it may keep woman quiet, as it does man, yet makes her sad. She discerns, it may be, such a hopeless task before her. As a first step, the whole system of society is to be torn down, and built up anew. Then, the very nature of the opposite sex, or its

long hereditary habit, which has become like nature, is to be essentially modified before woman can be allowed to assume what seems a fair and suitable position. Finally, all other difficulties being obviated, woman cannot take advantage of these preliminary reforms, until she herself shall have undergone a still mightier change; *in which, perhaps, the ethereal essence, wherein she had her truest life, will be found to have evaporated.* A woman never overcomes these problems by any exercise of thought. They are not to be solved, or only in one way. *If her heart chance to come uppermost, they vanish."*

Hawthorne's romance entitled "The House of the Seven Gables" more than sustained the reputation which "The Scarlet Letter" created. In character it is widely different; not inferior in artistic excellence, but much more varied, and full of strongly-marked original character. It is a thoroughly complete and satisfactory tale.

One of Mr. Hawthorne's peculiar characteristics is that of *individualizing* places, localities, and things. He presents them before you in such a manner, paints their every feature so minutely, that he makes them present, as it were, to your very eyes; and their characteristics become part and parcel of his story. Thus, this House of the Seven Gables figures before you as the prominent *character* of the story. We saw the germs of the same remarkable power in his picture of the "Old Manse," which he endowed with a kind of vitality, and set before us as an object of almost human interest and sympathy. So, in like manner, he introduced his House of the Seven Gables by throwing a dim halo of superstition about it, thus preparing the reader for being fully impressed by the powerful story that follows.

In his last work, "The Marble Faun," our author has taken up and pursued the same idea which predominates in his previous works,—the idea of secret guilt. So repeatedly and so closely does he analyze the morbid, moral anatomy

of this subject, that it seems to exercise a positive fascination for him. Into this tomb and dungeon he loves to enter, and from it drags to light the secret criminal. The minuteness and the closeness of his analysis of the secret workings of the human heart with guilt for a companion, and withal the extreme delicacy with which the subject is handled, is something marvellous, and has perhaps never been equalled by any writer. His object, in the *Faun*, is to exhibit the revelation of the moral laws through transgression; and the manner in which the idea is worked out is most skilful. But the exquisite finish of its style, and the grace and beauty of its thoughts, are perhaps not its least striking characteristics. The Italian sky, under which the story was conceived, seems to have imparted to it a degree of softness and beauty wanting in its predecessors. Yet for strength and fibre we do not deem it their equal. We like the author best on American ground, — depicting the stern Puritan life of New England, the primitive habits and the early struggles of the first settlers, — for it is there he is strongest; and we trust again to meet him on that native soil.

Mr. Hawthorne has now been absent from America for nearly eight years, filling the office of United States Consul at Liverpool during a part of the time; the later period he has spent in Italy. “*The Marble Faun*” was written at the remote watering-place of Redcar, a little village on the northeast coast of Yorkshire, looking out upon the German Ocean; and the quiet of the place, and the bracing air of the sea-shore, enabled him to prosecute his undertaking without interruption and with increasing vigor of health. Mr. Hawthorne has made many warm friends during his residence in England; but far larger than these is the number of ardent admirers of his genius, whose best wishes he carries with him on his return to his native country. And both as a man and as an author, his country has good reason to be proud of him.

## THOMAS CARLYLE.

**N**O one will deny the great influence which Carlyle has exercised upon thoughtful minds during the last twenty years. Young men, in all professions, but especially in literature, have caught from him a contagious influence, which has coursed through their veins like fire. He has uttered, with the voice as of an old Hebrew prophet, the feeling of disquiet and unrest which pervades society; and his "Woe! Woe!" and "Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" have startled many in the midst of their pleasant dreams of peace and progress. He is the Jeremiah of modern days, full of wailing at the backslidings of our race. He recognizes no soundness in us, from the crown of the head to the sole of the feet. All is foul and unclean. We are but the creatures of shams, creeds, and formulas, without any real or God-like life in us, — worshippers of clothes, steam, machinery, sordid materialism, and Hudson statues!

But there is more than this in Carlyle's utterances, and we should be doing him a deep injustice were we to say that this is all that he means. He devoutly reverences the great mysteries of the universe, Being, and the source of Being, the spirit and essence of religion (for of *creed* we believe he has none), and the Divine in man's soul; he preaches, though oftentimes in mystic and unintelligible phrases, the nobility of work, and the duties of being and doing, even though we pursue them with bleeding feet, through the midst of grief, evil, errors, and sorrows of all kinds. This gospel he proclaims

in a wild, poetic, and oftentimes almost fanatic manner, with violent indignation; alternated with moanings and sobbings, up-welling from the depths of a sorrowful heart.

We must admit, however, that the revolutionary and destructive genius is stronger in Carlyle than the conservative and constructive. He is emphatically a puller-down, not a builder-up. He never wields his giant's club with greater delight than when he is assailing some cherished idol of society; his humor is then almost savage, and his sneers sarcastic, bitter, and full of gall! In him, we are reminded of the fury of the Iconoclasts of the Low Countries, and the Anabaptists of Munster, and of the blind rage of the followers of John Knox at the "dingin' down o' the cathedrals." There is a puritanic fervor in his indignation, as he "hews the sons of Agag in pieces." He does not seem to love the good so much as he hates the evil. He tramples on over his foe as one possessed, breathing fierce disdain and defiance. Kings and priests, self-chosen, he calls on to get out of the way; all professors of cant, of shams, of trickeries, quackeries, frauds of all kinds, no matter how high and snug they are seated, or whether robed in lawn, purple, or ermine, he will have none of; nay, he would even do battle against humane and true workers, because they do not, like him, wield the club of steel and whip of fire. We have seen how he could fall foul of the humane treatment of prisoners, in one of his fits of indiscriminate anger at the popular movements of the age. He has no sympathy for such notions of making men better; none but emphatic methods of dealing with the inferior mass will do; and, because milder methods of convincing, attracting, and sympathizing are advocated, he is down upon the "Humanity-mongers" with all his might.

Carlyle never cares how or where his strokes tell. The bullet shot by him may kill a general or a private, it matters nothing to him. "Who is this man," said Queen Mary to John Knox, "who comes here to remonstrate with the ruler



of this kingdom?" "A subject of the same," replied the terrible sectary, — a remark which Carlyle loves to quote in various forms, — for in the same spirit he brings contemporary facts and social conditions to receive judgment at his hand. Contemporaries may say to him, as Mary did to Knox, "Who are you that thus dares to attack your age and epoch?" Carlyle's answer, like Knox's, is, "A man living in this age and epoch, who suffers in it, who shares its sorrows, who dreads its tendencies, and who, in attacking the causes of actual evils, defends himself personally, and fights for his own life; while you, voluntarily or involuntarily, are cramped, defiled, full of scoffing, scepticism, sensuality, and impiety. I speak not in the name of Whigs or of Tories, of Radicals or of priests, — I speak in my own name; I speak not as the slave of a party, but as *a man*."

Carlyle is, like Cobbett (a man very unlike him in many respects), an intense Englishman; an intense Protestant; a terrible iconoclast; a Voltaire, without his impiety; a breaker-down of idols, without bestowing a thought upon whose comfort he thereby disturbs. "You deceive yourself with these idols of clay," says Carlyle; "down with them!" "Away with your masks," he cries; "let us see your true features. Enough of comedy, masking and mumming hypocrisies, lying philosophies, and false philanthropic sentiments, — away with them! Show us what *you are*, — let your thoughts be your own; dare to be *yourself*, — have the courage to dare to be something, anything, so that you are not false. Action, action! — work, work! — not words and writing: by work alone can you develop your own nature, and elevate the world in which you live. Rather be silent than speak or write. But if you *have* anything to say, *say* it, and don't sing it. None of your inarticulate, sing-song jargon!" Such, in a few words, is the spirit of Carlyle's utterances.

We think, therefore, that Carlyle must be regarded mainly in the light of a revolutionist. True, there may be need of

such as he. We have too many idols which need tumbling into the dust ; and Carlyle is doing a great work if he succeeds in accomplishing this. We must wait for the builder-up to make his appearance, when the idols have been prostrated and the ground cleared of ruins. Luther and Knox levelled the religious idols of Germany and Scotland ; Voltaire and Rousseau levelled alike the political and religious idols of France ; and Carlyle is now only completing what our Puritans of the seventeenth century began in England. We have had no sweeping reformation yet ; and Carlyle works as if he thought we stood in need of it. He battles not with sword or gun, but with a more powerful weapon, — his pen. Thus does he move the minds which move others. Through them he flings down idols, and breaks in pieces the impostures which tyrannize over men. Some claim for him a higher glory, — that of teaching reverence for the Infinite, love for the spiritual life, and a way of escape from the sordid materialism of the age. But, to our mind, his great power consists in the daring bravery with which he wages war — too indiscriminatingly, many think — against what is evil in our life and institutions.

Carlyle's most enthusiastic admirers must admit that he is eminently unpractical. His religion consists in longings, his socialism in phrases without any plan, — his politics are altogether negative. He clearly enough sees what is wrong, but he fails to point out what is right, or what we ought to substitute in place of the wrong which he would do away with. He is baffled when he sits down to propose remedies. He has none to offer, but goes on assailing, scourging, and pulling down. He scorns logic, and has no sympathy with your "practical men." He lives in another sphere ; he is a seer, a prophet, a poet. It is true, he is no rhyming poet ; indeed he has a thorough contempt for this art, including it among his "shams ;" and yet his keen insight into deep thought, his flashing revelations of spiritual life, his feeling, sometimes his

tenderness and love, often his gloomy spectral fervor, show that he possesses the true poetic genius, without which, perhaps, he would not be the great power that he is. His style is abrupt and rugged, but serious and energetic; his sentences are confused and involved, thought tumbled upon thought, so that you can read him but slowly; but when you have waded through, and apprehended his meaning, you are conscious of an action having been exercised upon your mind and heart such as few writers besides him are capable of exciting. His historic pictures glow with life and action; and, in a few graphic sentences, he sets you at once in the midst of the fiery actions and the demoniac strife of the French Revolution. In the same way, his "Past and Present" furnishes you with a most vivid insight into the past monastic and social life of England.

This great genius, like most others, has sprung "from the ranks." He belongs to the common people, and, like Burns, his countryman, he comes from the better class of the Scottish peasantry. His father was a small farmer at Middlebie, in the neighborhood of Annan, in Dumfriesshire, — a rigidly religious man, universally respected by his neighbors as the best, wisest, and most intelligent man in the village. He it was who was called in to settle disputes among the neighbors, and he was consulted in many delicate family matters, in which he was wont to display sound judgment, and always gave sagacious counsel. In a word, Carlyle's father resembled the father of Diderot, — of whom Carlyle himself has painted a vivid portrait, — as the arbitrator of his district, by whose wisdom and advice village enmities and lawsuits were prevented, and domestic differences reconciled. Carlyle has more than once earnestly thanked God that He gave him such a father. Proud of his birth, at once popular and noble, he could say of himself what in some part of his works he says of Burns or Diderot, two plebeians like himself, — "How many kings, how many princes are there, not so well

born!" The opinions of Carlyle might be explained, so to speak, by his birth, and by the first education which he received. With a heart full of sympathy for the people, he nevertheless holds aristocratic opinions of a very decided character: this was because, as a youth, he learned from his father how respectable the people may be, and, in listening to his lessons, how contemptible the populace. Such is the sentiment which vibrates through the writings of Carlyle. At a particular point in his life, he took in hand the cause of the people to the extent of attracting towards him the sympathy of the Chartists; yet he has never ceased, throughout his life, to express his contempt for all knaves.

His first education was rustic and popular, and as his character was thus formed, so it has remained. In his "Sartor Resartus," he himself has informed us of the impressions of his childhood, and the influence which those impressions, such as places, landscapes, and surrounding scenery, made upon his mind. The cattle-fairs, to which his father sometimes took him, the apparition of the mail-coach passing twice a day through the village, seeming to him some strolling world, coming from he knew not where, and going he knew not whither, — all this is described in the "Sartor Resartus," with a freshness and vivacity which clearly indicate that they are the ineffaceable impressions of childhood. Besides this first education, — the most important of all, — Carlyle received another at the High School of Annan, where he had for a school-fellow Edward Irving, the well-known orator and preacher, whom Carlyle afterwards nobly delineated. At Annan he received the rudiments of his scholastic training, — learned declensions, conjugations, and Greek and Latin syntax.

It is a great and an honorable ambition, among even the poorest classes of Scotland, to confer a good "schooling" on their children; and many aspire to see one or other of them some day able to "wag his pow in a poopit." Carlyle was,

we believe, destined for the "Kirk," and, after the usual burgh school education, was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he spent two sessions in the usual course of classical instruction there. What he thinks of the Edinburgh routine of study may be gathered from his "Sartor Resartus," in the chapter on Pedagogy. And here, by the way, we would remark, that that extraordinary book — though any one, on first reading it, would take it for a hodge-podge translation from some German book of the Richter school — contains a great deal of Carlyle's own life, and describes in the most vivid manner the history of his own mind. No one who knows Annan and its High School can mistake the "Hinterschlag Gymnasium;" and the Edinburgh University is also quite unmistakable.

During the vacations he returned to the country, to ramble among the old places so dear to him, and to revive his recollections and impressions of childhood. His mental humor seems at that time to have tended towards the speculative and poetic: he studied closely the principles of mathematics, but at the same time was deep in the mysteries of Faust and Wilhelm Meister, which he sought to unravel.

Though the scholastic education imparted at Edinburgh is very inferior to that communicated on the noble foundations of England, there are opportunities enough to learn, for those who are resolute and determined in their search for knowledge. Carlyle was free both to think and to read, and he did both. The college referred to has no tests, and no residence is required; so that, with all its slovenliness, as regards discipline, there is at least the redeeming feature of the entire mental freedom which it leaves to the student. "From the chaos of that library," writes Carlyle as Teufelsdröckh, "I succeeded in fishing up more books perhaps than had been known to the very keepers thereof. The foundation of a literary life was hereby laid. I learned, on my own strength, to read fluently in almost all cultivated lan-

guages, on almost all subjects and sciences ; further, as man is ever the prime object to man, already it was my favorite employment to read character in speculation, and from the Writing to construe the Writer. A certain ground-plan of Human Nature and Life began to fashion itself in me ; wondrous enough, now, when I look back on it ; for my whole Universe, physical and spiritual, was yet a Machine ! However, such a conscious, recognized ground-plan, the truest I had, *was* beginning to be there, and by additional experiments might be corrected and indefinitely extended."

In the pilgrim wanderings of Teufelsdröckh over the world, Carlyle only describes his own extensive survey of the realms of knowledge, as contained in books. Thus, he traversed waste, howling wildernesses, crossed great mountain chains, ventured in stormy northwest passages, and journeyed among the highways of men in towns and cities. He was tempest-tossed, storm-stayed, plunged in quagmires, lost and lone in the trackless desert. His mind became plunged in agonies of Doubt on all subjects. The great mysteries of Creed perplexed him beyond measure. The orthodoxy of his early faith became rudely assailed in the course of his intercourse with books ; one by one, his props fell from around him, and he was left standing alone, self-dependent, but miserable. Here, however, was Carlyle's starting-point as an original thinker and writer. He had to trust to 'himself. His thoughts and opinions were carried out by himself, and were his own. He had to pass through the furnace, and they were burnt into him by suffering. Add to this, that Carlyle's life at college was a life of comparative poverty and privation, — though this he thought little of, compared with other men more genially brought up. "In an atmosphere of poverty and manifold chagrin, the humor of that young soul, what character is in him, first decisively reveals itself, and, like a strong sunshine in weeping skies, gives out variety of colors, some of which are prismatic."

His first views of a profession having now changed, he became a member of the great corps of "unattached," floating through society, without an object to cling to, — without connections, and without prospects of profitable employment. The young collegian, in such case, if he has nothing better to do, and if his literary training has disabled him (which it very often does) of all practical capacity for succeeding in any ordinary branch of industry, looks out for a tutorship; and for some time, accordingly, Carlyle officiated as tutor in a gentleman's family. He could not like this office, — in most families one of dependence and drudgery, unbecoming a strong-hearted, self-reliant man; nor did he continue in it long.

He had not yet entirely given up all thoughts of "the Kirk." But about the year 1823, that is, when he was about twenty-seven years of age, after having hesitated for a long time, he determined to preserve his mental freedom entire, and he then embraced the profession of a man of letters, — a profession which he has since so well described in his *Life of Sterling*, as "an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely aerial and ill-conditioned profession." We believe his first literary efforts were published in the columns of the *Dumfriesshire Courier*, which was then edited by Dr. Duncan, the founder of savings banks, with whom Mr. Carlyle continued in friendship until the close of his valued life. Mr. Carlyle's first published book was a translation of Legendre's *Geometry*, which was followed by a "Treatise on Proportions." His third work was the translation of the "*Wilhelm Meister*" of Goethe, in three volumes, which appeared in 1824. It was given out by the publishers (Oliver and Boyd) to be the first work of a young gentleman of Edinburgh, and it was well received by the press, though the first edition went off very slowly. The Preface to the book is simple, yet forcible, containing no traces of the peculiar style of Carlyle's later writings. He invites

thoughtful minds to the study of Meister in the following manner :—

“ Across the disfigurement of a translation, they will not fail to discover indubitable traces of the greatest genius of our times. And the longer they study, they are likely to discover them the more distinctly. New charms will successively arise to view ; and of the many apparent blemishes, while a few superficial ones will be confirmed, the greater and more important part will vanish, or even change from dark to bright. For, if I mistake not, it is with Meister as with every work of real and abiding excellence, the first glance is the least favorable. A picture of Raphael, a Greek statue, a play of Sophocles or Shakespeare, appears insignificant to the unpractised eye ; and not till after long and patient and intense examination do we begin to descry the earnest features of that beauty, which has its foundation in the deepest nature of man, and will continue to be pleasing through all ages.”

We defy any one to detect in this extract, or, indeed, in the whole preface to the Meister, any germs of the grotesque style of the “ Latter-day ” Carlyle.

Afterwards, Carlyle was engaged to supply three articles to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, on the subjects of Montesquieu, Montaigne, and the two Pitts. Then his “ Life of Schiller ” appeared, published bit by bit in the London Magazine, in which Hazlitt and Charles Lamb were then principal writers. This Life of Schiller—the first remarkable essay of Carlyle—gives a good idea of the author’s state of mind at the period at which he wrote it, when he was, in all the heat and fervor of his new ideas, meditating a reactionary onslaught upon the materialistic and sceptical theories which then prevailed in England, and which had held official sway from Priestley down to Malthus and Bentham.

The publication of this Life of Schiller led to the com-



mencement of a lengthened correspondence between Carlyle and Goethe. In his letters to the great German, Carlyle, then married and living in retirement on his Scotch farm, bewailed the moral maladies of our time, which he afterwards so eloquently set forth in his "Sartor Resartus;" for he also, the declared enemy of sentimentality, appears to have had his period of groaning and desolation, of Byronism and Wertherism, like most young minds in our time. But in one of these letters, dated in 1826, it is evident that the crisis had completely passed, and that Carlyle had profited by the advice which he gave to himself, of "Shut thy Byron, open thy Goethe." He thus writes to Goethe: "Our residence is not in the town [Dumfries] itself, but fifteen miles to the northwest of it, among the granite hills and the black morasses which stretch westwards through Galloway almost to the Irish Sea. In this wilderness of heath and rock, our estate stands forth a green oasis,—a tract of ploughed, partly enclosed and planted land, where corn ripens and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-woolled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat, *substantial* mansion; here, in the absence of a professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature with diligence, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. The roses, indeed, are still in part to be planted; but they blossom already in anticipation. Two ponies, which carry us everywhere, and the mountain air, are the best medicines for weak nerves. This daily exercise, to which I am much devoted, is my only dissipation; for this nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain,—six miles removed from every one who in any case might visit me. Here Rousseau would have been as happy as on his island of Saint Pierre."

It was in this wild and lone dwelling among the moors

that Carlyle wrote his articles for the Foreign Quarterly, his papers on "Burns" and "Characteristics" for the Edinburgh, and his "Sartor Resartus" for Fraser,—in the opinion of many of his admirers, his very best writings. L

The life of the student is generally barren of incident, and Carlyle is not an exception to his order. He struggled on into notice by slow degrees, and with painful efforts. At length, the remarkable articles from his pen, which appeared in the Edinburgh Review, excited considerable attention, and marked the advent of a new writer of great and striking powers. In the brilliant articles on "Robert Burns," the "Signs of the Times," and "Characteristics," he first uttered his loud resounding wail, and proclaimed his gospel of duty, faith, and work; all old ideas, it is true, — and yet so startling was the voice of the preacher, that in the ears of most men they sounded as if entirely new. He struck the key-note to which all earnest minds were ready to give an echo. The essays were reprinted in America, where they evoked an Emerson and a Brownson; and in England they lit up a spark of fire in thousands of young bosoms. Indeed, there is scarcely a writer of note in England or America now, who has not, to a greater or less extent, been influenced by these remarkable writings.

Carlyle next penetrated the London press. The pages of the Foreign Quarterly Review were enriched by essays on Foreign Literature, from his pen; as also Fraser's Magazine, in which he produced "Sartor Resartus," and many of his best essays. The first of the articles above referred to were written at his remote home in Dumfriesshire, where he had settled down for a time, having married a lady of some property. It was here that Emerson saw him when he paid his first visit to England, many years ago, mainly with the object of sitting at the feet of his Gamaliel, and seeing him face to face. But Carlyle found the inconveniences of a residence so remote from the great centre of books, of learning,

and intellectual movement; and accordingly he removed to London about a dozen years ago, where he has since resided. Here he has produced some of his most famous books, — his “French Revolution,” which greatly extended his reputation; and, later still, his “Past and Present,” “Oliver Cromwell,” “Chartism,” and his “Heroes and Hero-Worship,” originally delivered as lectures, before a select London audience. Lecturing, however, he dislikes, except to his own private circle; and when recently applied to as a lecturer, he named such terms as necessarily precluded him from that order of “Circuit-Preachers.” And since the publication of his “Stump-Orator,” in the Latter-day Pamphlets, probably he will be found more than ever unwilling to venture again into this field.

Carlyle is almost as eloquent in his *viva voce* speech as he is in his books. He has the same overbearing eloquence, the same impatience of opposition, bearing down all objections to his dogmas with tyrannous gusts of ridicule. He is a Samuel Johnson, a Coleridge, and a Teufelsdröckh, in one. It is curious to listen to the strong prejudice, mixed with the lofty and noble thoughts, clothed in that weird and grotesque phrase of his, fall from his lips in high-pitched Scotch patois, full of intense energy and power. Sometimes, to a select few, he discourses in a torrent, like his favorite Teufelsdröckh, through rolling clouds of tobacco-smoke. “Wonderful it is with what cutting words, now and then, he severs asunder the confusion; sheers down, were it furlongs deep, unto the true centre of the matter; and there not only hits the nail on the head, but, with crushing force, smites it home and buries it.” His power of irony and sarcasm is quite tremendous, and few care to come within its reach. But the late Margaret Fuller so well described him in one of her letters, that we shall here transfer her “speaking likeness” to our pages.

“Accustomed to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of

His writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendor scarcely to be faced with steady eyes. He does not converse — only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men (happily not one invariable or inevitable) that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe, and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority, raising his voice and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others; on the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance to his thought; but it is the impulse of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase. Carlyle, indeed, is arrogant and overbearing, but in his arrogance there is no littleness, no self-love, — it is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror, — it is his nature and the untamable impulse that has given him power to crush the dragons. You do not love him, perhaps, nor revere, and perhaps, also, he would only laugh at you, if you did; but you like him heartily, and like to see him, the powerful smith, the Siegfried, melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you if you senselessly go too near. He seems to me quite isolated, lonely as the desert, yet never was man more fitted to prize a man, could he find one to match his mood. He finds them, but only in the past. He sings rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up near the beginning some singular epithet, which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, as with a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches if he has chanced now and then to let

fall a row. *For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd; he sometimes stops a minute to laugh at himself,* then begins anew with fresh vigor, — for all the spirits he is driving before him seem to him as Fata Morganas, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about, but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. He puts out his chin sometimes till it looks like the beak of a bird, and his eyes flash bright instinctive meanings, like Jove's bird; yet he is not calm and grand enough for the eagle; he is more like the falcon, and yet not of gentle blood enough for that either. He is not exactly like anything but himself, and therefore you cannot see him without the most hearty refreshment and good will, for he is original, rich, and strong enough to afford a thousand faults; one expects some wild land in a rich kingdom. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures, his critical strokes masterly; allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject. I cannot speak more or wiselier of him now, nor needs it; his works are true, to blame and praise him, the Seigfried of England, great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil than legislate for good. At all events, he seems to be what destiny intended, and represents fully a certain side; so we make no remonstrance as to his being and proceeding for himself, though we sometimes must for us."

It is difficult to form a proper estimate of the influence of Carlyle on modern literature. Doubtless it has been very great. His books have been vehemently attacked and discussed, and scarcely defended. He has let the noise spend itself, and left his ideas to make their own way in the world. The influence which his writings have exercised upon others has been of a latent kind, almost a silent influence, notwithstanding the great *éclat* with which his works have been received. You very often find his ideas reappearing, dressed

up by others in various forms, sometimes under the aristocratic, and sometimes under the democratic form; but it is easy to recognize the traces of his thoughts in the most remarkable works in modern English literature. Tennyson is the most eminent of living English poets; who knows how much of his peculiar talent and its direction may be due to the influence of Carlyle? Who knows how much even Disraeli may owe to Carlyle for the qualities of his political romances, though perhaps he would be the last to acknowledge the influence. Carlyle has contributed, perhaps more than any other writer, to put an extinguisher upon the Byronic school; and, thanks to the views which he has enunciated on literature and art, to elevate Wordsworth — as much admired now as he was formerly despised — upon the ruins of the Satanic school. Even the revolutionary and socialistic literature of the day owes its best writings to the influence of Carlyle. The “Purgatory of Suicides,” written by Thomas Cooper, the Chartist shoemaker, is dedicated to him; and another very curious and able book, “Alton Locke,” is written by one of his most fervent disciples, — the Rev. Mr. Kingsley, a clergyman of the Church of England. Without being the founder of a school, — without aspiring to the ambition of exercising any kind of intellectual dictatorship, — a vice so common among eminent literary men, and so barren in results, — Carlyle has exercised and is exercising a power which all parties recognize, even the most opposite, however they may hesitate to acknowledge it.

The last work of Mr. Carlyle — the *Life of Frederick the Great* — is still in progress; and it exhibits his merits and defects in a striking form, the latter perhaps even more prominently than the former. It is, nevertheless, a remarkable work, as might be expected from such a vigorous and original pen.

## JOHN STERLING.

“ A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift.”

**J**OHN STERLING seems to have been one of those beautiful natures that carry about with them a charm to captivate all beholders. They are full of young genius, full of promise, full of enthusiasm; and seem to be on the high road towards honor, fame, and glory, when suddenly their career is cut short by death, and their friends are left lamenting. Just such another character was Charles Pemberton, — a man of somewhat kindred genius to Sterling, — who had *done* comparatively little, but had excited great hopes among a circle of ardent friends and admirers, whom he had riveted to him by certain indefinable personal and intellectual charms; when he was stricken down by death, and, like Sterling, left only a few scattered “Remains” to be judged by. Poor Keats, too, died just as he had given to the world the promise of one of its greatest men, but not before he had sent down into the future strains of undying poesy. Shelley, too! What a loss was there! What glorious promise of a Man did he not offer! But the names of the great, who have died in youth, are more than can be told: as Shelley sang, — .

“ The good die first,  
While they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust  
Burn to their socket.”

But what of Sterling? What did he do? What has he left as a legacy to us by which to know and remember him?

We have now two Lives of him, written by two of his many intimate friends and devoted admirers, — Archdeacon Hare and Thomas Carlyle. That two such men should have written a Life of Sterling would argue of itself something in his character and career more than ordinary. Archdeacon Hare's came first: his work was in two volumes, containing the collected Essays and Tales of John Sterling, with a Memoir of his Life. On reading that Life, interesting and beautiful though it was, one could not help feeling that there was a good deal remaining untold, and that the tone adopted in speaking of John Sterling's opinions on religious subjects was unnecessarily apologetic. It seems to have been this circumstance which has drawn forth the Life by Carlyle. "Archdeacon Hare," says Carlyle, "takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling, I find, was a curate for exactly eight months. But he was a man, and had relation to the Universe for eight and thirty years; and it is in this latter character, to which all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we wish to know him. His battle with hereditary Church-formulas was severe; but it was by no means his one battle with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle; neither, according to my observation of what it was, is it successfully delineated or sunned up in this book." And so Carlyle determined to give his portraiture of his deceased friend.

Sterling was born at Kaimies Castle, in the island of Bute, Scotland, in 1806, of Irish parents, who were both of Scotch extraction. The mother was somewhat proud of being a descendant of Wallace, the Scottish hero. Edward Sterling, the father, pursued farming; he had been a militia captain, and took to it as a calling, by way of helping out the family means. From Bute, he removed to Llanblethian, in Glamorganshire, in 1809. Here the young Sterling's childhood was nurtured amid forms of wild and romantic beauty. But his father, the captain, was an ardent-minded, active man,



and could ill confine himself to the small details of Welsh farming. His thoughts were abroad. He corresponded with newspapers. He wrote a pamphlet. He sent letters to the Times, signed "Vetus," which were afterwards thought worthy of being collected and reprinted. The captain went further. He left his farm in Wales, and proceeded to Paris, with the project of acting as foreign correspondent for the Times newspaper. His family accompanied him to Paris, where they stayed some eight months, until the sudden return of Napoleon from Elba, when they had to decamp to England on the instant. Captain Sterling returned to London, where he settled; and before long became a very notorious, if not a distinguished personage. His connection with the Times newspaper grew closer; until at length he became extensively known as "The Thunderer," and was publicly lashed by O'Connell in that character; Sterling, on his part, returning the great agitator's compliments with full interest.

The boy was schooled in London, and grew as boys like him will grow; he was quick, clever, cheerful, gallant, generous, self-willed, and rather difficult to manage. From a little letter of his to his mother, which has been preserved, written when he was twelve years old, it appears that he "ran away" from his home at Blackheath, to Dover. The cause was some slight or indignity put upon him which he could not bear. But he was brought home, and, like other child's "slights," it was soon forgotten. As a boy, he was a great reader in the promiscuous line; reading Edinburgh Reviews, and cart-loads of novels. At sixteen he was sent to Glasgow University, where he lived with some of his mother's relations. Then, at nineteen, he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Julius Hare, the archdeacon, one of his biographers.

Though not an exact scholar, Sterling became well and extensively read, possessing great facilities of assimilation for all kinds of mental diet. His studies were irregular and

discursive, but extensive and encyclopedic. At Cambridge he was brought into friendly connection with Frederick Maurice, Richard Trench, John Kemble, Charles Buller, Monckton Milnes, and others, who were afterwards in life his fast friends. Sterling was a frequent and a brilliant speaker at the Union Club; and already began to exhibit strong "Radical" leanings, displaying no small daring in his attacks upon established ideas and things.

It was Sterling's intention to take a degree in Law at Cambridge, but, like many other of his intentions, it came to nothing; and after a two years' residence, his university life ended. What to do next? He has grown into manhood, and must have a "profession." What is it to be? Is it to be the Law, or the Church? or, is he to enter the career of trade, and make money in it, thereby to secure "the temporary hallelujah of flunkeys." His "Radical" notions gave him a deep aversion to the pursuit of the Law; and as for the Church, at that time, it was clear that his leanings were not that way. The true career for Sterling, in Carlyle's opinion, was Parliament, and it was possibly with some such ultimate design in view that Sterling engaged himself as secretary to a public association of gentlemen, got up for the purpose of opening the trade to India. But the association did not live long, and the secretaryship lapsed.

One other course remained open for Sterling, — the career of Literature, — and he plunged into it. Joining his friend Maurice, the copyright of the Athenæum (which Silk Buckingham had some time before established) was purchased; and there he printed his first literary effusions, — crude, imperfect, yet singularly beautiful and attractive papers, as, for instance, "The Lycian Painter," containing seeds of great promise. Yet, as Carlyle observes, "a grand melancholy is the prevailing impression they leave; partly as if, while the surface was so blooming and opulent, the heart of them was still vacant, sad, and cold. The writer's heart is indeed still

too vacant, except of beautiful shadows and reflexes and resonances; and is far from joyful, though it wears commonly a smile." He himself used afterwards to speak of this as his "period of darkness."

The Athenæum did not prosper in Sterling's hands. He did not understand commercial management, which is absolutely necessary for the success even of a literary journal. So the Athenæum was transferred to other hands, under which it thrived vigorously. But the Athenæum had introduced Sterling into the literary life of London, which tended to confirm him in his pursuit. Among the celebrities with whom he now had familiar intercourse was Coleridge, whose home at Highgate Hill he often visited, and there he listened to that eloquent talker playing the magician with his auditors, — "a dusky, sublime character, who sat there as a kind of *Magus*, girt in mystery and enigma, whispering strange things, uncertain whether oracles or jargon." The influence which Coleridge exercised upon the religious thinking of his day was unquestionably great, dreamy and speculative though he was; but whether it will survive, whether the religious life of the world will be advanced in any way by Coleridge's lofty musings, is matter of great doubt to many; because, glorious though the rumbling of his sonorous voice was, you too often felt that it died away in sound, leaving no solid, appreciable, practical, intelligible meaning behind it. But on this wide question we shall not enter. Certain it was that Sterling, notwithstanding his "Radical" notions, was for the time deeply influenced by his intercourse with Coleridge, and by what Carlyle calls his "thrice-refined pabulum of transcendental moonshine." This sufficiently appears in the novel of "Arthur Coningsby," which Sterling wrote in 1830, — his only prose book.

About this time, Sterling deeply interested himself in the fate of some poor Spanish *emigrés*, driven out of their own country by some revolution there, and then vegetating about

Somer's Town, and frequently beating with their feet the pavement in Euston Square. Their chief was General Torrijos, with whom Sterling had become intimate, and in whose fortunes he took a warm interest. Torrijos was zealous in the cause of his country; he would effect a landing, revolutionize and liberalize Spain; but he wanted money. Sterling was interested by the romance of the thing, and he also warmly sympathized with the sentiments of the old general. He proceeded to raise money among his friends; money was collected; arms were bought; a ship was provided by Lieutenant Boyd, an Irishman; the ship was in the Thames, taking in its armament, when, lo! the police suddenly appeared on board, and the vessel was seized and its stores confiscated. Torrijos, Boyd, and some others, did afterwards manage to land in Spain; where they met with an exceedingly tragical ending.

But something else issued from this Spanish misadventure, of interest to Sterling. He had become acquainted with the Misses Barton, the daughters of Lieutenant-General Barton of the Life Guards, — very delightful young ladies. He seems to have excited something more than merely friendly feelings in Susannah's bosom; for when he went to take leave of her, to embark in the projected Spanish invasion, a scene occurred from which it appeared clear that he had won the girl's heart, and then marriage was the result.

But scarcely was he married ere he fell seriously ill, — so ill that he lay utterly prostrate for weeks, and his life was long despaired of. His career after this was a constant alternation of health and illness, rampant good spirits and prostrate feebleness. His lungs were affected, and consumption began to show indications of its coming. The doctors, however, gave hopes of him, — only it was necessary he should remove to a warmer climate. His family had inherited a valuable property in the West Indies, at St. Vincent, whither he went to reside in 1831, and remained in that

beautiful island, under the hot sun of the tropics, for about fifteen months, returning to England greatly improved in health. From thence he went to Bonn, in Germany, where he met with his old friend and quondam tutor, the Rev. Julius Hare, and with him Sterling had much serious talk on religious matters.

Still under the influence of the Coleridgian views which had been working within him at St. Vincent and since, Sterling expressed to Mr. Hare a wish to enter the Church as a minister, which Mr. Hare "strongly urged" him to do, offering to appoint him to his own curacy at Herstmonceux, which was then vacant. Shortly after, he returned to England, was ordained deacon at Chichester in 1834, and was appointed curate immediately after, entering earnestly on the duties of that calling. He occasionally preached in the metropolis, and Carlyle describes his appearance on two of such occasions:—

"It was in some new college chapel in Somerset House; a very quiet small place, the audience student-looking youths, with a few elder people, perhaps mostly friends of the preacher's. The discourse, delivered with a grave sonorous composure, and far surpassing in talent the usual run of sermons, had withal an air of human veracity, as I still recollect, and bespoke dignity and piety of mind; but gave me the impression rather of artistic excellence than of unction or inspiration in that kind. Sterling returned with us to Chelsea that day; and in the afternoon we went on the Thames Putney-ward together, we two with my wife; under the sunny skies, on the quiet water, and with copious, cheery talk, the remembrance of which is still present enough to me.

"This was properly my only specimen of Sterling's preaching. Another time, late in the same autumn, I did indeed attend him one evening to some church in the City, — a big church behind Cheapside, 'built by Wren,' as he carefully informed me; — but there, in my wearied mood,

the chief subject of reflection was the almost total vacancy of the place, and how an eloquent soul was preaching to mere lamps and prayer-books; and of the sermon I retain no image. It came up in the way of banter, if he ever urged the duty of 'Church extension,' which already he very seldom did, and at length never, what a specimen we once had of bright lamps, gilt prayer-books, baize-lined pews, Wren-built architecture; and how, in almost all directions, you might have fired a musket through the church, and hit no Christian life. A terrible outlook, indeed, for the apostolic laborer in the brick-and-mortar line!"

For reasons which Archdeacon Hare does not clearly state, but which Carlyle in a rather mystical way indicates, Sterling left his curacy at Herstmonceux, and removed to London, where he took a house at Bayswater. At this time he was, in personal appearance, thin and careless-looking, — his eyes kindly, but restless in their glances, — his features animated and brilliant when talking, — and he was always full of bright speech and argument. He did not give you the idea of ill-health; indeed, his life seemed to be bounding, and full of vitality; his whole being was usually in full play; — it was his vehemence and rapidity of life which struck one on first seeing him.

Carlyle says, that he *wore holes* in the outer case of his body by this restless vitality, which could not otherwise find vent. He seems now to have been in the thick of doubts and mental discussions, — probing the foundations of his faith, — and, it is to be suspected, losing one by one the pillars on which it had rested. It is a terrible "valley of the shadow of death," this which so many young minds have to pass through in these days of restless inquiry into all subjects, — religious, social, and political. As Shelley writes, —

"If I have erred, there was no joy in error,  
But pain and insult, and unrest and terror."

Sterling's views began to diverge more and more from

those formerly held by him, yet this never interfered with a single one of his friendships. Tolerant and charitable, there was an agreement to differ; and certainly it is better for men to differ openly and honestly, than hypocritically to agree and conform, — even for “peace’s sake.” And why should men quarrel about such matters, respecting which no one man can have more positive or certain knowledge than any other man? Says Tennyson:—

“What am I?  
An infant crying in the night:  
An infant crying for the light:  
And with no language but a cry!”

Sterling read many German books at this time, such as Tholuck and Schleiermacher, from which he diverged into Goethe and Jean Paul Richter. But his health was still delicate, and a residence in the south of France was determined on.

He reached Bordeaux, and while there he worked at various literary enterprises. Poetry occupied his attention, and he there wrote “The Sexton’s Daughter;” he also stored up a number of notes and memoranda respecting Montaigne, whose old country-house he visited, and these shortly after appeared, in a very able article from his pen, in the London and Westminster Review. After a year’s stay, he returned to England, and occupied himself in writing occasional articles for Blackwood’s Magazine. His health being still delicate, he wintered at Madeira in 1837; speaking of it in one of his letters, he says that, “as a temporary refuge, a niche in an old ruin, where one is sheltered from the shower, the place has great merit.” He continued writing papers for Blackwood, of which the best was “The Onyx Ring.” Wilson early recognized Sterling’s merit as a writer, and lavished great praise upon him in his editorial comments. Indeed, he seems to have possessed the gift of literary improvising to a great extent. He was a swift genius: Carlyle likened him to

“sheet-lightning.” He had an incredible facility of labor, flashing with most piercing glance into a subject, and throwing his thoughts upon it together upon paper with remarkable felicity, brilliancy, and general excellence. While at Madeira, Sterling busied himself with reading Goethe, of whom he gives the following striking opinion, in many respects true: “There must, as I think, have been some prodigious defect in his mind, to let him hold such views as his about women and some other things; and in another respect, I find so much coldness and hollowness as to the highest truths, and feel so strongly that the heaven he looks up to is *but a vault of ice*, — that these two indications, leading to the same conclusion, go far to convince me he was a profoundly immoral and irreligious spirit, with as rare faculties of intelligence as ever belonged to any one.”

His health improved by Madeira, he returned to England, still fragile, but radiant with cheerfulness; “both his activity and his composure he bore with him, through all weathers, to the final close; and on the whole, right manfully he walked his wild, stern way towards the goal, and like a Roman wrapt his mantle round him when he fell.” He went on writing for Blackwood, contributing the “Hymns of a Hermit,” “Crystals from a Cavern,” “Thoughts and Images,” and other papers of this sort. Then he engaged as contributor to the London and Westminster Review, for which he wrote several fine papers. The raw winter air of England proving too much for his weak lungs, he went abroad again, — this time to Italy, — where he revelled in its picture-galleries and collections of fine art. He did not like the religious aspect of things there, and spoke freely about it. He was home again in 1839, considerably improved in health; but still he continued to lead a nomadic life, for the sake of his health. Now at Hastings, then at Clifton; and again he had to fly before worse symptoms than had yet shown themselves, — spitting of blood and such like, — taking flight late



in the season for Madeira. But when he reached Falmouth, the weather was so rough that he could not set sail; so he rested there for the winter, the mild climate suiting his feeble lungs better than Clifton had done. By this time, during his residence in the last-named place, he had written his fine paper on "Carlyle," for the Westminster Review, and also published a little volume of poems, containing some noble pieces. Carlyle speaks in rather a slighting strain of poetry in general, and has a strong dislike to what he calls the "fiddling talent." "Why *sing*," he asks, "your bits of thoughts, if you *can* contrive to speak them? By your *thought*, not by your mode of delivering it, you must live or die." Besides, he denies to Sterling that indispensable quality of successful poetry, — depth of *tune*; his verses "had a monotonous rub-a-dub, instead of tune: no trace of music deeper than that of a well-beaten drum." But let any one read Sterling's "Dædalus," and they will be satisfied of his tunefulness, as well as his true poetic feeling. We know no verses fuller of music in every line. These are a few stanzas: —

"Wail for Dædalus, all that is fairest,  
All that is tuneful in air or wave!  
Shapes whose beauty is truest and rarest,  
Haunt with your lamps and spells his grave.

Statues, bend your heads in sorrow,  
Ye that glance amid ruins old,  
That know not a past, nor expect a morrow,  
On many a moonlit Grecian wold!

"By sculptured cave, and speaking river,  
Thee, Dædalus, oft the nymphs recall;  
The leaves, with a sound of winter, quiver,  
Murmur thy name, and murmuring fall.

"Ever thy phantoms arise before us,  
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood;  
By bed and table they lord it o'er us,  
With looks of beauty and words of good."

The volume of poems, however, attracted no notice ; yet Sterling labored on, determined to conquer success. He met with some delightful friends at Falmouth, among others, with John Stuart Mill, and an intelligent Quaker family, — the Foxes, — with whom he spent many happy hours. In the following spring, he was by his own hearth again at Clifton, now engaged on a long poem called “The Election,” which was published : he had also commenced his tragedy of “Stratford,” when he left to winter at Torquay. Thus he journeyed about, flying from place to place for life. Then to Falmouth again, where he delivered an excellent lecture on “The Worth of Knowledge,” before the Polytechnic Institution of that place. Soon after, he was off to Naples and the sunny south, his health still demanding warmth. He was home again in 1843 ; and one day, while helping one of the servants to lift a heavy table, he was seized with sudden hemorrhage, and for long lay dangerously ill. By dint of careful nursing, he recovered, but the seeds of death must have been planted in him by this time. This year his mother died, and in a few days after, his beloved wife, — terrible blows to him. But weak and worn as he was, he bore up manfully, making no vain repinings, and with pious valor fronting the future. He had six children left to his charge, and he felt the responsibility deeply. Falmouth, associated as it now was in his mind with calamity and sorrow, he could endure no longer ; so he purchased a house at Ventnor, in the Isle of Wight, and removed thither at once. Sterling visited London for the last time in 1843, when Carlyle dined with him. “I remember it,” says he, “as one of the saddest of dinners ; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends — Theodore Parker one of them — were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one’s memory, and half consciously in one’s anticipations ; sad, as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum.”

Carlyle saw Sterling afterwards at his apartments in town, and the following is the conclusion of his last interview with him : " We parted before long ; bed-time for invalids being come, he escorted me down certain carpeted back-stairs, and would not be forbidden ; we took leave under the dim skies ; and, alas ! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. *Softly as a common evening, the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me forevermore.*"

Sterling returned to Ventnor, and proceeded with his "Cœur-de-Lion." But the light of his life had gone. " I am going on quietly here, rather than happily," he wrote to his friend Newman ; " sometimes quite helpless, not from distinct illness, but from sad thoughts, and a ghastly dreaminess. *The heart is gone out of my life.*" This brittle existence of his was at length about to be shivered. Another breakage of a bloodvessel occurred, and he lay prostrate for the last time. The great change was at hand, — the final act of the tragedy of life. He gathered his strength together to quit life piously and manfully. For six months he had sat looking at the approaches of the foe, and he blanched not nor quailed before him. He had continued working, and setting all his worldly affairs in order. He wrote some noble letters to his eldest boy, then at school in London, full of affectionate counsel. " These letters," says Carlyle, " I have lately read : they give, beyond any he has written, a noble image of the intrinsic Sterling, — the same face we had long known ; but painted now as on the azure of eternity, serene, victorious, divinely sad ; the dusts and extraneous disfigurements imprinted on it by the world now washed away."

About a month before his death, he wrote a last letter to Carlyle, of " Remembrance and Farewell," wherein he says : " On higher matters there is nothing to say. I

tread the common road into the great darkness, without any thought of fear, and with very much of hope. Certainty, indeed, I have none. With regard to You and Me, I cannot begin to write ; having nothing for it but to keep shut the lid of those secrets with all the iron weights that are in my power. Towards me it is still more true than towards England, that no man has been and done like you. Heaven bless you ! If I can lend a hand when THERE, that will not be wanting. It is all very strange, but not one hundredth part so sad as it seems to the standers-by."

"It was a bright Sunday morning when this letter came to me," says Carlyle ; "and if in the great Cathedral of Immensity I did no worship that day, the fault surely was my own. Sterling affectionately refused to see me ; which also was kind and wise. And four days before his death, there are some stanzas of verse for me, written as if in star-fire and immortal tears ; which are among my sacred possessions, to be kept for myself alone. His business with the world was done ; the one business now to await silently what may lie in other grander worlds. 'God is great,' he was wont to say : 'God is great.' The Maurices were now constantly near him ; Mrs. Maurice (his sister) assiduously watching over him. On the evening of Wednesday, the 18th of September, his brother — as he did every two or three days — came down ; found him in the old temper, weak in strength, but not very sensibly weaker ; they talked calmly together for an hour ; then Anthony left his bedside, and retired for the night, not expecting any change. But suddenly, about eleven o'clock, there came a summons and alarm ; hurrying to his brother's room, he found his brother dying ; and in a short while more, the faint last struggle was ended, and all those struggles and strenuous often-foiled endeavors of eight and thirty years lay hushed in death."

## LEIGH HUNT.

**W**HAT reader of books is there who does not feel that he owes a debt of gratitude to Leigh Hunt, for his many beautiful thoughts, his always cheerful views of life, and his generous efforts, extending over a period of half a century, on behalf of the freedom and happiness of the human family? His name is associated in our minds with all manner of kindness, love, beauty, and gentleness. He has given us a fresh insight into nature, made the flowers seem gayer, the earth greener, the skies more bright, and all things more full of happiness and blessing. By the magical touch of his pen, he "kissed dead things to life." Age, which dries up the geniality of so many, brought no change to him. To the last he was spoken of as the "gray-haired boy," — "the old-young poet, with gray hairs on his head, but youth in his eyes," — and the perusal of his Autobiography, written in his old age, serves to bring out charmingly the prominent features of his life.

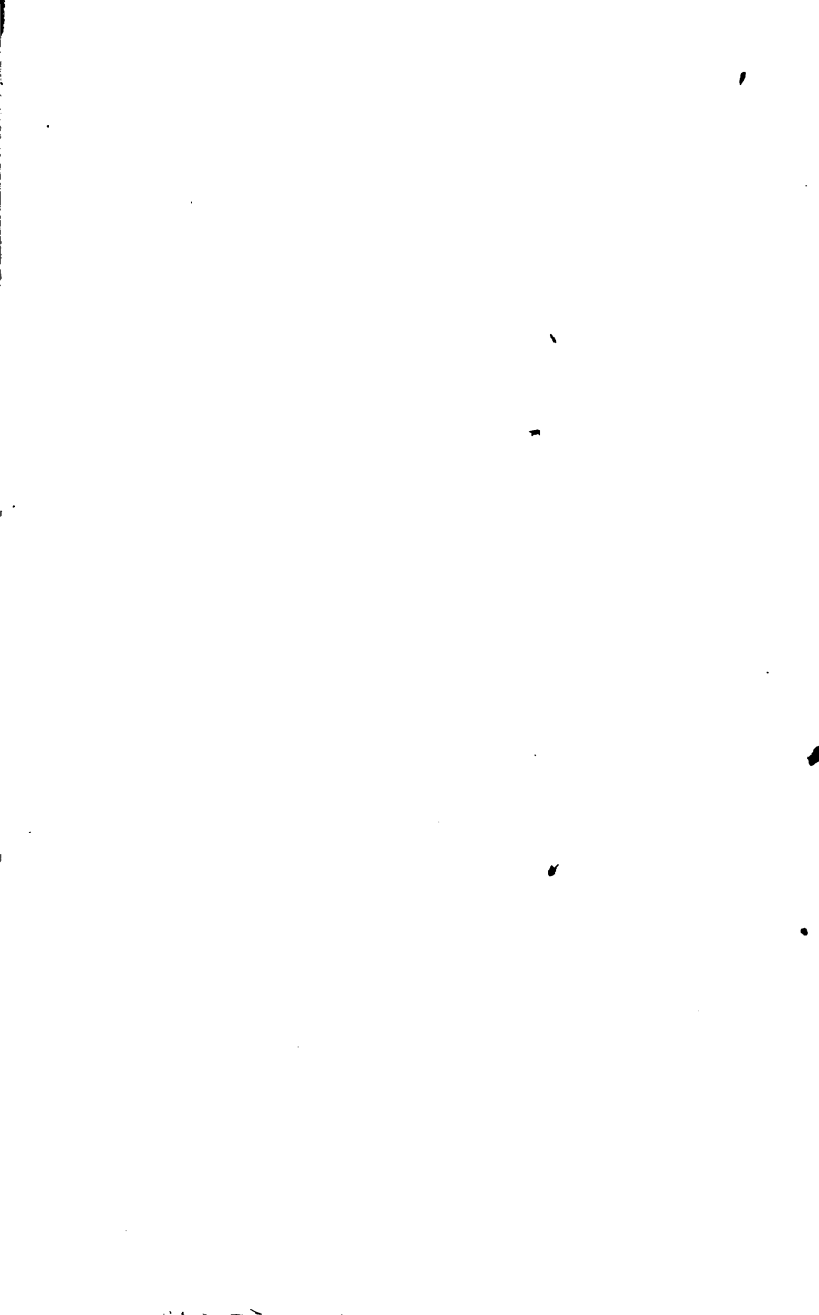
Leigh Hunt's temperament doubtless owed something to the warm, sunshiny clime in which his progenitors lived, that of Barbadoes, in the West Indies. His grandfather was a clergyman there, and his grandmother an O'Brien, — very proud of her alleged descent from certain mythical Irish kings of that name. Their son (Leigh Hunt's father) was sent to Philadelphia, then belonging to the English American colonies, to be educated; and there he married and settled. But on the war of the American Revolution breaking











out, he entered so warmly into the cause of the British government, that he was mobbed, narrowly escaped tarring and feathering, and ultimately fled to England, his wife and little family following him. He was there ordained a clergyman by the Bishop of London, and became famous as a preacher of charity sermons. He was fond, however, of pleasurable living; drank more than was good for him; got into pecuniary difficulties, from which he never escaped; and lived a life of shifts and expedients, always trusting, like Mr. Micawber, to "something turning up." He found a brief friend in the Marquis of Chandos, and was engaged by him as tutor for his nephew, Mr. Leigh, after whom Leigh Hunt was subsequently named.

To be tutor in a duke's family is often a sure road to a bishopric, or some other high promotion in the Church: but the tutor in this case had no such good fortune: his West Indian temperament spoiled all: he had ceased to think the British government perfect, and he did not hesitate to express his opinions freely thereon. So, after leaving this situation, he lapsed again into difficulties, and afterwards into distress and debt. Still his happy and joyous nature bore him up, even though he was haunted by duns and became familiar with prisons. "Such an art had he," said his son, "of making his home comfortable when he chose, and of settling himself to the most tranquil pleasures, that, if she could have ceased to look forward about her children, I believe, with all his faults, those evenings would have brought unmingled satisfaction to her, when, after settling the little apartment, brightening the fire, and bringing out the coffee, my mother knew that her husband was going to read Saurin or Barrow to her, with his fine voice, and unequivocal enjoyment."

Leigh Hunt's mother was of American birth, a Philadelphian; she had "no accomplishments but the two best of all, a love of nature and a love of books." She was a

woman of great energy of principle, though timid and gentle almost to excess. Her husband's great dangers at Philadelphia, and the imminent risk of shipwreck which she, with her family, ran on the voyage to England, had shaken her soul as well as frame. Her son said of her: "The sight of two men fighting in the streets would drive her in tears down another road; and I remember, when we lived near the Park, she would take me a long circuit out of the way, rather than hazard the spectacle of the soldiers. Little did she think of the timidity with which she was thus inoculating me, and what difficulty I should have, when I went to school, to sustain all those pure theories, and that unbending resistance to oppression, which she inculcated. However, perhaps it ultimately turned out for the best. One must feel more than usual for the sore places of humanity, even to fight properly in their behalf. One holiday, in a severe winter, as she was taking me home, she was petitioned for charity by a woman, sick and ill-clothed. It was in Blackfriars Road, I think, about midway. My mother, with the tears in her eyes, turned up a gateway, or some such place, and beckoning the woman to follow, took off her flannel petticoat and gave it to her. It is supposed, that a cold which ensued fixed the rheumatism upon her for life. Her greatest pleasure, during her decay, was to lie on a sofa, looking at the setting sun. She used to liken it to the door of heaven; and fancy her lost children there waiting for her." As a man is but his parents, or some other of his ancestors, drawn out, so Leigh Hunt, in his own life and history, was but a repetition of his father and mother, and an embodiment of their character in about equal proportions; inheriting from the one a joyous and happy temperament, and from the other tenderness and a deep love of nature and books.

Leigh Hunt was born at Southgate, in the parish of Ed-  
monton, on the 19th of October, 1784, in the midst of the

beautiful pastoral scenery which he afterwards loved to paint in his works. During his infancy he was delicate and sickly, and was watched over with great tenderness by his mother. To assist his recovery, he was taken to the coast of France for a short time, and returned improved in health. He was very nervous, and easily frightened by his elder brothers, who delighted to terrify him by ghost-stories and pretended apparitions.

The great events which were passing in Hunt's childhood rose up afterwards in his mind like a dream, — the American Revolution completed, the French Revolution beginning; the eloquence of Burke, and the rivalries of Pitt and Fox; the poetry of Cowper and Young, and the novels of Miss Burney and Mrs. Inchbald; the violent politics of Wilkes, and the gallantries of the young Prince of Wales. These were the days of pigtailed and toupees, when ladies wore hoops, and lay all night with their hair three stories high, waiting for the spectacle of next day, — a very different style of living and dressing from the present.

The boy went to school at Christ Church Hospital, where Lamb and Coleridge were also educated about the same time. The thrashing system, which was then in vogue in all schools, horrified him; his gentle spirit made him the sport of the other boys, and he "went to the wall" till he gained strength and address to stand his own ground. Even as a boy, he had the reputation of a romantic enthusiast. He fought only once, beat his opponent, and made a friend of him.

While only a school-boy, Leigh Hunt fell in love with the Muses, — with Collins and Gray passionately, — and he already began to write verses. He also fell in love in another way, — with a charming cousin, Fanny Dayrell. "Fanny was a lass of fifteen, with little laughing eyes, and a mouth like a plum. I was then (I feel as if I ought to be ashamed of it) not more than thirteen, if so old; but I had read Tooke's Pantheon, and came of a precocious race.

My cousin came of one too, and was about to be married to a handsome young fellow of three and twenty. I thought nothing of this, for nothing could be more innocent than my intentions. I was not old enough, or grudging enough, or whatever it was, even to be jealous. I thought everybody must love Fanny Dayrell; and if she did not leave me out in permitting it, I was satisfied. It was enough for me to be with her as long as I could; to gaze on her with delight as she floated hither and thither; and to sit on the stiles in the neighboring fields, thinking of Tooke's Pantheon. Three fourths of my heart was devoted to friendship; the rest was in a vague dream of beauty, and female cousins, and nymphs and green fields, and a feeling which, though of a warm nature, was full of fear and respect." In course of time Fanny married, and his first passion died away, but was not forgotten.

At Christ Church, Hunt formed intimacies with men afterwards famous in literature. There was Wood, afterwards Fellow of Pembroke College, Cambridge; Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes, and a Quarterly Reviewer; and Barnes, the future editor of the Times. With the last named he learned Italian, and the two went shouting Metastasio together, as loud as they could bawl, over the Hornsey fields.

At fifteen he took leave of his school-books and school friends, and, after going about eight years bareheaded, put on the fatal hat. He set about writing verses and haunting book-stalls, — the occupation of no small part of his future life. The first verses he wrote were collected and published by subscription. These, he confesses, were but "a heap of imitations, all but absolutely worthless." The book was, however, successful, particularly in the metropolis; and the author found himself a kind of "Young Roscius" in verse. His grandfather in America, sensible of the young author's fame, wrote to him that, if he would come to Philadelphia,

he would "make a man of him;" to which his answer was, that "men grew in England as well as America."

After joining as a private in the Volunteers, who were called into existence by the rumor of Buonaparte's coming, and going the round of the London theatres, taking his full of pleasures, Leigh Hunt appeared, for the first time, as a prose essayist, in the columns of the Traveller, now the Globe, newspaper, under the signature of "Mr. Town, Junior," for which he received as his reward some five or six copies of each paper in which his essays appeared. He wrote a long mock-heroic poem about the same time, and made several attempts at farce, comedy, and tragedy; reading largely in Goldsmith, Voltaire, novels, and history, promiscuously. His brother, John Hunt, set up a paper called "The News," in 1805, on which the subject of our memoir, then in his twentieth year, went to live with him, and wrote the theatricals for the journal. He there commenced the system of independent criticism, and adhered to it, though he afterwards frankly admitted that he then knew nothing of either actors or acting. In the midst of his labors, he fell into ill-health and melancholy; palpitations, hypochondria, dyspepsia—in other words, the "literary disease" had attacked him. He recovered, by ceasing his occupation for a time and taking exercise; but he gained more than a cure. "One great benefit," he says, "resulted to me from this suffering. It gave me an amount of reflection such as, in all probability, I never should have had without it; and if readers have derived any good from the graver portion of my writings, I attribute it to this experience of evil. It taught me patience; it taught me charity (however imperfectly I may have exercised either); it taught me charity even towards myself; it taught me the worth of little pleasures, as well as the utility and dignity of great pains; it taught me that evil itself contained good; nay, it taught me to doubt whether any such thing as evil, considered in itself, existed; whether things

altogether, as far as our planet knows them, could have been so good without it; whether the desire, nevertheless, which nature has implanted in us for its destruction, be not the signal and the means to that end; and whether its destruction, finally, will not prove its existence, in the mean time, to have been necessary to the very bliss that supersedes it." We could not, perhaps, have selected a passage from Leigh Hunt's writings that embodies his philosophy more completely than this does.

The year 1808 saw him and his brother John afoot with an important enterprise,—the establishment of the since famous *Examiner* newspaper. It started as a Radical print,—a bold thing in those perilous times, when a man dared scarcely say the thing he would without risk of Horse-monger Jail, or worse. The new paper attracted attention, and brought around it many choice and kindred spirits. Leigh Hunt now mixed among literary men, whom he has described in his *Autobiography*. Of Theodore Hook, Thomas Campbell, Horace Smith, Fuseli, Matthews, Godwin, Bonycastle, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, and others, he furnishes many recollections. Horace Smith (one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses") he speaks of as "delicious." "A finer nature than Horace Smith's, except in the single instance of Shelley, I never met with in man; nor even in that instance, all circumstances considered, have I a right to say that those who knew him as intimately as I did the other, would not have had the same reasons to love him. Shelley said to me once: 'I know not what Horace Smith must take me for, sometimes; I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but it is so odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stock-broker! And he writes poetry, too,' continued Shelley, his voice rising in a fervor of astonishment,—'he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous!'"

Here is an odd outline of a man! "Bonnycastle was a good fellow: he was a tall, gaunt, long-headed man, with large features and spectacles, and a deep, internal voice, with a twang of rusticity in it, and he goggled over his plate like a horse. I often thought that a bag of corn would have hung well on him. His laugh was equine, and showed his teeth upwards at the sides." This was the famous algebraist.

The Examiner, in which the brothers were boldly discussing the politics of the day, very soon drew upon it the keen eyes of men in power, who waited for an opportunity of pouncing upon it. The remarks on a pamphlet published by Major Hogan, in which the notorious Mrs. Clarke's dispensation of the Duke of York's patronage in return for hard cash was broadly hinted, excited marked attention, and the government commenced an action against the proprietors of the paper, from which they were only saved by a member of the House of Commons (Colonel Wardle) taking up the subject, and bringing up Mrs. Clarke (whose relation to the Duke of York was well known) for examination at the Bar of the House, when the whole thing was exposed by her, with barefaced effrontery. Before another year was out, the government instituted a second prosecution, for a sentence in an article which, at this time of day, would look exceedingly mild, if appearing in the daily Times. The Morning Chronicle was first prosecuted for having copied the article, but the jury pronounced an acquittal, and the action against the Examiner again fell to the ground. A third prosecution was shortly commenced by the government against the proprietors, for having copied an article from the Stamford News, against military flogging; but on a trial, the jury acquitted them.

About this time, John Hunt started a quarterly magazine, called "The Reflector," which Leigh Hunt edited, and of which only four numbers appeared. Charles Lamb, Barnes



(afterwards of the Times), and some other Christ Church Hospital men, were amongst its contributors. In it first appeared Leigh Hunt's "Feast of the Poets," in which he satirized many of his Tory contemporaries, — amongst others Gifford, the editor of the Quarterly, the only man for whom he seems to have entertained a thorough dislike. Amongst the poetical effusions in the Reflector also appeared one on a famous dinner given by the Prince of Wales to a hundred and fifty of his particular friends. The Prince had just deserted the Whig party, and gone over to the Tories, so that there was a strong savor of political gall in the piece. About the same time, an article on the Prince, in connection with the annual dinner on St. Patrick's day, was inserted in the Examiner, and on this the government fastened, as the means of crushing the paper and its proprietors. The point in the article at which the Prince was understood to have taken violent offence was, that he whom his adulators styled "an Adonis in loveliness" should be plainly designated as "a corpulent man of fifty," which he was. The government prosecution succeeded. The proprietors of the paper were fined one hundred pounds, and condemned to two years' imprisonment each, in separate jails!

Leigh Hunt's prison-life was thoroughly characteristic of him. He was in a very delicate state of health when first imprisoned in Horsemonger Jail, but he determined to make the best of it. His wife and friends were allowed to be constantly with him. Owing to his delicate state of health, the doctor proposed he should be removed into the infirmary, and the proposal was granted. And now see how a happy mind and a sound conscience can make even a prison-house a place of joy.

"The infirmary was divided into four wards, with as many small rooms attached to them. The two upper wards were occupied, but the two on the floor had never been used; and one of these, not very providently (for I had not yet learned

to think of money) I turned into a noble room. I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling colored with clouds and sky; the barred windows I screened with Venetian blinds; and when my book-cases were set up with their nests, and flowers and a piano-forte made their appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room, except in a fairy-tale.

“But I possessed another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside the room, railed off from another, belonging to the neighboring ward. This yard I shut in with green palings, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a glass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree, from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. Thomas Moore, who came to see me with Lord Byron, told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn, my trellises were hung with scarlet runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off.

“But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables; but it contained a cherry-tree, which I saw twice in blossom. I parcelled out the ground, in imagination, into favorite districts. I made a point of dressing myself as if for a long walk; and then, putting on my gloves, and taking my book under my arm, stepped forth, requesting my wife not to wait dinner if I was too late. My eldest little boy, to whom Lamb

addressed some charming verses on the occasion, was my constant companion, and we used to play all sorts of juvenile games together. It was, probably, in dreaming of one of these games (but the words had a more touching effect on my ear) that he exclaimed one night in his sleep, 'No, I'm not lost; I'm found.' Neither he nor I were very strong at the time; but I have lived to see him a man of forty, and wherever he is found, a generous hand and a great understanding will be found together."

The two years slowly passed, during which the visits of many friends, Hazlitt, Lamb, Shelley, Bentham, and others, cheered Leigh Hunt's captivity. He read and wrote verses; composed the principal part of the "Story of Rimini;" furnished articles and criticisms for the *Examiner*; and anxiously looked forward to the hour of his release. Meanwhile, there were generous friends who volunteered to pay the fine for him, but their offer was declined. The Hunts would bear their own burdens, and maintain their own independence while they could. At length, on the 3d of February, 1805, they were free.

# "It was now thought that I should dart out of my cage like a bird, and feel no end in the delight of ranging. But, partly from ill-health and partly from habit, the day of my liberation brought a good deal of pain with it. An illness of a long standing, which required a very different treatment, had by this time been burnt in upon me by the iron that enters into the soul of the captive, wrap it in flowers as he may; and I am ashamed to say, that, after stopping a little at the house of my friend Alsager, I had not the courage to continue looking at the shoals of people passing to and fro as the coach drove up the Strand. The whole business of life seemed a hideous impertinence. The first pleasant sensation I experienced was when the coach turned into the New Road, and I beheld the old hills of my affection, standing where they used to do, and breathing me a welcome.

“It was very slowly that I recovered anything like a sensation of health. The bitterest evil I suffered was in consequence of having been confined so long in one spot. The habit stuck to me on my return home, in a very extraordinary manner, and made, I fear, some of my friends think me ungrateful. This weakness I have outlived; but I have never thoroughly recovered the shock given to my constitution. My natural spirits, however, have always struggled hard to see me reasonably treated. Many things give me exquisite pleasure, which seem to affect other men in a very minor degree; and I enjoyed, after all, such happy moments with my friends, even in prison, that, in the midst of the beautiful climate which I afterwards visited, I was sometimes in doubt whether I would not rather have been in jail than Italy.”

The “Story of Rimini” was published shortly after Leigh Hunt’s release from prison. It was greatly and deservedly admired, but it could not prove very remunerative to him. In order to meet demands which had been accruing upon him, he also published “The Indicator,” but want of funds prevented the publication being advertised and pushed as it deserved. The *Examiner* was now declining in circulation and receipts, for the party against which it struggled was entirely in the ascendant. We fear, also, that its business management must have suffered from the long imprisonment of the two proprietors, as well as from the acknowledged deficiency of at least one of them in business capacity. “I had never attended,” says Leigh Hunt, “not only to the business part of the *Examiner*, but to the simplest money matter that stared at me on the face of it. I could not tell anybody who asked me what was the price of its stamp! Do I boast of this ignorance? Alas! Alas! I have no such respect for the pedantry of absurdity as that. I blush for it; and I only record it out of a sheer, painful movement of conscience, as a warning to those young authors who might be led to look on such folly as a fine thing; which, at all events, is

what I never thought it myself. I did not think about it at all, except to avoid the thought; and I only wish that the strangest accidents of education, and the most inconsiderate habit of taking books for the only end of life, had not conspired to make me so ridiculous. I am feeling the consequences at this moment, in pangs which I cannot explain, and which I may not live long to escape."

In the winter of 1821, Leigh Hunt set sail, with his wife and seven children, on a voyage to Italy, to join Byron and Shelley, then residing there. After a tremendous storm, the vessel in which they sailed was driven into Dartmouth, where they re-landed, and passed on to Plymouth, where they waited until May, 1822, and from thence sailed to Leghorn. The residence in Italy was not pleasant; it was embittered by the death of Shelley and of Keats, and the obvious alienation of Byron. The tedium was not relieved by the pleasures which opulence supplies, for, from this time, Leigh Hunt seems to have been haunted by the ghost of Poverty. Everything that he touched failed. "The Liberal," a quarterly publication brought out by him while in Italy, reached only the fourth number, though Byron, Shelley, and Hazlitt wrote for it, as well as himself. The literary Examiner, a new publication, set up by his brother, also failed; and the political Examiner, the newspaper, was now in the crisis of its difficulties: it shortly after passed into other hands, when it prospered. Leigh Hunt, in the midst of these failures, grew sick of Italy. "I was ill, unhappy, and in a perpetual low fever," he says. He longed for the sight of English hedges and green fields, to wander through paths leading over field and stile, across hay-fields in June, and through woods full of wild-flowers. "To me," he says, "Italy had a certain hard taste in the mouth. The mountains were too bare, its outlines too sharp, its lanes too stony, its voices too loud, its long summer too dusty. I longed to bathe myself in the grassy balm of my native fields."

He reached home in 1823, and commenced anew a struggle with difficulties. Perhaps "struggle" is too strong a word. Leigh Hunt seems to have been playing with life, even with its sorrows, all the way through. He was not a man to grapple with a difficulty and overcome it; but to float alongside of it rather carelessly, and say pleasant things about it. He had a good deal of his father's West Indian temperament in him, and loved to lie basking in the sun, building castles in the air. He wrote occasional essays and poems from time to time, for monthly magazines; and, for a bookseller, who had assisted him to return to England, a novel called "Sir Ralph Esher." He also obtained pecuniary assistance from friends, and struggled on the best way he could. He started a new periodical, "The Companion," which did not live long; then "The Tatler," a daily literary and theatrical paper, which nearly killed him, as he wrote it all; "Chat of the Week" was tried, and failed too. A subscription list was got up for a new edition of his poems, which helped him somewhat. Then he wrote for "The True Sun," which also died; next he edited "The Monthly Reporter," which did not survive long. "The London Journal" lived through two volumes, and then gave up the ghost; it was too literary, too refined and *recherché*, for the mass of cheap readers; it aimed too high above their heads. And yet it contains some of Leigh Hunt's best writings, which will perhaps live the longest. Next he wrote "Captain Sword and Captain Pen," the "Legend of Florence," (a play,) and several other plays not yet printed. All this mass of literary work barely enabled him to live, eked out though it was by frequent writings in the Reviews. The "Legend of Florence" was his most profitable work, bringing him in about two hundred pounds; and perhaps, too, it helped him to his pension. He had, before this, on two occasions received two hundred pounds from the Royal Bounty Fund, to enable him to live. His more recent works

were "The Palfrey," "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humor," "Stories from the Italian Poets," the "Jar of Honey," the "Book for a Corner," and "The Town." Several of these originally appeared as contributions to the magazines and newspapers. His book entitled "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries" was published many years ago, and it was one that its author himself wished to be forgotten, and we say no more of it here.

Notwithstanding the life of ill-health, and of difficulty, which Leigh Hunt led, it may be pronounced on the whole to have been a happy life. It is the heart that makes life sweet, not the purse,—it is pure and happy thoughts, a well-stored mind, and a genial nature, full of sympathy for human kind. In all these respects, a happy lot has been Leigh Hunt's, though wealth has been denied him. There are few men who could say, like him, towards the close of life: "I am not aware that I have a single enemy, and I accept the fortunes, good and bad, which have occurred to me, with the same disposition to believe them the best that could have happened, whether for the correction of what was wrong in me, or for the improvement of what was right. I have never lost cheerfulness of mind or opinion. What evils there are, I find to be, for the most part, relieved with many consolations; some I find to be necessary to the requisite amount of good; and every one of them I find come to a termination, for either they are cured and live, or are killed and die; and in the latter case I see no evidence to prove that a little finger of them aches any more."

## HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

“ Nor child, nor man,  
Nor youth, nor sage, I find my head is gray,  
For I have lost the race I never ran:  
A rather December blights my lagging May;  
And still I am a child; though I be old,  
Time is my debtor for my years untold.”

SONNETS.

**T**HE life of Hartley Coleridge reminds one of a painful dream. There was little health or soundness in it. The man was conscious of this himself, and was full of lamentations as to his want of purpose and self-control, which he took no pains to amend. That he had great talents will be conceded, — that he had what is called genius is not so clear. But what powers he had he grievously misused. He was always calling on Jupiter, but would not help himself. In his poems he preached purity, and in his life he practised self-indulgence. Is such a career excusable in any man, — in a day-laborer or a shopkeeper? then how much less excusable in one who was competent to be a great teacher, and whose talents were equal to the highest vocation?

We hold that the literary man or poet is as much under obligation to lead a pure and virtuous life as any other man, and that the fact of his talent or his genius is not a palliation, but an aggravation, of offences committed by him against public morality. Intellectual powers are gifts committed to men to subserve their own happiness, as well as to promote the enlightenment of their kind. Poetic powers, if



employed by the possessor merely in dreamy indolence, and in the indulgence of the luxury of imaginative thinking, are not rightfully, but wrongfully, applied. In such a case the poet's enjoyment is sensual and selfish. He may spend his time in arranging phrases, — embodying beautiful ideas it may be; but all the while he is not so much discovering, enforcing, or disseminating truth, as luxuriating in his own tastes. If he spends his life in the mean time wastefully and hurtfully, his great gifts are naught, and might as well not have been. What is thought or thinking worth, unless it help forward the life, and is illustrated in the life? What are poetic dreams or imaginings, if the man's daily conduct be at constant variance with them?

It used to be too much the case with the poets of a former age, to claim a kind of immunity from the ordinary laws of life. The poet used to be pictured as a man out at elbows. This old notion might be a vulgar one, but it must have been formed on some basis of experience. Hogarth's picture of the "Distressed Poet" probably was not far from the truth. The literary character has become greatly elevated since then, and the lives of Wordsworth, Southey, Moore, Rogers, and others, amply prove that poetic gifts are not incompatible with a fair share of ordinary worldly prudence; that authors, as a class, are not necessarily poor, hungry, and drunken. But there are still to be met with, here and there, young dapperlings of poets, apt at stringing phrases together about unrequited genius, and ready to cite the fate of Burns, Savage, and Chatterton, — perhaps even to contemplate with sympathy, if not with feelings akin to admiration, the lives of such as Hartley Coleridge. Their sentimental reveries are full of despair, sighs, cries of revolt, and hopelessness; and if you say a word in deprecation of such a strain, they cry out, "Be still! I am a poet; — you! you are only flesh and blood; you don't comprehend me: — leave me to my illusions." But really intelligence and po-

etry are not to be regarded apart from morality. It is not enough that a man is intelligent, and writes delicious verse. If he is a drunkard or immoral, we cannot excuse him any more than an ordinary man. Genius affords no palliation in such a case; where a man's talents are great, his blame is only the more if he egregiously misuses them.

And yet we admit that much is to be said in palliation of the life of Hartley Coleridge. Doubtless, our constitution and character in no small degree depend upon the originators of our being, — and not only so, but our tastes, idiosyncrasies, sympathies, habits, and even modes of thought. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, with his abounding gifts, was improvident, feeble of purpose, and self-indulgent to excess; and his son seems to have inherited all his frailties, together with a considerable portion of his genius. The child was born in dreams, he lived in dreams, and in dreams he died. He is said to have puzzled himself, when a child, about the reality of existence! Sitting on the knee of old Jackson, Southey's humble friend, he would pour out the most strange speculations, and weave the wildest inventions. When only eight years old, he found a spot upon the globe, which he peopled with an imaginary nation, to whom he gave an imaginary name, imaginary language, imaginary laws, and an imaginary senate. These day-dreams he is said to have in course of time believed as real; and his relations encouraged the dreamy boy, and made a wonder of him. His dreams even became a more real world to him than the actual world in which he lived. Then his father early crammed him with Greek, beginning at ten years old, though his instruction in this, as in other branches of knowledge, was interrupted and desultory. He had always abundant time to build his castles in the air, and to carry on the affairs of his dream-land, which he called *Ejuxria*. He was constantly forming "plans," — dreaming of doing things which were never to be done, — until the practice became at length habitual with him, and was gradually welded into his life.

Living in this dream-land of his, the boy became morbidly shy. He never played with his fellows. He passed his time in reading, walking, dreaming to himself, or telling his dreams to others. His uncle, Southey, used to tell him that he had *two left hands*. He lived not the life of other boys, but spun romances and tales for them of immense length, and kept them awake for hours together, when they lay in bed at night, during their recital. For the boy had already the gift of extraordinary powers of speech, — another inheritance from his gifted father. But he never took a high place at school. Boys of very commonplace talents, but with application and industry, rarely failed to take the lead of him. “Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel,” might be said of his whole life. “While at school,” says his brother, “a certain infirmity of will, the specific evil of his life, had already shown itself. His sensibility was intense, and he had not wherewithal to control it. He could not open a letter without trembling. He shrank from mental pain, — he was beyond measure impatient of constraint. He was liable to paroxysms of rage, often the disguise of pity, self-accusation, or other painful emotion, — anger it could hardly be called, — during which he bit his arm or finger violently. He yielded, as it were unconsciously, to slight temptations, — slight in themselves, and slight to him, — as if swayed by a mechanical impulse apart from his own volition. It looked like an organic defect, — a congenital imperfection. I do not offer this as a sufficient explanation. There are mysteries in our moral nature upon which we can only pause and doubt.”

Hartley went to college at Oxford, where he was supported by his father's friends and relatives, — for his father was at the time in embarrassed circumstances, and could not afford the expense, — could scarcely even maintain himself. He there distinguished himself chiefly by his extraordinary powers as a converser at “wine-parties,” where he would hold forth by the hour on any subject that offered. He spent his

vacations at Highgate or Keswick, where he had the advantages of association with many distinguished literary men. He was still living in dreams, — reading Wordsworth more than the classics, and fitting himself rather for the career of a dreamer than for the life of a working, active man. He succeeded, however, in obtaining a fellowship at Oriel, which was the source of no small joy to his friends. But he enjoyed his position only for a very short time. “At the close of his probationary year,” says his brother, “he was judged to have forfeited his Oriel Fellowship, on the ground, mainly, of intemperance.” This, we shall find, was the great blemish of his after-life.

Then he went to London, to maintain himself by his pen ; but his dreamy, purposeless character accompanied him : he failed to exert himself, — wanted industry, — made plans, which remained such, — procrastinated from day to day, — and of course he failed. The successful literary man must be a hard worker, and not a mere dreamer ; but this young man had never trained himself to habits of industry, nor had any one else so trained him ; so he failed, — taking refuge in intoxication, and often disappearing for days together. For about two years he resided in London, occasionally contributing small pieces to the London Magazine ; but this scrambling life only served to aggravate his weaknesses, and the scheme was then proposed of taking a school for him in the north of England. Hartley’s “genius” revolted at the proposal, but at last he consented, commenced the work without heart, without purpose, and failed again. That was at Ambleside, whither his friends had thought it advisable now to remove him. His habits remained the same, and he occasionally, though undesignedly, led others into the same excess with himself. Yet he was not without bodily and intellectual strength, had he but chosen to use it. In one of his letters to his brother he says : “I cannot find that either my cares or my follies have materially diminished my bodily

or intellectual vigor." He was perfectly conscious of the folly and unworthiness of the course he was pursuing, and often overflowed with wise moral reflections on the subject. But he would make no effort to rise, and only sunk to lower depths. One of the most eminent of his friends on the Lakes relates that he latterly ceased to call on him, — "it was so ridiculous and pitiable to find the poor, harmless creature, amid the finest scenery in the world, and in beautiful summer weather, dead drunk at ten o'clock in the morning."

A publisher at Leeds having engaged him to write a book on the "Worthies of Yorkshire," found that the work proceeded so slowly, — Hartley procrastinating from day to day, as was his wont, — that he induced him to go over to Leeds and write it there. While at Leeds, his life was of the usual description, fitful in labor, irresolute, often desponding, and as often breaking off into fits of dissipation and wandering. He would disappear for days together, and the printer's boys were sent scouring about the country in search for him, — sometimes finding him in a hedge-bottom, at other times in an obscure beer-shop. When, after one of these wanderings, he retraced his steps home by himself, he would hang about the house at the end of the street, not having the courage to enter, until some messenger, sent out to watch for his return, would lead him back, — often in a pitiable state. All this was very lamentable: and what is the more extraordinary, during this time his brain was teeming with fancy, with poet's dreams, with beautiful thoughts, such as an angel of purity might have entertained. Never, perhaps, was there a life more utterly at variance with his thoughts than that of Hartley Coleridge.

It was so to the end. He deplored his habits, but did not change them. He lamented his indolence, but would not work. His poetry breathed aspirations after purity, but his life remained impure and grovelling. And yet he was be-

loved by all,—loved because of his amiability, his inoffensiveness, his almost helplessness. He remained (to use his own words)

“ Yet to the last a rugged wrinkled thing,  
To which young sweetness did delight to cling.”

Children doted on Hartley Coleridge, — himself a child. Nature in him appeared reversed ; for in his infancy he was a man in the maturity of his fancy, and in his advanced years he was as a helpless child among men, — a child with gray hairs, for his head early became silver-white, though the gray hairs brought no wisdom with them. And yet his literary culture was great ; his knowledge of books was immense ; and the elegant manner in which he would dilate upon lofty themes charmed all hearers. In the aspect of nature, his converse was like that of a god.

The only after incidents that occurred worthy of note in Hartley Coleridge's life were his temporary occupation as a schoolmaster at Sedburgh, and his appearance as a contributor to Moxon's edition of some of the older British Poets, — for which, after great procrastination, he wrote the introduction to the works of Massinger. A similar introduction to the works of Ford was committed to him, and was in hand for years, but he had not sufficient industry nor application to complete it. But he occasionally contributed a paper to Blackwood's Magazine, when the fit of writing came upon him. A collection of these articles, with his “Marginalia,” written by him in books while reading them, has recently been published.

Such is a brief outline of this blurred and blotted life. A few months before his death, he wrote the following lines in a copy of his poems, alluding to his intention of publishing another volume, which he had bound himself under bond to furnish, and, we have been informed, had even been paid for, but which was never furnished. The lines are entitled

## " FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER."

" O woful impotence of weak resolve,  
 Recorded rashly to the writer's shame!  
 Days pass away, and Time's large orbs revolve,  
 And every day beholds me still the same;  
 Till oft-neglected purpose loses aim,  
 And hope becomes a flat unheeded lie,  
 And conscience, weary with the work of blame,  
 In seeming slumber droops her wistful eye,  
 As if she would resign her unregarded ministry."

It only remains to note the death of this poor fellow-being. It occurred on the 6th of January, 1849, when in his fifty-third year. "He died the death of a strong man, his bodily frame being of the finest construction, and capable of great endurance." The following incident relative to Wordsworth is related in the biography by Hartley Coleridge's brother:—

"The day following Hartley's death, Wordsworth walked over with me to Grasmere, to the churchyard,—a plain enclosure of the olden time, surrounding the old village church, in which lay the remains of his wife's sister, his nephew, and his beloved daughter. Here, having desired the sexton to measure out the ground for his own and Mrs. Wordsworth's grave, he bade him measure out the space of a third grave, for my brother, immediately beyond.

"'When I lifted up my eyes from my daughter's grave,' he exclaimed, 'he was standing there!' pointing to the spot where my brother had stood on the sorrowful occasion to which he alluded. Then, turning to the sexton, he said, 'Keep the ground for us, — we are old people, and it cannot be for long.'

"In the grave thus marked out my brother's remains were laid on the following Thursday, and in little more than a twelvemonth his venerable and venerated friend was brought to occupy his own. They lie in the southeast angle of the churchyard, not far from a group of trees, with the little beck, that feeds the lake with its clear water, murmuring by their

side. Around them are the quiet mountains. . . . . It was a winter's day when my brother was carried to his last home, cold, but fine, as I noted at the time, with a few slight scuds of sleet and gleams of sunshine, one of which greeted us as we entered Grasmere, and another smiled brightly through the church window. May it rest upon his memory!"

We can add nothing to this. The recital is very touching, and is done throughout with the extremest delicacy and grace by his brother, who would lovingly palliate the errors of the departed. He sleeps well by Wordsworth's side, Wordsworth having been the model of all his poetry, and standing to him instead of a father through the greater part of his unhappy life.

Hartley Coleridge's poetry reminds the reader of Wordsworth in nearly every line, though it is Wordsworth diluted; and at its best, the Lake poetry cannot much bear dilution. Excepting in the sonnets which relate to his own personal unhappiness, the poems sound like the echoes of other poets, rather than welling warm from the writer's own heart. And though, in the personal sonnets referred to, he paints his purposeless life and blighted career in terse and poetic language, it were perhaps better that they had not been written at all. His poems addressed to Childhood are perhaps the most charming things in the collection. For poor Hartley loved children, and they returned his love. He loved women, too, but at a distance; and his despondency at his own want of personal attractions for them is a frequent theme of his poetry.

The melancholy history of Hartley Coleridge is not without its moral. It was perhaps his misfortune to be the son of a poet, who gave little heed to the healthy training of his children. The child's endowment of fancy, though a rare one, proved only a source of unhappiness in after-life, having been cultivated, as it was, to the entire disregard of those other practical qualities which fit a man for useful intercourse



with the world. Living in a state of dreaminess and abstraction, his mind became unnerved, and his manly powers fatally impaired. He indulged in poetic thought rather as an effeminate luxury than as a means of self-culture or a relaxation from the severer toils and duties of life. He was, however, fully aware of the wrongness of his course, as appears from his numerous melancholy plaints in stanzas and sonnets. But he made no effort at self-help; he met adversity and temptation half-way, and laid himself down at their feet, a willing victim. Though we ought to be tolerant of the frailties of genius, we cannot overlook its sins and follies, which are but too often seized upon as excuses for excess by those who are less gifted. We must bear in mind that high powers are committed to man for noble uses, — that from him to whom much is given much shall be required, — that however poetic may be a man's thoughts, he is not thereby absolved from the observance of the practical virtues of life, or from living soberly, purely, and religiously; on the contrary, the man of high thinkings is expected to live thus daily, and to make his life the practical record of his thoughts. Though there were many things to love about Hartley Coleridge, we trust his sad career may not be without its lesson and its warning to others.

## DR. KITTO.

NOT long since, we were attracted by the announcement in a second-hand book catalogue, of "Essays and Letters, by Dr. Kitto, *written in a Workhouse.*" As one of the celebrities of the day, the editor of the Pictorial Bible, the Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, and many other highly important works, which have obtained an extensive circulation, and are greatly prized, we could not but feel interested in this little book, and purchased it accordingly. It has proved full of curious interest, and from it we learned, that, besides having endured from an early age the serious privation of hearing, the author has also suffered the lot of poverty, and, by dint of gallant perseverance and manly courage, he was enabled to rise above and triumph over both privations.

It is indeed true that Dr. Kitto's first book was "written in a workhouse." And we must here tell the reader something of his early history. The father of Dr. Kitto was a working mason at Plymouth, whither he had been attracted by the demand for laborers of all descriptions at that place, about the early part of the present century. John Kitto was born there in 1804. In his youth he received very little school education, though he learned to read, and had already taken some interest in books, when the serious accident occurred which deprived him of his hearing. At that time his parents were in very distressed circumstances, and, though little more than twelve years of age, the boy was

employed by his father to help him as a laborer, in carrying stones, mortar, and such like. One day in February, 1817, when stepping from the ladder to the roof of a house undergoing repair in Batter Street, the little lad, with a load of slates on his head, lost his balance, and, falling back, was precipitated from a height of thirty-five feet into the paved court below!

Dr. Kitto has himself given a most vivid account of the details of the accident in the interesting work by him, on "The Lost Senses, — Deafness," some time since published by Charles Knight.

"Of what followed," says he, "I know nothing. For one moment, indeed, I awoke from that deathlike state, and then found that my father, attended by a crowd of people, was bearing me homeward in his arms; but I had then no recollection of what had happened, and at once relapsed into a state of unconsciousness.

"In this state I remained for a fortnight, as I afterwards learned. These days were a blank in my life; I could never bring any recollections to bear upon them; and when I awoke one morning to consciousness, it was as from a night of sleep. I saw that it was at least two hours later than my usual time of rising, and marvelled that I had been suffered to sleep so late. I attempted to spring up in bed, and was astonished to find that I could not even move. The utter prostration of my strength subdued all curiosity within me. I experienced no pain, but I felt that I was weak; I saw that I was treated as an invalid, and acquiesced in my condition, though some time passed — more time than the reader would imagine — before I could piece together my broken recollections, so as to comprehend it.

"I was very slow in learning that *my hearing was entirely gone*. The unusual stillness of all things was grateful to me in my utter exhaustion; and if, in this half-awakened state, a thought of the matter entered my mind, I ascribed it to

the unusual care and success of my friends in preserving silence around me. I saw them talking, indeed, to one another, and thought that, out of regard to my feeble condition, they spoke in whispers, because I heard them not. The truth was revealed to me in consequence of my solicitude about a book [Kirby's Wonderful Magazine] which had much interested me on the day of my fall. . . . I asked for this book with much earnestness, and was answered by signs which I could not comprehend.

“ ‘Why do you not speak?’ I cried; ‘pray, let me have the book.’

“This seemed to create some confusion; and at length some one, more clever than the rest, hit upon the happy expedient of writing upon a slate, that the book had been reclaimed by the owner, and that I could not in my weak state be allowed to read.

“ ‘But,’ said I, in great astonishment, ‘why do you write to me, why not speak? Speak, speak!’

“Those who stood around the bed exchanged significant looks of concern, and the writer soon displayed upon his slate the awful words, ‘YOU ARE DEAF.’”

Various remedies were tried, but without avail. Some serious organic injury had been done to the auditory nerve by the fall, and hearing was never restored: poor Kitto remained stone-deaf. The boy, thus thrown upon himself, devoted his spare time — his time was now all spare time — to reading. Books gradually became a source of interest to him, and he soon exhausted the small stocks of his neighbors. Books were then much rarer than now, and reading was regarded as an occult art, in which few persons of the working class could venture to indulge.

The circumstances of Kitto's parents still continued very poor. This, with other sources of domestic disquietude, rendered his position for some years very unfortunate. At length, in 1819, about two years from the date of his acci-

dent, on an application for relief from the guardians of the poor of Plymouth, young Kitto was taken from his parents and placed among the boys of the workhouse. There he was instructed in the art of shoemaking, with the view of enabling him thus to obtain his livelihood. He was afterwards bound apprentice to a poor shoemaker in the town, where his position was very miserable; so much so, that an inquiry as to the apprentice's treatment was instituted before the magistrates, the result of which was that they discharged Kitto from his apprenticeship, and he was returned to the workhouse, where he continued his shoemaking. He found a warm friend in Mr. Bernard, the clerk to the guardians, and also in Mr. Nugent, the master of the school. From these gentlemen he obtained loans of books, mostly of a religious character.

He remained in the workhouse about four years; his deafness condemned him to solitude; for, deprived of speech and hearing, he had not the means of forming friends among his companions, such as they were. At the same time, it is possible enough that his isolation from the other occupants of the workhouse may have preserved his purity, and encouraged him to cultivate his intellectual powers to a greater extent than he might otherwise have been disposed to do. Thrown almost exclusively upon his visual perceptions, he enjoyed with an intensity of delight the beautiful face of Nature,—the sun, the moon, the stars, and the glories of earth. In after life he said: "I must not refuse to acknowledge that, when I have beheld the moon, 'walking in brightness,' my heart has been 'secretly enticed' into feelings having perhaps a nearer approach to the old idolatries than I should like to ascertain. I mention this because, at this distant day, I have no recollection of earlier emotions connected with the beautiful than those of which the moon was the object. How often, some two or three years after my affliction, did I not wander forth upon the hills, for no other purpose in the world than to

enjoy and feed upon the emotions connected with the sense of the beautiful in nature. It gladdened me, it filled my heart, I knew not why or how, to view 'the great and wide sea,' the wooded mountain, and even the silent town, under that pale radiance; and not less to follow the course of the luminary over the clear sky, or to trace its shaded pathway among and behind the clouds." An exquisitely keen perception of the beautiful in trees was of somewhat later development, as Plymouth, being by the sea-side, is not favorable to the growth of oaks, and had nothing to boast of but a few rows of good elms. Another great source of enjoyment with him, at that early period, was to wander about the printsellers' and picture-framers' windows, and learn the pictures by heart, watching anxiously from day to day for the cleaning out of the windows, that he might enjoy the luxury of a new display of prints and frontispieces. He scoured the whole neighborhood with this view, going over to Devonport, which he divided into districts and visited periodically, for the purpose of exploring the windows in each, with leisurely enjoyment at each visit.

A young man so peculiarly circumstanced, and with such tastes, could not remain altogether overlooked; and he was so fortunate as to attract the notice of two worthy gentlemen, who, when he had reached the age of about twenty years, used every exertion to befriend him. One of these was Mr. Harvey, a member of the Society of Friends, well known as an accomplished mathematician, who supplied young Kitto with books of a superior quality to anything he had before had access to. Mr. Harvey, when one day in a bookseller's shop, saw a lad of mean appearance enter, and begin writing a communication to the master on a slip of paper. On inquiry, he found him to be a deaf workhouse boy, distinguished by his desire for reading and thirst for knowledge of all kinds; and that he had come to borrow a book which the bookseller had promised to lend him. Inquiries were

made about him, interest was excited in his behalf, and a subscription was raised for his benefit. He was supplied with books, paper, and pens, to enable him to pursue his literary occupations; and in a short time, having secured the notice of Mr. Nettleton, one of the proprietors of the Plymouth Journal, and also a guardian of the poor, several of his productions appeared in the columns of that journal. The case of the poor lad became the subject of general conversation in the town; several gentlemen associated themselves together as the guardians of the youth; after which Kitto was removed from the workhouse, and obtained permission to read at the public library. A selection of his writings, chiefly written in the workhouse, was shortly afterwards published by subscription, and the young man found himself in the fair way of advancement. He made rapid progress in learning, acquiring a knowledge of Hebrew and other languages, which he imparted to pupils whom he shortly after obtained, the sons of a gentleman into whose house he was taken as tutor. He read largely on all subjects, but his early bias towards theological literature clung to him, and he soon acquired an extensive and profound knowledge of scriptural and sacred lore. At length he was enabled to turn his stores of learning to rich account, in his Pictorial Bible and Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, which many of our readers may have seen. In his day, Dr. Kitto has also been an extensive traveller; having been in Palestine, in Egypt, in the Morea, in Russia, and in many countries of Europe.

“For many years,” he says, “I had no views towards literature beyond the instruction and solace of my own mind; and under these views, and in the absence of other mental stimulants, the pursuit of it eventually became a passion which devoured all others. I take no merit for the industry and application with which I pursued this object, — none for the ingenious contrivances by which I sought to shorten the

hours of needful rest, that I might have the more time for making myself acquainted with the minds of other men. The reward was great and immediate, and I was only preferring the gratification which seemed to me the highest. Nevertheless, now that I am in fact another being, having but slight connection — excepting in so far as ‘the child is father to the man’ — with my former self; now that much has become a business which was then simply a joy; and now that I am gotten old in experiences, if not in years, — it does somewhat move me to look back upon that poor and deaf boy, in his utter loneliness, devoting himself to objects in which none around him could sympathize, and to pursuits which none could even understand. There was a time — by far the most dreary in that portion of my career — when an employment was found for me, [it was when he was apprenticed to the shoemaker,] to which I proceeded about six o’clock in the morning, and from which I returned not until about ten at night. I murmured not at this, for I knew that life had grosser duties than those to which I would gladly have devoted all my hours; and I dreamed not that a life of literary occupations might be within the reach of my hopes. This was, however, a terrible time for me, as it left me so little leisure for what had become my sole enjoyment, if not my sole good. I submitted; I acquiesced; I tried hard to be happy; but it would not do; my heart gave way, notwithstanding my manful struggles to keep it up, and I was very thoroughly miserable. Twelve hours I could have borne. I have tried it, and know that the leisure which twelve hours might have left would have satisfied me; but *sixteen hours*, and *often eighteen*, out of the twenty-four, was more than I could bear. To come home weary and sleepy, and then to have only for mental sustenance the moments which, by self-imposed tortures, could be torn from needful rest, was a sore trial; and now that I look back upon this time, the amount of study which I did, under these circumstances, contrive to



get through, amazes and confounds me, notwithstanding that my habits of application remain to this day strong and vigorous.

“ In the state to which I have thus referred, I suffered much wrong ; and the fact that, young as I then was, my pen became the instrument of redressing that wrong, and of ameliorating the more afflictive part of my condition, was among the first circumstances which revealed to me the secret of the strength which I had, unknown to myself, acquired. The flood of light which then broke in upon me not only gave distinctness of purpose to what had before been little more than dark and uncertain gropings ; but also, from that time, the motive to my exertions became more mixed than it had been. My ardor and perseverance were not lessened ; and the pure love of knowledge, for its own sake, would still have carried me on ; but other influences, the influences which supply the impulse to most human pursuits, *did* supervene, and gave the sanction of the judgment to the course which the instincts of mental necessity had previously dictated. I had, in fact, learned the secret, that knowledge is power ; and if, as is said, all power is sweet, then, surely, that power which knowledge gives is, of all others, the sweetest.”

In conclusion, we may add, that Dr. Kitto continued to lead a happy and a useful life, cheered by the faces of children around his table, — though, alas ! he could not hear their voices. He resided until his death, in 1854, in the beautiful environs of London, that he might be *within sight of old trees*, without which his heart could scarcely be satisfied. Indeed, with such love and veneration did he regard them, that the felling of a noble tree caused him the deepest emotion. But he delighted in the faces of *men*, too, and nothing gave him greater delight than to walk or drive through the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis. In this respect he resembled the amiable Charles Lamb, to whom the crowd of Fleet Street was more delightful than all the hills and

lakes of Westmoreland. "How often," said Dr. Kitto, "at the end of a day's hard toil, have I thrown myself into an omnibus, and gone into town, for no other purpose in the world than to have a walk from Charing Cross to St. Paul's on the one hand, or to the top of Regent Street on the other; or from the top of Tottenham Court Road to the Post-Office. I know not whether I liked this best in summer or winter. I could seldom afford myself this indulgence but for one or two evenings a week, when I could manage to bring my day's studies to a close an hour or so earlier than usual. In summer there is daylight, and I could better enjoy the picture-shops and the street incidents, and might diverge so as to pass through Covent Garden, and luxuriate among the finest fruits and most beautiful flowers in the world. And in winter it might be doubted whether the glory of the shops, lighted up with gas, was not a sufficient counterbalance for the absence of daylight. Perhaps 'both are best,' as the children say; and yield the same kind of grateful change as the alternation of the seasons offers." Thus, what we, who have our hearing entire, regard as a great calamity, in Dr. Kitto ceased to be regarded as such. The condition became natural to him, and his sweet temper and steady habits of industry enabled him to pass through life honorably and usefully. His life was a noble and valuable lesson to all young men.

## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

**R**ICHTER, writing from Weimar, whither he had gone to see, eye to eye, the great men with whose fame all Europe was ringing, said: "On the second day I threw away my foolish prejudices about great authors: they are like other people. Here, every one knows that they are like the earth, which looks from a distance, from heaven, like a shining moon; but when the foot is upon it, it is found to be made *only of Paris mud (boue de Paris).*"

Alas! it is so. Those lofty gods whom we had worshipped and bowed down before, — those gifted children of genius whose eyes gazed eagerly into the unseen, and penetrated its depths far beyond our ken, — when we approach them closer, and know them more intimately, become stripped of their halo of glory. We find that they are but men, — fallible, frail, and erring, — tempest-tost by passion and desire, — stumbling and halt, and often blind and decrepit. We worship no more. The earth which, seen from a distance, looks a beautiful moon, when the foot is on it, is but rocks, clods, and "Paris mud"!

Sad indeed is the impression left on the mind by reading the brief records of some of these unhappy children of genius: gifted, but unhappy; loftily endowed, but fitful and capricious; with the aspirations of an angel, but the low appetites of a brute; daringly speculative, but grovellingly sensual; — such, in a few words, was the life of Edgar Allan Poe: a being full of misery, but all beaten out upon his own anvil;

a man gifted as few are, but without faith or devotion, and without any earnest purpose in life.

You have read his "Raven." You see the gloom and despair of that unhappy youth's life written there. What a dismal, tragic, remorseful transcript it is!—the croaking raven, bird of ill omen, perched above its master's chamber-door, responding with his doleful "Nevermore" to all his deep questions and impatient feelings:—

" 'Prophet,' said I, 'thing of evil! Prophet still, if bird or devil!  
 Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tost thee here ashore,  
 Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,  
 On this home by horror haunted, — tell me truly, I implore,  
 Is there — is there balm in Gilead? Tell me, tell me, I implore!  
 Quoth the raven, — 'Nevermore!'

" 'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstart-  
 ing;  
 'Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night's Plutonian shore!  
 Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!  
 Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!  
 Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my  
 door!'

Quoth the raven, — 'Nevermore!'

" And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,  
 On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;  
 And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,  
 And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the  
 floor;  
 And my soul from out the shadow that lies floating on the floor,  
 Shall be lifted — nevermore! "

By this light, read the following brief record of the poet's blurred and blotted life.

Edgar Allan Poe was born at Baltimore, in 1811, of an old and respectable family. His father was a lawyer, but having become enamored of an English actress, he married her, and followed her profession for some years, until his death, which shortly followed. Poe's mother died about the same time, and three children were left destitute. But a

wealthy gentleman, named Allan, who had no children of his own, adopted Edgar, it was understood with the intention of leaving him his heir. In 1816 Mr. Allan took the boy to England with him, and placed him in a boarding-school at Stoke Newington, near London, where he remained some four or five years, under the Rev. Dr. Bransby, returning to America in 1822.

It will be obvious that the circumstances of Poe's early life were very unfavorable to his healthy moral development. Deprived of the blessings of maternal nurture, without a home, brought up among strangers, there is little cause to wonder at the subsequent heartlessness towards others which he displayed, and the excesses in which he indulged. Returned to America, he entered the University of Charlottesville, in Virginia, in 1825. Unfortunately, the students of that University were then distinguished for their dissoluteness and their excesses in many ways; and Edgar Poe was one of the most reckless of his class. Although his talents were such as to enable him to master with ease the most difficult studies, and to take the highest honors of his year, his habits of gambling, intemperance, and general dissipation were such as to cause his expulsion from the University.

Mr. Allan, his benefactor, had made him a liberal allowance; but Poe nevertheless ran deeply into debt, chiefly to his gambling friends; and when his drafts were presented to Mr. Allan for payment, he declined to honor them; on which Poe wrote him an abusive letter, left his house, abandoned his half-formed plans of life, and suddenly left the country to take part as a volunteer, like Byron, in the Greek Revolution. But he never reached Greece. Whither he wandered, Heaven knows. Nothing was heard of him until, after the lapse of a year, the American Minister at St. Petersburg was one morning summoned to save him from the penalties incurred in a drunken debauch over night.

Through the Minister's intercession, he was set at liberty and enabled to return to the United States.

His friend, Mr. Allan, was still willing to assist him, and, at his request, Poe was entered as scholar in the Military Academy at West Point; but again his dissipated habits displayed themselves. He neglected his duties and disobeyed orders, on which he was cashiered, and once more returned to Mr. Allan's house, who was still ready to receive him and treat him as a son. But a circumstance shortly occurred which finally broke the connection between the two. Mr. Allan married a second time, and the lady was considerably his junior. Poe quarrelled with her, and, it is said, ridiculed Allan. The lady's friends have averred that the real cause of the rupture was, that Poe made disgraceful overtures to the young wife, which throws another dark stain upon his character. Whatever the real cause may have been, certain it is, that he was now expelled from his patron's house in anger; and when Mr. Allan died, some years after, he left nothing to Poe.

The young man had in the mean while published a small volume of poetry, when he was not more than eighteen years of age. This was very favorably received, and a little perseverance might have enabled him to maintain himself creditably as a literary man. But in one of his hasty and reckless fits, he enlisted as a private soldier. He was recognized by some of his old fellow-students at West Point, and they made efforts to obtain him a commission, which promised to be successful; but, fitful in everything, before the result of their kind application could be known, he deserted!

We next find Poe a successful competitor for certain prizes offered by the proprietor of the *Baltimore Visitor* for the best story and the best poem. Poe competed for both, and gained both. The author was sent for, and made his appearance in due time. He was in a state of the utmost

destitution, pale, ghastly, and filthy. His seedy frock-coat, buttoned up to his throat, concealed the absence of a shirt, and his dilapidated boots disclosed his want of stockings. Mr. Kennedy, the author of "Horse-shoe Robinson," who was the adjudicator of the prize, took an immediate interest in the young man, then only twenty-two years old; and he accompanied him to a clothing-store, where he provided him with a respectable suit, with changes of linen, and, after taking a bath, Poe once more appeared in the restored guise of a gentleman.

Mr. Kennedy further used his influence in obtaining for Poe some literary employment, and he was shortly engaged as joint editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, published at Richmond. He was now a literary man, living by his pen. The literary profession is an honorable one, even noble, inasmuch as it is identified with intellectual culture and high manly gifts. The literary man exercises much power in the world. He helps to form the opinions of other men; indeed, he makes public opinion. All other powers have in modern times become weaker, while this has been waxing stronger from day to day. Kings are being superseded by books, priests by magazines, and diplomatists by newspapers. Perhaps bookmen and editors now wield more intellectual power than all the other crafts combined. Literary men have taken the place of the feudal barons, and the pen has become the ruling instrument instead of the sword. The man of letters is an altogether modern product, the like of whom was unknown to former ages. Never, before the last century, was there any class of men in society who made a profession of thinking for others, or who earned a subsistence by writing and publishing their thoughts in books and journals. Soldiers, law-givers, and priests may have taken up the pen to write and give an account of their lives and times, or have written books of philosophy or meditation; but never before has there been a special class of men who

made it their sole business and profession to write for the general public.

The question has been discussed whether this purely professional literary life is compatible with the simple and straightforward duties of a man. His position is certainly very different from that of the great non-professional writers of former times, — the Homers, Shakespeares, Miltons, Bossuets, Pascals, Bacons, Fénelons: these wrote to satisfy an earnest desire, in answer to some strong inward call, — to do a certain work, though not for money, — that was not their main work, — but to fulfil a duty, — it might be, to fill up a vacant hour. Modern literary men may, however, have no special, distinct, or well-defined call to write; with them it is a business, a calling, a craft, self-chosen. They write that they may live. They may have no sense of responsibility as to what they write; and the gift may thus be abused as well as used. To enter upon what is called a "literary career," may even be a merely instinctive and irrational act, performed without deliberation, the choice being determined by taste rather than by reflection. In other professions experience and character are required; but in this profession they are not regarded as at all requisite. The literary man may be dissolute, spendthrift, without any business habits or any moral stamina; and yet he may succeed as a public writer. This must be regarded as a curious feature of the literary character.

Here we have Edgar Poe installed at twenty-two as a public teacher through the medium of the press; a young man incompetent to manage a small store, unable to manage himself, and yet a public writer. Not many months pass before he lapses into his old habits of drunkenness. Fatal bottle! What manifold curses have been poured from that narrow neck of thine! Poe fell a victim like thousands more. For a whole week he was drunk and unable to write; then he was dismissed. Next followed entreaties, interces-



sions, pleadings, professions of abstinence for the future from the fatal bottle. He was taken back for a time; but the habit had become rooted; the character was formed, and the demon had wound his fetters about the doomed man. Finally dismissed from his situation, he went from Richmond to Baltimore, and thence to Philadelphia, where he proceeded to lead the life of a literary "man about town."

It was while he resided at Philadelphia, in 1839, that Poe published his two volumes of *Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque*. These tales exhibit extraordinary metaphysical acuteness, and an imagination which delights to dwell in the shadowy confines of human experience, among the abodes of crime, gloom, and horror. They exhibit a subtile power of analysis, and a minuteness of detail and refinement of reasoning remarkable in so young a writer. He anatomizes mystery, and gives to the most incredible inventions a wonderful air of reality.

While Poe was engaged in writing these striking tales, he was pursuing his old round of dissipation. To his other imprudences he had added that of marrying,—the most imprudent thing a determined drunkard can do. For, instead of one miserable person, there is then two, following in whose wake are usually a train of little miseries, at length becoming agonies, eating into a man's flesh as it were fire,—that is, if he have any sense of responsibility still surviving within him. The woman Poe married was his cousin, Virginia Clemm, amiable and lovely, but poor and gentle, quite unfitted to master the now headstrong passion of her husband for drink.

Poe managed to eke out a slender living for himself and wife by writing for the magazines and the newspapers. For a time it seemed that he would reform; he wrote to one friend that he had quite "overcome the seduction and dangerous besetment" of drink, and to another, that he had become a "model of temperance." But shortly after, he

again fell off as before into his old habits, and for weeks was regardless of everything but the ways and means of satisfying his morbid and insatiable appetite for drink. All this shows how little intellectual power avails without moral goodness, and of how small worth is genius without the common work-a-day elements of sober, manly character. For it is *life*, not scripture, that avails, — character, not literary talents, that brings a man happiness, and tells on the betterment of the world at large.

Poe could appreciate the glorious thoughts contained in books, yet he failed to apply their precepts of wisdom. He could rejoice in his own thoughts, but had not learned to respect his own life. His mind was full of riches, yet, wanting in moral good, he remained poor and without resources. His life did not embrace duty, but pleasure. Intoxicated with essences and perfumes, he neglected wisdom, which is the true balm of life. Poor unfortunate, thus worthlessly eating and drinking out of the sacred vessels of knowledge ! Many and poignant must have been the distresses suffered by poor Poe in the dreary and miserable state in which he lived, — distress not only about money and worldly well-being, but about God and duty. Then followed new catastrophes, family disasters, domestic misery, — teaching him, if he would but learn, the same lessons of duty, but of which, through life, he seemed to be altogether ignorant. Man cannot lead an egotistic and selfish life without suffering. For life, from time to time, tells him that he is *not* alone, and that he owes much to those of his own blood and household. Love itself, smiling and celestial love, in such a case, becomes a source of torments and calamities to him. The brave only, live through this state ; the heartless despair, utter loud cries of revolt, blaspheme, and precipitate themselves into extreme courses. Their originality and genius may astonish the world, but originality is nothing unless it includes the realities of life ; they are but dreamers, unless, as poets, they also do the

daily living of true men. But you are a poet! Well, show me the practical issue of knowledge and beauty in your life and character. Unless you do, I say you have adopted the profession merely to indulge in the luxury and fascination of thinking, — not so much to discover and propagate truth as to gratify your own selfish tastes.

We wish there had been no more than this in Poe's case; but there was positive dishonor in the course of life he pursued. While admitted into the confidence of Mr. Burton, proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, at Philadelphia, at the very time that he was neglecting his own proper work of writing for the *Magazine*, he was nevertheless engaged in preparing the prospectus of a new rival monthly, and obtaining transcripts of his employer's subscription and account books, to be used in a scheme for supplanting his periodical. Of course, on this scurvy trick being discovered, Poe was at once dismissed; but only to start a rival *Graham's Magazine*, with which he was connected for a year and a half, leaving it, as usual, because of his drunken habits. While writing in *Graham's Magazine*, Poe published several of his finest tales, and some of his most trenchant criticisms. These last were disfigured, however, by a tone of morbid bitterness, such as a man who misconducts himself towards the world so often affects. In his capacity of critic, Poe not unfrequently assumed an air of bitter sarcasm, and made the air blatant with his cries of rage and his implacable anathemas. Burton, his former employer, often expostulated with him because of the havoc which he did upon the books of rival authors, and tried to tame down his severity to a moderate tone, but without avail.

In 1844 Poe removed to New York, where he published his wonderful poem, "*The Raven*," — perhaps the very finest and most original single poem of its kind that America has yet produced. It indicates a most wayward and subtile genius. It takes you captive by its gloomy, weird power. Of his

other poems, "Annabel Lee" and "The Haunted Palace" are especially beautiful. But the radiance which they give forth is lurid; and the fire which they contain scorches, but does not warm. As in his "Haunted Palace," we

"Through the red-litten windows see  
Vast forms, that move fantastically,  
To a discordant melody;  
While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
Through the pale door,  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh — but smile no more."

At New York, Poe was admitted into the best literary circles, and might have made for himself a position of influence, had he possessed ordinary good conduct. But his usual failing again betrayed him. What was worse, he was poisoned in his principles: indeed, he had no principles. He was false, and a coward. Take this instance: he had borrowed fifty dollars from a lady, on a promise given by him that he would return the money in a few days. He did not return it; and was then asked for a written acknowledgment of the debt: his answer was a denial that he had ever borrowed the money, accompanied with a threat, that, if the lady said anything more about the subject, he would publish a correspondence of hers, of an infamous character, which would blast her forever. Of course, there was no such correspondence in existence; but when Poe heard that the lady's brother was in search of him for the purpose of obtaining the satisfaction considered necessary in such cases, he sent a friend to him with a humble apology and retraction, and an excuse that he had been "out of his mind at the time."

His habits of intoxication increased, and his pecuniary difficulties, as might have been expected, became more urgent. Often, after a long-continued debauch, he was without the ordinary necessaries of life. His wife, and mother-in-law, who were dependent upon his exertions for their means of living, went a-begging for help. Not improbably, the dis-

trous which his wife suffered from the irregularity of her husband's career, and the frequent privations which she endured, had something to do with causing the illness from which she eventually died. A number of friends voluntarily contributed towards the support of the distressed family when their case became known through the newspapers, but the help came too late to be of any service to Mrs. Poe.

In 1848 Poe delivered a public lecture on the Cosmogony of the Universe, — an extraordinary rhapsody, very imaginative, but quite unscientific. His object was to raise money for the purpose of establishing a monthly magazine, and we believe several numbers were published; but his unsteady habits soon proved its ruin. He also quarrelled with the editors of the principal magazines for which he had formerly written, and made enemies all round. About the same time, he formed the acquaintance of one of the most brilliant women of New England, sought her hand, and the day of marriage was fixed. They were not married, and the breaking of the engagement affords a striking illustration of his character. His biographer thus relates the circumstances connected with it: —

“Poe said to a female acquaintance in New York, who congratulated him upon the prospect of his union with a person of so much genius and so many virtues, ‘It is a mistake; I am not going to be married.’ ‘Why, Mr. Poe, I understand that the banns have been published!’ ‘I cannot help what you have heard, my dear madam, but, mark me, I shall not marry her!’ He left town the same evening, and the next day was reeling through the streets of the city which was the lady's home; and in the evening that should have been the evening before the bridal, in his drunkenness he committed at her house such outrages as made necessary a summons of the police.”

He pursued a course of reckless dissipation for some time, after which he went to Virginia, on means raised from the

charity of his few remaining friends. He delivered some lectures there; then he joined a temperance society, and professed a determination to reform his evil habits. But it was too late; his bad genius prevailed over all his better resolutions. Again he contracted an engagement to marry a lady whom he had known in his youth, and returned to New York to fulfil a literary engagement, and prepare for his marriage. In a tavern he casually met some of his old acquaintances, who invited him to drink. He drank until he was deplorably drunk. He was afterwards found in the streets, insane and dying, and was carried to the public hospital, in which he expired on the 7th of October, 1849, in his thirty-eighth year.

Thus miserably perished another of the most gifted of earth's sons. What a torn record of a life it is! more sorrowful by far than that of our own Otway or Chatterton. Alternately a seraph and a brute,—an inspired poet and a grovelling sensualist,—a prophet and a drunkard,—his biography unfolds a tale of mingled admiration and horror, such as has been told of very few literary men. It is painful to think of it; but it is right that such a history should be known, were it only as a beacon to warn susceptible youth from the horrible fascination of drink, which lures so many to their destruction.

## THEODORE HOOK.

THE unhappy career of Edgar A. Poe is not without its counterpart in English literary biography. Johnson, in his painful memoir of Savage, has told a similar story of genius and misfortune, or rather genius and misconduct; for it is a mistake to suppose that the possession of genius in any way conduces to misfortune, except through the misconduct of its possessor. Poetry and a garret used at one time to be identified; but life in a garret may be as noble as life in a palace, and a great deal purer. As Sir Walter Raleigh once wrote in the little dungeon in the Tower, still pointed out as the place of his confinement, —

“ My *mind* to me a kingdom is ! ”

It is the mind that makes the man, and not the place — call it a hovel, a garret, or a palace — in which the body lives. Even Johnson has summed up the ills of the scholar's life in these words: “ Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.” But Johnson, doubtless, bitterly remembered the day when he signed himself *Impransus*, or *Dinnerless*, and received the anonymous alms of a pair of shoes. Johnson must have been in one of his ungenial moods when he penned those bitter words.

The fate of Chatterton, also, was a hapless one. Proud, impulsive, ardent, and full of genius, like Poe, his career was short, unhappy, and mournfully concluded. That of Otway, the author of “ Venice Preserved,” who perished for

want of bread, also springs to mind. Nor are other equally mournful examples a-wanting, which it would be painful to relate. These instances are apt to be dwelt upon too much, and cited from time to time as illustrations of the unhappy lot of genius; whereas they are merely exceptional cases, not at all characteristic of literary men in general.

Poets and authors are often charged with being improvident, as a rule. But are there no improvident lawyers, divines, merchants, and shopkeepers? The case of Theophilus Cibber is sometimes cited, who begged a guinea and spent it on a dish of ortolans; and perhaps of poor Goldsmith, who, when preserved from a jail by the money received for "The Vicar of Wakefield," forthwith celebrated the circumstance by a jollification with his landlady. But authors have their weaknesses and their frailties, like other men; and some of them are drunken, and some improvident, as other men are. As a class, however, they are neither generally improvident nor out at elbows. But we are usually disposed to think much more of the "calamities of authors" than we do of the calamities of other men. A hundred bankers might break, and ten thousand merchants ruin themselves by their improvidence, but none would think it worth their while to record such events in books; nor, except as a mere matter of news for living men, would any one care to read of such occurrences. But how different in the case of a poet! Biographers eagerly seize the minutest matter of detail in the history of a man of genius. Johnson tells us the story of Savage, Southey relates the career of Chatterton, Cunningham recounts the life of Burns, and every tittle of their history is carefully gathered up and published for the information of contemporary and future readers.

The late Thomas Hood, in one of his prose works, little known, well observed that —

"Literary men, as a body, will bear comparison in point of conduct with any other class. It must not be forgotten that



they are subjected to an ordeal quite peculiar, and scarcely milder than the Inquisition. The lives of literary men are proverbially barren of incident, and consequently the most trivial particulars, the most private affairs, are unceremoniously worked up, to furnish matter for their bald biographies. Accordingly, as soon as an author is defunct, his character is submitted to a sort of Egyptian *post mortem* trial; or rather, a moral inquest, with Paul Pry for the coroner, and a judge of assize, a commissioner of bankrupts, a Jew broker, a Methodist parson, a dramatic licenser, a dancing-master, a master of the ceremonies, a rat-catcher, a bone-collector, a parish clerk, a schoolmaster, and a reviewer, for a jury. It is the province of these personages to rummage, ransack, scrape together, rake up, ferret out, sniff, detect, analyze, and appraise, all particulars of the birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behavior, breeding, accomplishments, opinions, and literary performances of the departed. Secret drawers are searched, private and confidential letters published, manuscripts intended for the fire are set up in type, tavern-bills and washing-bills are compared with their receipts, copies of writs re-copied, inventories taken of effects, wardrobe ticked off by the tailor's accounts, bygone toys of youth — billets-doux, snuff-boxes, canes — exhibited, — discarded hobby-horses are trotted out, — perhaps even a dissecting surgeon is called in to draw up a minute report of the state of the corpse and its viscera; in short, nothing is spared that can make an item for the clerk to insert in his memoir. Outrageous as it may seem, this is scarcely an exaggeration. For example, who will dare to say that we do not know at this very hour more of Goldsmith's affairs than he ever did himself? It is rather wonderful than otherwise, that the literary character should shine out as it does after such a severe scrutiny."

It is not enough, however, that literary men will bear comparison in point of conduct with any other class. We think

the public are entitled to expect *more* than this ; and to apply to them the words, “ Of those to whom much is given, much shall be required.” They are men of the highest culture, and ought to be men of the highest character. As influencing the minds and morals of all readers, — and the world is daily looking more and more to the books which men of genius write, for instruction, — they ought to cultivate in themselves a high standard of character, — the very highest standard of character, — in order that those who study and contemplate them in their books may be lifted and lighted up by their example. At all events, we think the public are not over-exacting when they require that the great gifts with which the leading minds among men have been endowed shall not be prostituted for unworthy purposes, nor employed for merely selfish and venial ends. Genius is a great gift, and ought to be used wisely and uprightly for the elevation of the moral character and the advancement of the intelligence of the world at large. If not so employed, genius and talent may be a curse to their possessor, and not a blessing to others, — they may even be a fountain of bitterness and woe, spreading moral poison throughout society.

We do not say that Theodore Hook was an author of this latter class ; but we do think that a perusal of his life, as written by one of his own friends and admirers,\* cannot fail to leave on the reader’s mind the impression, that here was a man gifted with the finest powers, in whom genius proved a traitor to itself, and false to its high mission. With shining abilities, a fine intellect, sparkling wit, and great capacity for work, Hook seemed to have no higher ambition in life than to sit as an ornament at the tables of the great, — to buzz about their candles, and consume himself for their merriment and diversion. In the houses of titled men, who kept fine company and gave great dinners, he did but play the part of the licensed wit and jester, — wearing the livery of his

\* *Theodore Hook: a Sketch.* Murray.

entertainers, not on his person, indeed, but in his soul; bartering the birthright of his superior intellect for a mess of pottage, — as Douglas Jerrold has said, “a mess of pottage served up at a lord’s table in a lord’s platter.”

Theodore Hook was the son of a musical composer of some note in his day, and born in Bedford Square, London, in 1788. He had an only brother, James, who afterwards became Dean of Worcester, and whose son, Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, survives to do honor to the talents and reputation of the family. Theodore was, in early life, petted by his father, who regarded him as a prodigy. He was sent to school at Harrow, where he was the school-fellow of Byron and Peel, though not in the same form. But on the death of his mother, Mr. Hook took the boy from school, partly because he found his society an amusing solace, and also because he had discovered that he could turn the youth’s precocious talents to profitable account. Already, at the age of fourteen, Theodore could play expertly on the piano, and sing pathetic as well as comic songs with remarkable expression. One evening he enchanted the father especially by singing, to his own accompaniment, two new ballads, one grave and one gay. Whence the airs, — whence the words? It turned out that the verses and the music were both Theodore’s own! Here was a mine for the veteran artist to work! Hitherto he had been forced to borrow his words: now the whole manufacture might be done at home. So young Hook was taken into partnership with his father, at the age of sixteen; and straightway became a precocious man, admired of musicians and players, the friends and boon companions of his father. Several of his songs “took” on the stage, and he became the pet of the green-room. Night after night he hung about the theatres, with the privilege of admission before the curtain and behind it. Popular actors laughed at his jokes, and pretty actresses would have their bouquets handed to them by nobody but Theodore.

An effort was made by his brother — then advancing in the Church — to have the youth removed from this atmosphere of dissipation and frivolity ; and, at his urgent remonstrance, Theodore was entered a student at Oxford. But he carried his spirit of rebellious frolic with him. When the Vice-Chancellor, noticing his boyish appearance, said, “ You seem very young, sir ; are you prepared to sign the *Thirty-nine Articles* ? ” “ O yes, sir,” briskly answered Theodore, — “ quite ready, — *forty*, if you please ! ” The dignitary shut the book ; the brother apologized, the boy looked contrite, the articles were duly signed, and the young scape-grace matriculated at Alma Mater. He was not yet to reside at Oxford, however, but returned to London to go through a prescribed course of reading. Under his father’s eye, however, no serious study could go forward ; besides, the youth’s head was full of farce. At sixteen, he began to write Vaudevilles for the stage, the music adapted to which was supplied by his father. These trifles succeeded, and the clever boy became a greater green-room pet than ever. He thus made the acquaintance of Mathews and Liston, for whom he wrote farces. Hook was not over particular about the sources from whence he cribbed his “ points ; ” borrowing unscrupulously from all quarters. In the course of four years, he wrote more than ten plays, which had a considerable run at the time, though they are now all but forgotten. Two of them have, nevertheless, been recently revived, namely, “ Exchange no Robbery,” and “ Killing no Murder.” Had he gone on writing plays, he would certainly have established a reputation as a first-rate farce-writer. But, in his volatile humor, he must needs try novels ; and forthwith, at twenty years old, he wrote “ Musgrave,” — a novel of ridiculous sentimentality, but sparkling and clever : yet it was a failure. About the same time, his life was a succession of boisterous buffooneries, of which his “ Gilbert Gurney ” may be regarded as a pretty faithful record. Unquestiona-

bly, Hook wrote that novel chiefly from personal recollections ; it is virtually his autobiography ; and in his diary, when speaking of its progress, he uses the words, "working at my life."

Hook often used to tell the story — which he gives in detail in "Gilbert Gurney" — of Mathews and himself, when one day rowing to Richmond, being suddenly smitten by the sight of a placard at the foot of a Barnes garden, — "*Nobody permitted to land here — Offenders prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the Law.*" The pair instantly disembarked on the forbidden paradise ; the fishing-line was converted into a surveyor's measuring-tape ; the wags paced to and fro on the beautiful lawn, — Hook, the surveyor, with his book and pencil in hand, — Mathews, the clerk, with the cord and walking-stick, both soon pinned into the exquisite turf. Then suddenly opened the parlor-window of the mansion above, and forth stepped, in blustering ire, a napkined alderman, who advanced with what haste he could against the intruders on his paradise. The comedians stood cool, and scarcely condescended to reply to his indignant inquiries. At length oozed out the gradual announcement of their being the agents of a New Canal Company, settling where the new cut was to cross the old gentleman's pleasure-ground. Their regret was extreme at having "to perform so disagreeable a duty," but public interests must be regarded. Then came the alderman's suggestion that the pair had better "walk in and talk the matter over ;" their reluctant acquiescence, — "had only a quarter of an hour to spare, — feared that it was of no use" their endeavoring to avoid the beautiful spot, — the new cut must come through the grounds. However, in they went ; the turkey was just served, an excellent dinner followed, washed down with madeira, champagne, claret, and so on. At length the good fare produced its effect, — the projected branch of the canal was reconsidered, — the city knight's arguments were acknowledged to be of more and

more weight. "Really," says the alderman, "this cut must be given up; but one bottle more, dear gentlemen." At last when it was getting dark — they were eight miles from Westminster Bridge — Hook burst out into song, and narrated in extempore verse the whole transaction, winding up with —

" And we greatly approve of your fare,  
Your cellar 's as prime as your cook,  
And this clerk here is Mathews the player,  
And my name, sir, is — Theodore Hook ! "

The adventure forms the subject of a capital chapter in "Gilbert Gurney," which many of our readers may have read.

But the maddest of Hook's tricks was that known as the "Berners Street Hoax," which happened in 1809, as follows. Walking down Berners Street, one day, Hook's companion (probably Mathews) called his attention to a particularly neat and modest house, the residence — as was inferred from the door-plate — of some decent shopkeeper's widow. "I'll lay you a guinea," said Theodore, "that in one week that nice quiet dwelling shall be the most famous in all London." The bet was taken, and in the course of four or five days, Hook had written and posted *one thousand* letters, annexing orders to tradesmen of every sort within the bills of mortality, all to be executed on one particular day, and as nearly as possible at one fixed hour. From "wagons of coals and potatoes, to books, prints, feathers, ices, jellies, and cranberry tarts," nothing in any way whatever available to any human being but was commanded from scores of rival dealers, scattered all over the city, from Wapping to Lambeth, from Whitechapel to Paddington. It can only be feebly imagined what the crash and jam and tumult of that day was. Hook had provided himself with a lodging nearly opposite the fated house, where, with a couple of trusty allies, he watched the progress of the melodrama. The mayor and his chaplain

arrived, — invited there to take the death-bed confession of a speculating common-councilman. There also came the Governor of the Bank, the Chairman of the East India Company, the Lord Chief Justice, and the Prime Minister, — above all, there came his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief. These all obeyed the summons, for every pious and patriotic feeling had been most movingly appealed to. They could not all reach Berners Street, however, — the avenues leading to it being jammed up with drays, carts, and carriages, all pressing on to the solitary widow's house ; but certainly the Duke of York's military punctuality and crimson liveries brought him to the point of attack before the poor woman's astonishment had risen to terror and despair. Most fierce were the growlings of doctors and surgeons, scores of whom had been cheated of valuable hours. Attorneys, teachers of every kind, male and female, hair-dressers, tailors, popular preachers, Parliamentary philanthropists, had been alike victimized. There was an awful smashing of glass, china, harpsichords, and coach-panels. Many a horse fell, never to rise again. Beer-barrels and wine-barrels were overturned and exhausted with impunity amidst the press of countless multitudes. It was a great day for the pickpockets ; and a great godsend to the newspapers. Then arose many a fervent hue and cry for the detection of the wholesale deceiver and destroyer. Though in Hook's own theatrical world he was instantly suspected, no sign escaped either him or his confidants. He found it convenient to be laid up a week or two by a severe fit of illness, and then promoted reconvalence by a few weeks' country tour. He revisited Oxford, and professed an intention of commencing his residence there. But the storm blew over, and Hook returned with tranquillity to the green-room. This was followed by other tricks and hoaxes, in one of which he made Romeo Coates his victim. These may be found detailed at some

length in "Gilbert Gurney," and in Mrs. Mathews's Memoirs of her husband, who was usually Hook's accomplice in such kinds of mischief.

One of Hook's extraordinary talents — which amounted in him to almost a genius — was his gift of singing improvised songs on the spur of the moment, while under the influence of excited convivial feelings. He would sit down to the piano-forte, and, quite unhesitatingly, compose a verse upon every person in the room, full of the most pointed wit, and with the truest rhyme, gathering up, as he proceeded, every incident of the evening, and working up the whole into a brilliant song. He would often, like John Parry, sport with operatic measures, in which he would triumph over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. But John Parry's exhibitions are carefully studied, whereas Hook's happiest effects were spontaneous and unpremeditated. The effect he produced on such occasions was almost marvelous. Sheridan frequently witnessed these exhibitions, and declared that he could not have believed such power possible, had he not witnessed it. Of course, Hook was usually stimulated by wine or punch when he ventured on such exploits; and it is recorded, that during one of his songs, at which Coleridge was present, every pane in the room window was riddled by the glasses flung through them by the guests, the host crowning the bacchanalian riot by demolishing the chandelier with his goblet.

Hook's fame as a wit, a jester, a talker, and an improvisatore singer, shortly reached aristocratic circles; and he was invited to their houses to make sport for them. Sheridan mentioned him to the Marchioness of Hertford as a most amusing fellow, and he was shortly after called upon to display his musical and metrical facility in her Ladyship's presence; which he did. He was called, in like manner, to minister to the amusement of the Sybarite Prince Regent at a supper in Manchester Square, and he so delighted his Royal Highness,



that, on leaving the room, he said, "Mr. Hook, I must see you and hear you again." Hook was only too glad to play merry-andrew to the Prince; and after a few similar evenings, his Royal Highness was so good as to make inquiry about Hook's position, when, finding he was without a profession or fixed income of any sort, he signified his opinion that "something must be done for Hook." As the word of the Prince was equivalent to a law, and quiet jobs were easily done in those days, Hook's promotion followed as a matter of course. He was almost immediately after appointed Accountant-General and Treasurer to the Colony of the Mauritius, with an income of £2,000 a year. Hook had no knowledge of accounts; but he had the Prince Regent's good word, and that was enough. He stayed five years in the Mauritius, paying no attention to the duties of his office, living in great style, a leading man on the turf, the very prince of Mauritian hospitality. But it came to a sad end. In March, 1818, Hook was arrested, while supping at a friend's house, and dragged, by torchlight, through crowded streets, to the common prison of the town, on a charge of embezzling the public moneys in the colonial treasury to a large amount! From thence he was conveyed to England, tried before the law officers of the crown, and brought in as defaulter to the extent of £12,000. This debt he never paid; though his earnings by his pen, for many years after, were very large. Into the merits of the case against Hook we shall not here enter; but as the government which brought him to book was friendly to him, and under the influences of many of his personal friends, we must presume the charges to have been well founded. The most favorable view of his case that can be taken is this: that *somebody* embezzled the colonial moneys; but as Hook had no knowledge of accounts, and rarely took any concern in the treasury business, spending his £2,000 a year in the manner of a gentlemanly sinecurist, the colonial funds were "mumbled away," and Hook, being the responsible party, was saddled with the blame.

On reaching London again, to wait the issue of the government investigation, he was set at liberty, on the Attorney-General's report, that there was no apparent ground for a criminal procedure; and the case was treated as one of defalcation and civil prosecution only. In order to live in the mean while, Hook had recourse to his ever-ready pen. First, he wrote for magazines and newspapers; then he tried a shilling magazine, called "The Arcadian," of which only a few numbers were issued, when the publisher lost heart. In 1820, Sir Walter Scott accidentally met Hook at a dinner-party at Daniel Terry's, and was delighted, as everybody could not help being, with Hook's brilliant conversation. Hook, notwithstanding the affair of his colonial defalcations, and the prosecution of him by the Audit Board, still held his "good old Tory" views of politics; and gratefully remembered his personal obligations to the Prince Regent, now the reigning monarch. He was consequently violently opposed to the pretensions and partisans of Queen Caroline. The strong color of his politics induced Scott to mention Hook to a gentleman who shortly after applied to him to recommend an editor for a newspaper about to be established. To this circumstance his connection with the famous "John Bull" is probably to be attributed. At all events, the John Bull shortly after came out, with Hook for its editor. But he preserved his incognito carefully for many years, which was the more necessary in consequence of the thick cloud which still hung over his moral character in connection with his colonial affair. Hook threw himself with great fury into the ranks of the Georgites, and published many violent squibs against Queen Caroline and her friends, which excited a storm of popular indignation. The John Bull was generally admitted to be the most powerful, unscrupulous, and violent advocate of the king's cause; whether it was the better for the advocacy, we shall not here venture to determine. The paper was well supported with money, — as was surmised, from "head-quar-

ters ;” and for some years Hook’s income, from the *John Bull* alone, amounted to as much as £ 2,000 a year. At length it began to ooze out that Hook was the editor of the *John Bull*. Though furnishing nearly the whole of the articles and squibs which appeared in it, he at once indignantly denied the imputation, in a “letter to the editor,” in which he disclaimed and disavowed all connection with the paper. But, by slow degrees, the truth came out, and at last all was known. The *John Bull* was denounced by many as a “reckless,” “venomous,” “malignant,” “slandering,” “lying” publication ; and by others it was defended as a “spirited,” “courageous,” “loyal,” and “admirable” defender of the church, crown, and constitution.

In 1823 Hook was arrested for the sum of £ 12,000, which the authorities had finally decided that he stood indebted to the public exchequer. He was then confined in a sheriff’s officer’s house in Shire Lane, — a miserable, squalid neighborhood. He remained there for several months, during which his health seriously suffered. While shut up in Shire Lane he made the acquaintance of Dr. William Maginn, who had recently come over from Ireland, a literary adventurer, but had fallen into the sheriff’s officer’s custody. It was a lucky meeting for both, however, as Maginn proved of great assistance to Hook, in furnishing the requisite amount of “spicy” copy for the columns of the *John Bull*. Hook was transferred to the Rules of the King’s Bench, where he remained for a year, and afterwards succeeded in getting liberated ; but was told distinctly that the debt must hang over him until every farthing was paid. He then took a cottage at Putney, and re-entered society again. He had for companion here a young woman whom he ought to have married ; that he did not — that he left upon the heads of his innocent offspring by her a stigma and a stain in the eyes of the world — was only, we regret to say, too much in keeping with the character and career of the reckless, unscrupulous, and feeble-conscienced Theodore Hook.

While living in his apartments at Temple Place, within the Rules of the King's Bench, Hook had begun his career as a novelist. His first series of "Sayings and Doings" was very successful, and yielded him a profit of £ 2,000. The second and third series were equally successful. His other novels, entitled "Maxwell," "The Parson's Daughter," "Love and Pride," were also successful novels, and paid him well. In 1836 he became the editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, in which he published "Gilbert Gurney," (perhaps the raciest of all his novels, being chiefly drawn from his own personal experiences,) and afterwards "Gurney Married," "Jack Brag," "Births, Deaths, and Marriages," "Precepts and Practice," and "Fathers and Sons." These were all collected and republished afterwards in separate forms. The number of these works, — thirty-eight volumes, — which he wrote within sixteen years, at the time when he was editor and almost sole writer for a newspaper, and for several years the conductor of a magazine, argue a by no means idle disposition. Indeed, Hook worked very hard; the pity is that he worked to so little purpose, and that he squandered the money with which he ought to have paid his debts (and he himself admitted that he was in justice responsible for £ 9,000) in vying with fashionable people to keep up appearances, and live a worthless life of dissipation, frivolity, and burlesque "*bon ton*." For many years Hook must have been earning from £ 4,000 to £ 5,000 a year by his pen, and yet he was always poor! How did he spend his earnings? Let the friend who has written the sketch of him in the *Quarterly Review* explain the secret.

"In 1827 (after leaving his house at Putney) he took a higher flight. He became the tenant of a house in Cleveland Row, — on the edge, therefore, of what, in one of his novels, he describes as the 'real London, — the space between Pall Mall on the south, and Piccadilly on the north, St. James's Street on the west, and the Opera House to the

east.' The residence was handsome, and, to persons ignorant of his domestic arrangements, appeared extravagantly too large for his purpose; we have since heard of it as inhabited by a nobleman of distinction. He was admitted a member of diverse clubs; shone the first attraction of their House dinners; and, in such as allowed of play, he might commonly be seen in the course of his protracted evening. Presently he began to receive invitations to great houses in the country, and, for week after week, often travelled from one to another such scene, to all outward appearance in the style of an idler of high condition. In a word, he had soon entangled himself with habits and connections which implied much curtailment of the time for labor at the desk, and a course of expenditure more than sufficient to swallow all the profits of what remained. To the upper world he was visible solely as the jocund convivialist of the club,—the brilliant wit of the lordly banquet,—the lion of the crowded assembly,—the star of a Christmas or Easter party in a rural palace,—the unfailing stage-manager, prompter, author, and occasionally excellent comic actor, of the private theatricals, at which noble guardsmen were the valets, and lovely peeresses the soubrettes."

Thus did the brilliant Hook flutter like a dazzled moth around the burning taper of aristocracy, scorching his wings, and at length sinking destroyed by the seductive blaze, when he was at once swept away as some unsightly object.

It was a feverish, miserable, unhealthy life, with scarcely a redeeming feature in it. To make up for the time devoted by him to the amusement of aristocratic circles, and to raise the money wherewithal to carry on this brilliant dissipation, as well as to relieve himself of the pressure of his more urgent pecuniary embarrassments, Hook worked day and night when at his own house, often under the influence of stimulants, and thus increased the nervous agonies of a frame prematurely wasted and exhausted. Meanwhile he was

pressed by his publisher, into whose debt he had fallen ; and publishers, in such a case, are exacting, like everybody else in similar circumstances. Debts — debts — forever debts — accumulated about Hook, each debt a grinning phantom, mocking at him even in the midst of his gayest pleasures. “ Little did his fine friends know at what tear and wear of life he was devoting his evenings to their amusement. The ministrants of pleasure with whom they measured him were almost all as idle as themselves, — elegant, accomplished men, easy in circumstances, with leisure at command, who drove to the rendezvous after a morning divided between voluptuous lounging in a library chair and healthful exercise out of doors. But he came forth, *at best*, from a long day of labor at his writing-desk, after his faculties had been kept on the stretch, — feeling, passion, thought, fancy, excitable nerves, suicidal brain, all worked, perhaps well-nigh exhausted, — compelled, since he came at all, to disappoint by silence, or to seek the support of tempting stimulants in his new career of exertion. And we may guess what must have been the effect on his mind of the consciousness, while seated among the revellers of a princely saloon, that next morning must be, not given to the mere toil of the pen, but divided between scenes in the back-shops of three or four eager, irritated booksellers, and weary prowlings through the dens of city usurers for the means of discounting this long bill, staving off that attorney’s threat ; not less commonly — even more urgently — of liquidating a debt of honor to the grandee, or some of the smiling satellites of his pomp.

“ There is recorded (in his diary) in more than usual detail, one winter visit at the seat of a nobleman of almost unequalled wealth (Marquis of Hertford?), evidently particularly fond of Hook, and always mentioned in terms of real gratitude, — even affection. Here was a large company, including some of the very highest names in England ; the party seem to have remained together for more than a

fortnight, or, if one went, the place was filled immediately by another not less distinguished by the advantages of birth and fortune; Hook's is the only untitled name, except a led captain and chaplain or two, and some misses of musical celebrity. What a struggle he has to maintain! Every Thursday he must meet the printer of the John Bull to arrange the paper for Saturday's impression. While the rest are shooting or hunting, he clears his head as well as he can, and steals a few hours to write his articles. When they go to bed on Wednesday night, he smuggles himself into a post-chaise, and is carried fifty miles across the country, to some appointed Blue Boar, or Crooked Billet. Thursday morning is spent in overhauling correspondence, — in all the details of the editorship. He, with hard driving, gets back to the neighborhood of the castle when the dressing-bell is ringing. Mr. Hook's servant has intimated that his master is slightly indisposed; he enters the gate as if from a short walk in the wood; in half an hour, behold him answering placidly the inquiries of the ladies, — his headache fortunately gone at last, — quite ready for the turtle and champagne, — puns rattle like a hail-shower, — 'that dear Theodore' had never been more brilliant. At a decorous hour the great lord and his graver guests retire; it is supposed that the evening is over, — that the house is shut up. But Hook is quartered in a long bachelor's gallery, with half a dozen bachelors of far different calibre. One of them, a dashing young earl, proposes what the diary calls 'something comfortable' in his dressing-room. Hook, after his sleepless night and busy day, hesitates, — but is persuaded. The broiled bones are attended by more champagne, Roman punch, hot brandy and water, finally; for there are plenty of butlers and grooms of the chamber ready to minister to the delights of the distant gallery, ever productive of fees to man and maid. The end is, that they play deep, and that Theodore loses a great deal more money than he had brought with him from town, or

knows how to come at it if he were there. But he rises next morning with a swimming, bewildered head, and, as the fumes disperse, perceives that he must write instantly for money. No difficulty is to be made; the fashionable tailor (*alias* merciless Jew) to whom he discloses the case, must *on any terms* remit a hundred pounds by return of post. It is accomplished, — the debt is discharged. Thursday comes round again, and again he escapes to meet the printer. This time the printer brings a payment of salary with him, and Hook drives back to the castle in great glee. Exactly the same scene occurs a night or two afterwards. The salary all goes. When the time comes for him at last to leave his splendid friend, he finds that he has lost a fortnight as respects a book that *must* be finished within a month or six weeks; and that what with travelling expenses hither and thither (he has to defray the printer's, too), and losses at play to silken coxcombs, — who consider him an admirable jack-pudding, and also as an invaluable pigeon, since he drains his glass as well as fills it, — he has thrown away more money than he could have earned by the labor of three months in his own room at Fulham. But then the rumble of the green chariot is seen well stocked with pheasants and hares, as it pauses in passing through town at Crockford's, the Carlton, or the Athenæum; and as often as the Morning Post alluded to the noble peer's Christmas court, Mr. Theodore Hook's name closed the paragraph of 'fashionable intelligence.'"

But at last the end of all came, and the poor jester and *bon-vivant* strutted off the stage. To the last, even when positively ill, he could not refuse an invitation to dine with titled people. To the last, — a padded-up old man, — he tried to be effervescent and gay. He died in August, 1841, and the play was ended. Some may call such a life as this a tragedy, and a painful one it seems. To look at it now, there appears little genuine mirth in it: the laughter was all hol-



low. As for the noble and titled friends for whom Hook had made so much merriment during his unhappy life, they let him die overburdened with debt, and go to his grave unwept and unattended. They did nothing for his children, — it is true they were such as the respectable world usually disown; and they did not, so far as we know, place a stone over the grave in which their jester was laid to sleep. Notwithstanding Theodore Hook's naturally brilliant powers, — his sagacity, his humor, his genius, — we fear that the verdict of his survivors and of posterity will be, that here was the life of a greatly gifted man worse than wasted.

## DR. ANDREW COMBE.

**T**HE life of Andrew Combe was quiet and unostentatious. It was chiefly occupied by the investigations and labors incident to the calling which he had chosen, — that of medicine ; — a profession which, when followed successfully, leaves comparatively little leisure for the indulgence of literary tastes. Yet we do not exaggerate when we say, that there are few writers who have effected greater practical good, and done more to beneficially affect the moral and physical well-being of mankind, than the subject of this memoir. He was one of the first writers who directed public attention to the subject of Physiology, in connection with Health and Education. There had, indeed, been no want of writers on physiology previous to his time ; but they addressed themselves mainly to the professional mind ; and their books were, for the most part, so full of technical phrases, that, so far as the public was concerned, they might as well have been written in an unknown tongue. As Dr. Combe grew up towards manhood, and acquired habits of independent observation, he perceived that the majority of men and women were, for the most part, living in habitual violation of the laws of health, and thus bringing upon themselves debility, disease, premature decay, and death : not to speak of generations unborn, on whom the penalty of neglect or violation of the physiological laws inevitably descends. He conceived the idea of instructing the people in those laws, in a simple and intelligible manner, and in lan-

guage divested of technical terms. And there are words enough in the English tongue in which to utter common sense to common people upon such subjects as air, exercise, diet, cleanliness, and so on, as affecting the healthy lives of human beings, without drawing so largely as had been customary upon Greek and Latin terminology for the purpose.

Dr. Combe's first book, on "The Principles of Physiology applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education," was written in this rational and common-sense style. In that work, Dr. Combe appealed to the ordinary, average understandings of men. He explained the laws which regulate the physical life, — the conditions necessary for the healthy action of the various functions of the system; and he directed particular attention to those habits and practices which were in violation of the natural laws, pointing out the necessity for amendment in various ways, in a cogent, persuasive, and perspicuous manner. We remember very well the appearance of the book in question. It excited comparatively small attention at first, — the subject was so unusual, and up to that time deemed so unattractive. People were afraid then, as they often are now, to look into their own physical system, and learn something of its working. There is alarm to many minds, in the thought of the heart beating, and the lungs blowing, and the arteries contracting upon their red blood. The consideration of such subjects used formerly to be regarded as strictly professional; and people were for the most part satisfied to leave health, and all that concerned it, to the exclusive charge of "the doctors." And, truth to say, medical men were disposed to regard the publication of Dr. Combe's "Physiology" as somewhat "*infra dig.*;" for it looked like a revealing of the secrets of the profession before the eyes of the general public. But all such feeling has long since disappeared; and medical men now find that they have in the readers of good works on popular physiol-

ogy more intelligent patients to deal with, — more able to co-operate with them in their attempts to subdue disease and restore the bodily functions to health, — than when they have mere blank ignorance and blind prejudice to encounter. Where there is not sound information, there will always be found prejudices enough, — the most difficult of all things to contend against. It is not improbable, also, that to the growing popular knowledge of physiological conditions we are, in a great measure, to attribute the improvement in the medical profession which has taken place of late years. For medical men are the better for knowing that, in order to make good their influence and to advance as a profession, they must keep well ahead of the intelligence of their employers. Everybody knows that questions of health, — as affecting the sanitary condition of towns, — are among the leading questions of this day ; and we cannot help attributing much of the active concern which now exists among legislators, philanthropists, and all public-spirited men, for the improvement of the physical condition of the people, to the impulse given to the subject by the publication of Dr. Combe's admirable books.

Dr. Combe was himself a serious sufferer through neglect of the laws of physical health ; and it was probably this circumstance which early directed his attention to the subject, and induced him to give it the prominence which he did in nearly all his published works. He was the fifteenth child of respectable parents, living in Edinburgh : his father was a brewer at Livingston's Yards, a suburb of the Old Town, situated nearly under the southwest angle of Edinburgh Castle rock. Seventeen children in all were born to the Combes in that place ; but the neighborhood abounded with offensive pools and ditches, the noxious influence of which (in conjunction with defective ventilation in small or overcrowded sleeping apartments) must have been a potent cause of the disease and early mortality which prevailed in

the family. Very few of the seventeen children grew up to adult years; and although the parents, who were of robust constitution, lived to an old age, those of the children who survived grew up with feeble constitutions, and, in Andrew's case, containing within them the seeds of serious disease. Nor was the mental discipline of the children of a much healthier kind. As an illustration, George Combe, in the Life of his brother, recently published, gives the following picture of the Sabbath, as spent in a Scotch family:—

“The gate of the brewery was locked, and all except the most necessary work was suspended. The children rose at eight, breakfasted at nine, and were taken to the West Church at eleven. The forenoon service lasted till one. There was a lunch between one and two. The afternoon's service lasted from two till four. They then dined; and after dinner, portions of the Psalms and of the Shorter Catechism with the ‘Proofs’ were prescribed to be learnt by heart. After these had been repeated, tea was served. Next the children sat round a table and read the Bible aloud, each a verse in turn, till a chapter for every reader had been completed. After this, sermons or other pious works were read till nine o'clock, when supper was served, after which all retired to rest. Jaded and exhausted in brain and body as the children were by the performance of heavy tasks at school during six days of the week, these Sundays were no days of rest to them.”

From a private school, Andrew Combe proceeded to the High School, and then he was placed apprentice to an Edinburgh surgeon. He was singularly obstinate in connection with his entry upon his profession. Although he had chosen to be “a doctor,” when finally asked “what he would be,” his answer in the vernacular Scotch was, “I'll no be naething.” He would give no further answer; and after all kinds of “fleechin” and persuading were tried, he at length had to be *carried* by force out of the house, to begin his

professional career! His father and brother George, afterwards his biographer, with a younger brother, James, performed this remarkable duty. George thus describes the scene.

A consultation was now held as to what was to be done; and again it was resolved that Andrew should not be allowed to conquer, seeing that he still assigned no reason for his resistance. He was, therefore, lifted from the ground; he refused to stand; but his father supported one shoulder, George carried the other, and his younger brother, James, pushed him on behind; and in this fashion he was carried from the house, through the brewery, and several hundred yards along the high road, before he placed a foot on the ground. His elder brother John, observing what was passing, anxiously inquired, "What's the matter?" James replied, "We are taking Andrew to the doctor." "To the doctor! what's the matter with him, — is he ill, James?" "O, not at all, — we are taking him to *make* him a doctor." At last, Andrew's sense of shame prevailed, and he walked quietly. His father and George accompanied him to Mr. Johnston's house; Andrew was introduced and received, and his father left him. George inquired what had passed in Mr. Johnston's presence. "Nothing particular," replied his father; "only my conscience smote me when Mr. Johnston 'hoped that Andrew had come quite willingly'! I replied, that I had given him a solemn promise that, if he did not like the profession after a trial, he should be at liberty to leave it." "Quite right," said Mr. Johnston; and Andrew was conducted to the laboratory. Andrew returned to Mr. Johnston's the next morning without being asked to do so; and to the day of his death he was fond of his profession.

In a touching letter to George, written nearly thirty years after the above event, he thanked him cordially for having been instrumental in sending him to a liberal profession; and he confesses that he really "wished and meant to be a doc-

tor," notwithstanding his absurd way of showing his willingness. Always ready, as both he and his brother were, to account for everything phrenologically, he attributed the resistance on the occasion to Wit and Secretiveness. "I recollect well," he says in the letter referred to, "that my habitual phrase was, 'I'll no be naething.' This was universally construed to mean, 'I'll be naething.' The true meaning I had in view was what the words bore, 'I will be *something*;' and the clew to the riddle was, that my Wit was tickled at school by the rule that 'two negatives make an affirmative,' and I was diverted with the mystification their use and *literal truth* produced in this instance. In no one instance did mortal man or woman hear me say seriously, (*if ever*), 'I'll be naething.' All this is as clear to me as if of yesterday's occurrence, and the *double entendre* was a source of internal chuckling to me. You may say, Why, then, so unwilling to go to Mr. Johnston's? That is a natural question, and touches upon another feature altogether. I was a *dour* [stubborn] boy, when not taken in the right way, and for a time nothing would then move me. Once committed, I resolved not to yield, and hence the laughable extravaganza which ensued."

At the age of fifteen, Andrew Combe went to live with his elder brother George, who in 1812 began practising as Writer to the Signet. This was an advantage to Andrew, in point of health, and was a convenience to him in attending his place of business, and also the medical lectures in the University. In his letters to his brother, written in after life, Andrew often referred with regret to the neglect of ventilation, ablution, and bathing, in his father's family; to which he attributed the premature deaths of the greater number, and the impaired constitutions of the few who survived. "Our parents," he said in one letter, "erred from sheer ignorance; but what are we to think of the mechanical and tradesman-like views of a medical man who could see

all these causes of disease existing, and producing these results year after year, without its ever occurring to him that it was part of his solemn duty to warn his employers, and try to remedy the evil? All parties were anxious to cure the *disease*, but no one sought to remove its *causes*; and yet so entirely were the causes within the control of reason and knowledge, that my conviction has long been complete, that, if we had been properly treated from infancy, we should, even with the constitutions we possessed at birth, have survived in health and active usefulness to a good old age, unless cut off by some acute disease." But nearly all medical men were alike empirical in those days. They merely attacked the symptoms which presented themselves; and when these were overcome, their task was accomplished. That medical men are now so careful in directing their measures towards the *prevention* as well as the cure of disease, we have to thank Dr. Combe, Edwin Chadwick, and other popular writers and laborers in the cause of Public Health.

At the early age of nineteen, Andrew Combe passed at Surgeons' Hall. He used afterwards to say, that it would have been better for him had he been then only commencing his studies. Shortly after, Dr. Spurzheim, the phrenologist, visited Edinburgh, and attracted many ardent admirers, of whom George Combe, then a young man, shortly became one. Andrew, like most of the medical men of the day, was at first disposed to laugh at the new science; but before many years had passed, he too became an ardent disciple of Dr. Spurzheim. He afterwards attributed much of the improvement of his mind and character to his study of this science, and to the practical application of its principles to his own case. In 1817 he went to Paris, where he studied under Dupuytren, Alibert, Esquirol, Richerand, and other celebrated men. He also cultivated the friendship of Dr. Spurzheim, and pursued his observations and studies in Phrenology. From



Paris, he proceeded with a friend on a walking tour through Switzerland and the north of Italy. Disregarding the laws of health, he injured his delicate constitution by exposure, irregular diet, and over-fatigue; and on his return to Edinburgh, shortly after, he was seized with a serious illness, the beginning of long-continued lung disease. He removed for a season to the south of England, and then proceeded to Italy, wintering at Leghorn. There his cough left him, and he regained his health and strength so far as to be enabled to practise for a time as a physician among the English in that town and Pisa. Returning to Edinburgh in 1823, he regularly settled down in that city as a medical practitioner.

In this profession he was very successful. His quiet manner, suavity, and kindness, good sense, attention, professional abilities, and gentlemanly demeanor, secured him many friends; and he won them to his heart by his truthful candor, and by the manner in which he sought to obtain their intelligent co-operation in the remedial measures which he thought proper to employ. He deemed it as much a part of his duty to instruct his patients as to the conditions which regulate the healthy action of the bodily organs, as to administer drugs to them for the purpose of curing their immediate ailments. But he found great obstacles in his way, in consequence of the previous ignorance of most people—even those considered well educated—as to the simplest laws which regulate the animal economy. Hence he very early felt the necessity of improving this department of elementary instruction; and with that view he set about composing his works on popular physiology. His first appearance as an author was in the pages of the *Phrenological Journal*,—an excellent periodical now defunct. To the subject of Phrenology he devoted considerable attention, and soon became known as one of its ablest defenders. Some of his friends told him that he would injure his professional standing and connection by the prominence of his advocacy of the new views;

but he persevered, nevertheless, "firmly trusting in the sustaining power of truth;" and he afterwards found that, instead of being professionally injured, he was greatly benefited by the labor which he bestowed upon the study and exposition of the science. To Phrenology he attributed, in a great measure, the direction of his attention to the subject of hygienic principles; and after his mind had been fairly opened to the importance of those principles, he not only reduced them to practice in his own personal habits, but labored to disseminate a knowledge of them among the public generally.

In the midst of the arduous duties of his profession, Dr. Combe was more than once under the necessity of leaving home and going abroad for the benefit of his health. Disease had fixed upon his lungs, and he felt that his life could only be preserved by removing to a milder air. He travelled to Paris, to Orleans, to Nantes, to Lyons, to Naples, to Rome, returning rather improved, but with his lungs full of tubercles. For many years his life hung as by a thread, and it was only by his careful observance of the laws of health that he was enabled to survive. In his work on "The Principles of Physiology," speaking of the advantages experienced in his own person of paying implicit obedience to the physiological laws, he says: "Had he not been fully aware of the gravity of his own situation, and, from previous knowledge of the admirable adaptation of the physiological laws to carry on the machinery of life, disposed to place implicit reliance on the superior advantages of fulfilling them, as the direct dictates of Divine Wisdom, he would never have been able to persevere in the course chalked out for him, with that ready and long-enduring regularity and cheerfulness which have contributed so much to their successful fulfilment and results. And, therefore, he feels himself entitled to call upon those who, impatient at the slowness of their progress, are apt after a time to disregard all restrictions, to take a sounder

view of their true position, to make themselves acquainted with the real dictates of the organic laws; and having done so, to yield them full, implicit, and persevering obedience, in the certain assurance that they will reap their reward in renewed health, if recovery be still possible; and if not, that they will thereby obtain more peace of mind and bodily ease than by any other means which they can use."

Dr. Combe's first published book was on "Phrenology applied to the Treatment of Insanity." It was given to the world in 1831, and proved very successful, being soon out of print. His second book was on "The Principles of Physiology," some chapters of which were first published in the Phrenological Journal. This book was published in 1834. Among the booksellers it was regarded with aversion. It was one of the successful books which booksellers sometimes reject. The first edition, of 750 copies, and a second edition, of 1,000 copies, both printed at the author's expense, were sold off; when Dr. Combe offered to dispose of the copyright to John Murray, without naming terms. Mr. Murray, and all the other London publishers who were applied to, declined to have anything to do with the purchase of the copyright; and the author went on publishing the book at his own expense. We need scarcely say that the book had a great run: about 30,000 copies were sold in England, besides numerous editions in the United States.

Although Dr. Combe was enabled at intervals to resume his practice in Edinburgh, he found it necessary to leave it from time to time for the benefits of a Continental residence; until, in 1836, he was induced to accept the appointment of Physician to the King of the Belgians, believing that a residence at Brussels might possibly suit his constitution. But his health again gave way on reaching Brussels, and he was shortly under the necessity of giving up the appointment,—preserving, however, the honorary office of Consulting Physician to the Belgian Court. During the leisure which the

cessation from professional pursuits afforded him, he prepared his next work, on "The Physiology of Digestion," another highly successful book. And in 1840 appeared his last work, on "The Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy." All these books have had a large circulation in England and in America, besides having been translated and circulated largely in Continental countries.

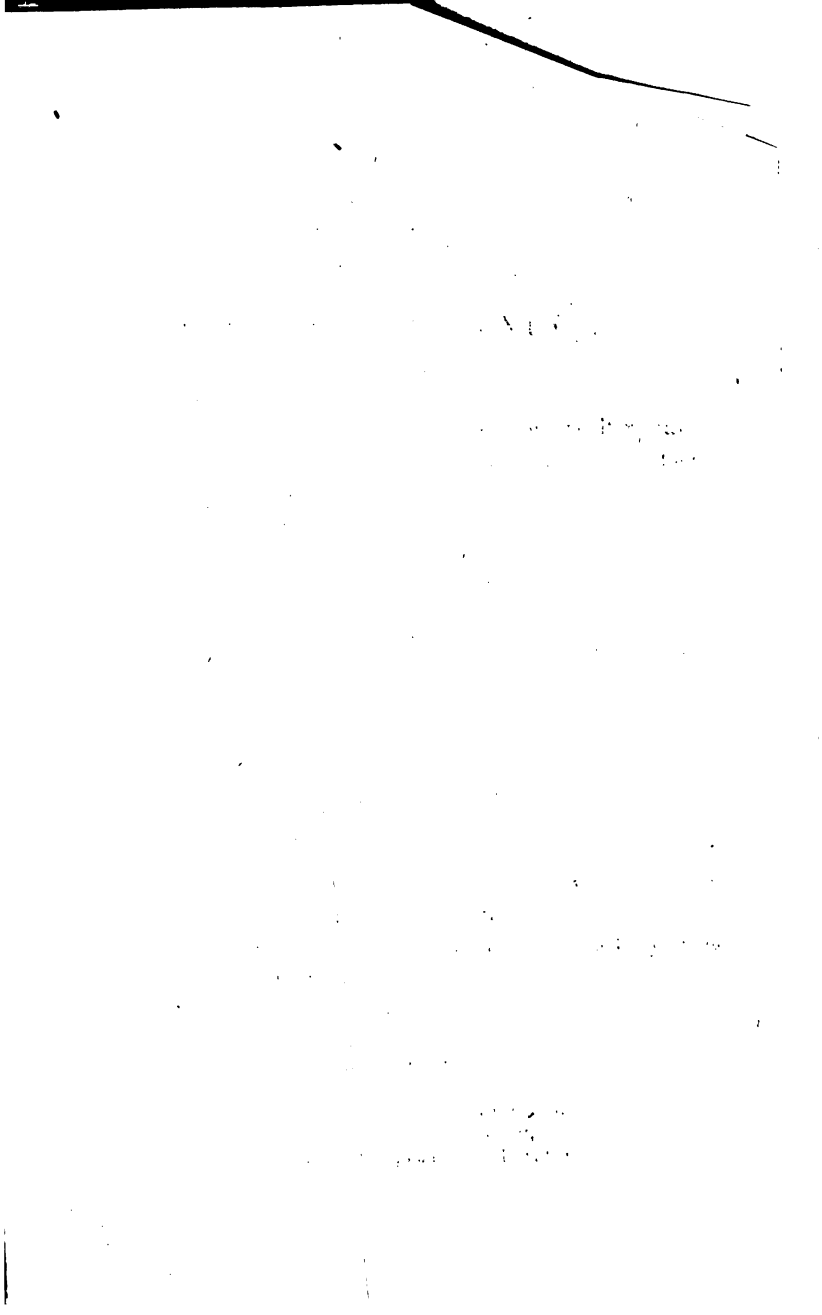
In 1841 Dr. Combe was again attacked with hæmoptysis, or discharge of blood from the lungs, and fell into a state of gradual and steady decline. As he himself said, "I believe I am going slowly and gently *down hill*." He continued, however, to live for several years. In 1842 and 1843, he paid two visits to Madeira, and spent some time in Italy; and in the two following years he was enabled to travel about, a pallid invalid, taking a deep interest meanwhile in all useful public and social movements. His judgment seemed to grow stronger, and his insight into men and things clearer, as his bodily powers decayed. On all topics connected with education, as his correspondence shows, he took an especially lively interest. In 1847 he made a voyage to New York, chiefly for the purpose of visiting his brother William, who had long been settled in the States; but the heat of the climate proved too trying for his enfeebled constitution, and he almost immediately took ship again for England. The last literary labor in which he occupied himself was thoroughly characteristic of the man. While in the States, he had been sickened by the accounts of the ravages which the ship-fever had made among the poor Irish emigrants, and he determined to bring the whole subject before the public in an article in the Times. Writing to a corn merchant in Liverpool, on his return home, for information as to the regulations of emigrant ships, he said: "I have not yet regained either my ordinary health or power of thinking, and, consequently, find writing rather heavy work; but my spirit is moved by the horrible details from Quebec and New

York, and *I cannot rest without doing something in the matter.*" The letter in which this passage occurred was *the last* that Dr. Combe wrote. His article had meanwhile been hastily prepared, and it appeared in the Times of the 17th of September, 1847, occupying nearly three columns of that paper. He was interrupted, even while he was writing it, by a severe attack of the diarrhoea, from which he died, after a few days' illness, on the 9th of August, 1847. His dying hours were peaceful, and the last words he uttered, when he could scarcely articulate, were, "Happy, happy!"

Such is a brief outline of the life of an eminently useful man, who, without the aid of any brilliant qualities, and merely by the exercise of industry, good sense, and well-cultivated moral feelings, was enabled to effect a large amount of good during his lifetime, and beneficially to influence the condition of mankind, it may be for generations to come.











## ROBERT BROWNING.

**T**HE following sonnet, addressed by Walter Savage Landor to Robert Browning, blends the just judgment of the critic with the tender admiration of the friend : —

“ There is delight in singing, though none hear  
Beside the singer: and there is delight  
In praising, though the praiser sit alone  
And see the praised far off him, far above.  
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,  
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,  
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,  
No man hath walkt along our roads with step  
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue  
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes  
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing: the breeze  
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on  
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where  
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.”

A little piece of Browning's, entitled “ Home Thoughts, from Abroad,” shows how this stout traveller along the common roads of England remembered, far away in Italy, what he saw and heard at home : —

“ O, to be in England  
Now that April 's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning, unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England — now!

“ And after April, when May follows,  
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows, —  
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field, and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops, — at the bent spray's edge, —  
That 's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!

“ And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
— Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!”

Mr. Browning was born in Camberwell, a suburb of London, in the year 1812. His father was a Dissenter, and he received his collegiate education at the London University, after which, at the age of about twenty, he visited Italy. Here, first and last, he has spent many years, and a large number of his poems are inspired by Italian scenes and legends. They show that his inquiring eye and active step have been busy, not only in the libraries and closets of that storied land, but along the highways and by-paths and among the common people of the country. His first published work was “Paracelsus,” which appeared in 1835. It is a dramatic poem, of a strikingly original character, of the class to which belong Prometheus, Faust, Festus, and other works, in which poets of all ages have sought to penetrate the mysteries of existence and of human destiny. The Paracelsus of history, who is physician, alchemist, quack, juggler, drunkard, and the father of modern chemistry, appears in this poem as a high and sovereign intellect aspiring after the secrets of the world, yet dying disappointed and heart-broken, having forfeited success by seeking to transcend the necessities and limitations of humanity, instead of patiently working within them. This poem drew towards Mr. Browning the immediate attention of the critics, ever on the look-out for the coming great poet. On the whole, they

received Paracelsus kindly, and the most thoughtful men in England and America have agreed that it contains much fine poetry, as well as nice metaphysical thought. In 1837 Mr. Browning published "Strafford," a purely English tragedy, which, although placed upon the stage by Mr. Macready, who represented the principal character, did not meet with great success. Three years afterwards appeared "Sordello," another dramatic poem, upon which various opinions have been pronounced. Most of the current criticism of the time is written in a hurry, and "Sordello" was not to be digested or even read in a day. It was rough, tangled, and to a large degree unintelligible to most readers. Some students of poetry who had leisure and a taste for occult mysteries tried their hands at it, and came to the conclusion that it had a great deal of meaning and many beautiful passages. But the early judgment has not been reversed during the twenty years which have elapsed since the poem was given to the world. Perhaps the best description of it is that given by an American critic, who says it was a fine poem before the author wrote it. If Mr. Browning had stopped here, the world would not have recognized him, as it now does, as one of the greatest dramatic poets since Shakespeare's day. He kept on writing, and between 1842 and 1846 produced, under the title of "Bells and Pomegranates," a series of dramas and lyrics, or dramatic poems, for the lyrics are as dramatic, almost, as the dramas, upon which his fame thus far chiefly rests. The dramas are entitled "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "The Return of the Druses," "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy." In these poems, Mr. Browning displays that depth, clearness, minuteness, and universality of vision, that power of revealing the object of his thought without revealing himself, that force of imagination which "turns the common dust of servile opportunity to gold," and that humor which sees remote and fanciful re-

semblances and develops their secret relationship to each other, which constitute the true poet and the great dramatist. The "Blot in the 'Scutcheon" is a piteous tragedy. It was produced at Drury Lane in 1843, but its success was moderate. This proves only that the applause of the pit is not the test of dramatic merit, for it is almost a perfect work. "Pippa Passes" is also a charming poem. In it occurs the following remarkable figure, startling as the lightning itself.

"OTTIMA (*to her paramour*).

"Buried in woods we lay, you recollect;  
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead;  
And ever and anon some bright white shaft  
Burnt through the pine-tree roof, — here burnt and there,  
As if God's messenger through the close wood screen  
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,  
Feeling for guilty thee and me."

Some of the lyrics and romances included in this collection of poems have passed into the school-books and standard collections of poetry; for instance, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," and "The Lost Leader;" while others, among which may be mentioned the "Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister" and "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis," display a quaintness of humor which makes them exceedingly pleasant reading. The following little piece shows with what quick and rapid strokes Mr. Browning can place a vivid natural picture and a bit of personal experience before the eye of the reader: —

"MEETING AT NIGHT.

L

"The gray sea and the long, black land;  
And the yellow half-moon, large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow  
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

## II.

“ Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach ;  
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears ;  
 A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch,  
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
 And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,  
 Than the two hearts beating each to each ! ”

In 1850 Mr. Browning published a poem in two parts, entitled “ Christmas Eve and Easter Day.” It deals with theological problems, and expresses some phases of the author’s spiritual experience with great force and vividness. It also furnishes a remarkable instance of the ease with which Mr. Browning puts into melodious verse the elaborate niceties of a metaphysical argument, diversifying it with picturesque and humorous descriptions. Some of the pictures of country people and rural life are as faithful and minute as those of Crabbe. And here is a sketch of a Göttingen Rationalist Professor, which exhibits the same fidelity and accuracy of detail, with a touch of the author’s peculiar humor : —

“ But hist ! — a buzzing and emotion !  
 All settle themselves, the while ascends  
 By the creaking rail to the lecture desk,  
 Step by step, deliberate  
 Because of his cranium’s overweight,  
 Three parts sublime to one grotesque,  
 If I have proved an accurate guesser,  
 The hawk-nosed, high-cheek-boned Professor.  
 I felt at once as if there ran  
 A shoot of love from my heart to the man, —  
 That sallow, virgin-minded, studious  
 Martyr to mild enthusiasm,  
 As he uttered a kind of cough-preludious  
 That woke my sympathetic spasm,  
 (Beside some spitting that made me sorry,)  
 And stood, surveying his auditory,  
 With a wan, pure look, well-nigh celestial. —  
 — Those blue eyes had survived so much !  
 While, under the foot they could not smutch,  
 Lay all the fleshly and the bestial.

Over he bowed, and arranged his notes,  
 Till the auditory's clearing of throats  
 Was done with, died into a silence;  
 And, when each glance was upward sent,  
 Each bearded mouth composed intent,  
 And a pin might be heard drop half a mile hence, —  
 He pushed back higher his spectacles,  
 Let the eyes stream out like lamps from cells,  
 And giving his head of hair — a hake  
 Of undressed tow, for color and quantity —  
 One rapid and impatient shake,  
 As our own young England adjusts a jaunty tie,  
 (When about to impart, on mature digestion,  
 Some thrilling view of the surplus question,)  
 — The Professor's grave voice, sweet though hoarse,  
 Broke into his Christmas-eve's discourse."

Mr. Browning's latest work is entitled "Men and Women." It is a collection of fifty poems, which display all the rich and various qualities of his genius. We quote one of the most pleasing of the poems in this volume: —

EVELYN HOPE.

I.

"Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!  
 Sit and watch by her side an hour;  
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,  
 Beginning to die too in the glass.  
 Little has yet been changed, I think, —  
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass  
 Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

II.

"Sixteen years old when she died!  
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name, —  
 It was not her time to love: beside,  
 Her life had many a hope and aim,  
 Duties enough and little cares,  
 And now was quiet, now astir, —  
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

## III.

“ Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?  
 What, your soul was pure and true,  
 The good stars met in your horoscope,  
 Made you of spirit, fire, and dew,—  
 And just because I was thrice as old,  
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
 Each was naught to each, must I be told?  
 We were fellow-mortals, naught beside?

## IV.

“ No, indeed! for God above  
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
 And creates the love to reward the love,—  
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
 Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few,—  
 Much is to learn and much to forget  
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

## V.

“ But the time will come,— at last it will,—  
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,  
 In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
 That body and soul so pure and gay?  
 Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red,—  
 And what you would do with me, in fine,  
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

## VI.

“ I have lived, I shall say, so much since then;  
 Given up myself so many times,  
 Gained me the gains of various men,  
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;  
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,  
 Either I missed, or itself missed me,—  
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
 What is the issue? let us see!

## VII.

“ I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;  
 My heart seemed full as it could hold,—  
 There was place and to spare for the frank, young smile,  
 And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.



So, hush, — I will give you this leaf to keep, —  
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.  
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;  
 You will wake, and remember, and understand."

The last piece in "Men and Women" is a beautiful love poem addressed to E. B. B., the poet's wife. In November, 1846, Mr. Browning was married to Elizabeth Barrett, of whom a biographical sketch is included in this volume. Since their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Browning have generally resided at Casa Guidi in Florence, but they occasionally pass a winter in Rome. Mr. George S. Hillard, an American author, says: "A happier home and a more perfect union than theirs it is not easy to imagine; and this completeness arises, not only from the rare qualities which each possesses, but from their adaptation to each other. It is a privilege to know such beings, singly and separately, but to see their powers quickened, and their happiness rounded by the sacred tie of marriage, is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude. A union so complete as theirs — in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for — is cordial to behold and soothing to remember."

Mr. Browning's thoughtful lines on the perishableness of fame may sadden the minds of ambitious poets: —

"See, as the prettiest graves will do in time,  
 Our poet's wants the freshness of its prime;  
 Spite of the sexton's browsing horse, the sods  
 Have struggled through its binding osier-rods;  
 Headstone and half-sunk footstone lean awry,  
 Wanting the brick-work promised by and by;  
 How the minute gray lichens, plate o'er plate,  
 Have softened down the crisp-cut name and date!"

Forty years ago, Mr. Jeffrey uttered a lament over the forgotten poets; forgotten merely because there was not room in men's memories for them. He consoled himself with the reflection that Campbell and Byron and Scott and Crabbe and Southey, and the other poets of his day, might

live, in unequal proportions, in some new collections of specimens. But the posterity of 1820, sometimes correcting his estimate, as in the case of Wordsworth, seems still to enjoy complete editions of the works of the great masters of the art of poetry, as well as ever. And we are confident that Mr. Browning's dramas and lyrics will long continue to find appreciative readers, and that, as culture and taste and love of pure art make progress, the number of his constant admirers will steadily increase. If we are mistaken, he must be consoled with the phrase from Milton which is expected to soothe all great and unpopular poets; for he may safely rely till the end of time upon his "fit audience, though few."

## EDWIN CHADWICK.

**E**DWIN CHADWICK has not yet received ordinary justice from his contemporaries. He is one of the most indefatigable and successful workers of the age, and has, perhaps, more than any other single man beneficially influenced the legislation of his time ; yet we hear less of him than we do of many a fifth-rate Parliamentary babbler. We do not know much about his birth or ancestry ; but that is a matter of small consequence. We know, however, that he was born near Manchester, and belongs to a Lancashire family. He received his education chiefly in London, and, having chosen the law for his profession, he was enrolled a student of the Inner Temple in his twenty-sixth year. There he "ate his way," as the saying goes, to the Bar ; maintaining himself, as Lord Campbell at one time in his life did, by reporting and writing for the daily press. He was not a man of brilliant powers, nor of any extraordinary amount of learning. But he was a most sagacious and persevering man, and was ready to confront any amount of labor in prosecuting an object, no matter how remote its attainment might at first sight appear.

At an early period in his career, Edwin Chadwick became possessed of an Idea. And it is a great thing to be thoroughly possessed by an idea, provided its aim and end be beneficent. It gives a color and a bias to the whole of a man's life. The idea was not a new one ; but being now taken up by an earnest, energetic, and hard-working man, there was

hope for the practical working out of this idea in the actual life of humanity. The idea was neither more nor less than the Sanitary Idea, — the germ of the sanitary movement.

We must now briefly state how he worked his way to the practical realization of his idea, in the sanitary movement. It appears that Mr. Morgan, the government actuary, having been examined before a Parliamentary committee as to the soundness of the government annuity-tables, stated that, though the circumstances of the middle classes had improved, their "expectation of life" had not lengthened. This being diametrically opposed to our student's idea, he forthwith set to work to demonstrate the fallacy of the government actuary's opinion. He laid aside for a time the dreary law papers on which he had been engaged, and entered upon an equally dreary course of reading and sifting of statistical documents, blue-books, life-tables, and population-tables. His practice of sifting evidence for the attorneys in private cases doubtless helped him in this investigation. He bored his way through the cumbrous pile, working his way to the light, and bringing an accumulation of facts from the most unlooked-for quarters, to illustrate his idea, and elucidate his master-thought. The result was published in an able article which appeared in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1828. He there demonstrated, by an extraordinary array of facts and arguments, that the circumstances which surround human beings *must* have an influence upon their health; that health *must* improve with an improvement of these circumstances; that many of those circumstances which were unfavorable to the healthy lives of men were under man's control, and capable of being removed; that the practice of vaccination, the diminution of the ancestral vice of hard drinking, the increase of habits of cleanliness, the improvements in medical science, and the better construction of streets and houses, *must*, according to all medical and popular experience, have contributed, *à priori*, to lengthen life; and these he proved

by a citation of facts from numerous authentic sources. In short, Mr. Morgan was wrong. The "expectancy of life," as is now universally admitted, has improved and is rapidly improving; but it was never thoroughly demonstrated until Edwin Chadwick undertook the discussion and argument of the entire question.

The article in the Westminster attracted the notice of Lord Melbourne, who had a remarkable tact for discovering the qualities of men; and he determined to enlist Mr. Chadwick in the public service. Though no "eloquent" writer, Mr. Chadwick's pen thus enabled him to enter upon a highly useful, if not a brilliant, career in life. Let no one say that the Pen has lost its power in these days!

In like manner, another article, which Mr. Chadwick published in the London Review, in 1829, on "Preventive Police," was read by Jeremy Bentham, then in his eighty-second year, who so much admired it, that he craved an introduction to the writer. The consequence was the formation of a friendship, that lasted without interruption until the death of the philosopher, in 1832. Mr. Bentham wished to engage the whole of his young friend's time in assisting him with the preparation of his Administrative Code, and he offered to place him in independent circumstances if he would devote himself exclusively to the advancement of his works. The offer was, however, declined, Mr. Chadwick probably foreseeing that the inheritance of the old jurist's principles might hinder his freedom in life; and, with a manly independence, he doubtless felt desirous of carving out for himself his own career.

Mr. Chadwick completed his law studies, and was called to the bar in November, 1830. He was preparing to enter upon the practice of common law, occasionally contributing articles to the Westminster, when he was, in 1832, appointed a commissioner, in conjunction with Dr. Southwood Smith and Mr. Tooke, to investigate the question of Factory Labor,

which Lord Ashley and Mr. Sadler were at that time strongly pressing on public attention. The sanitary idea again found opportunity for expression in the report of the commission, which referred to "defective drainage, ventilation, water supply," and the like, as causes of disease, — acting, concurrently with excessive toil, to depress the health and shorten the lives of the factory population.

In the same year (1832) an important Commission of Inquiry was appointed by Lord Grey's government, in reference to the operation of the Poor Laws in England and Wales. Mr. Chadwick was appointed one of the assistant commissioners, for the purpose of taking evidence on the subject; and the districts of London and Berkshire were allotted to him. His report, which was published in the following year, is a model of what a report should be. It is full of information, admirably classified and arranged, and so racy, by virtue of the facts brought to light, and the care taken to preserve the very words of the witnesses as they were spoken, that the report may be read with interest by even the most inveterate enemy of blue-books.

Mr. Chadwick showed himself so thoroughly master of the entire subject, — his suggestions were so full of practical value, — that he was, shortly after the publication of the report, advanced from the post of assistant commissioner to that of chief commissioner: and he largely shared, with Mr. Senior, in the labors and honors of the commissioners' report submitted to the House of Commons in 1834, and also in the famous Poor-Law Amendment Act passed in August of the same year, in which the recommendations of the commissioners were substantially adopted and formalized.

One may venture to say now, without fear of being contradicted, that that law is one of the most valuable that has been placed on the statute-book in modern times. And yet no law was more unpopular than this was for years after it was enacted. But Mr. Chadwick never ceased to have per-

fect faith in the soundness of the principles on which it was based, and he was indefatigable in defending and establishing it. He is, indeed, a man who has never failed in the courage needful to enable him to do the right thing, even though it should be the unpopular thing. It has been well said, that "to become popular is an easy thing; but to do unpopular justice, — *that requires a MAN.*" And Edwin Chadwick was unquestionably such a man.

While burrowing amidst the voluminous evidence on the Poor Laws, he never lost sight of his sanitary idea. All his reports were strongly impressed with it; and in them not less than *one fourth* of the then existing pauperism was traced to preventible causes of disease. Mr. Chadwick's minute investigations into the condition of the laboring population, and of the poor generally, gave him a thorough acquaintance with the physical evils that were preying on the community, carrying them prematurely out of existence by fevers, consumption, and cholera; and the sanitary idea took firmer possession of his mind than ever.

One day, in 1838, when engaged in his then official vocation of Secretary to the Poor-Law Commission, "an officer of the Whitechapel Union entered hastily the Board-room of the Poor-Law Commission, and, with a troubled countenance, informed the secretary that a terrible fever had broken out around a stagnant pool in Whitechapel; that the people were dying by scores; and that the extreme malignity of the cases gave reason to apprehend that they were allied to Asiatic cholera. On hearing this the Board, at our sanitary reformer's instance, immediately appointed Drs. Arnott, Kay, and Southwood Smith to investigate the causes of this alarming mortality, and generally to report on the sanitary condition of London. Drs. Arnott and Kay sent in a joint report, and Dr. Smith a separate supplemental one; in which, amongst other things, the pernicious effects of the foul water sold in London were ably set forth.

These reports were circulated to the extent of 4,000 or 5,000 copies." \*

This inquiry ripened at length into the sanitary inquiry, into which Mr. Chadwick threw his prodigious industry and energy. In the mean time he had been engaged as a member of the Commission of Inquiry "as to the best means of establishing an efficient constabulary force in England and Wales;" the evidence taken in which inquiry Mr. Chadwick embodied in a report as interesting as a novel of Dickens, affording the most curious insight into the modes of living, the customs and habits, of the lowest classes of the population. When this question had been dismissed, Mr. Chadwick proceeded to devote himself almost exclusively to the great work of his life, — the Sanitary Movement. The Bishop of London, in 1839, moved in the Lords, that the inquiry which had been made at Mr. Chadwick's instance by Drs. Southwood Smith, Arnott, and Kay, into the sanitary state of the metropolis, should be extended to the whole population, city, rural, and manufacturing, of England and Wales. Some residents in Edinburgh also petitioned that Scotland might be included; and accordingly, in August, 1839, Lord John Russell addressed a letter to the Poor-Law Board, authorizing them by royal command to extend to the whole of Great Britain the inquiry into preventible disease which had already been gone through with in regard to the metropolis. On Mr. Chadwick devolved the onerous task of setting on foot and superintending the inquiry throughout, of sifting evidence, and of afterwards classifying and condensing the information for the purposes of publication.

The first Report on the Health of Towns was ready for publication in 1842; and its preparation was altogether the work of Mr. Chadwick. It *ought* to have appeared as the Official Report of the Poor-Law Board; but as the commis-

\* *Times*, December 28, 1851.



sioners (some of whom were at variance with Mr. Chadwick with respect to the administration of the New Poor-Law) refused to assume the responsibility of a document which contained much that must necessarily offend many influential public bodies, Mr. Chadwick took the responsibility on himself, and it was published as *his* report, — which, indeed, it was, — and accepted from him as such by the commissioners.

The amount of dry, hard work encountered by Mr. Chadwick in the preparation of this and his other reports can scarcely be estimated, except by those who know something of the labor involved in extracting from masses of evidence, written and printed, sent in from all parts of the empire, only the most striking results bearing on the question in hand which are deemed worthy of publication. The mountains of paper which Mr. Chadwick has thus bored through in his lifetime are immense; and could they now be presented before him in one pile, they would appall even *his* stout heart!

The sensation excited throughout the country by the publication of Mr. Chadwick's Sanitary Report was immense. Such a revelation of the horrors lying concealed beneath the fair surface of our modern Christian civilization had never been made before. But Mr. Chadwick had no idea of merely exciting a sensation; he had an object in view, which he persistently pursued. The report was nothing, unless followed by legislative enactments, which, indeed, shortly followed. A sanitary party was formed; and the ministers for the time being, of both sides in politics, were its influential leaders, giving practical effect to the sanitary idea.

Mr. Chadwick followed up this report in the following year by another elaborate report on the practice of interment of towns, — a work which extended and enforced the views of Mr. Walker on this subject.

A Sanitary Commission was appointed in 1844, to consider the whole question in its practical bearings. The Commission published two reports, with a view to legislation; but the Free-Trade struggle interfered, and little was done for several years. Meanwhile our sanitary reformer was occupied as a commissioner in inquiring into the condition of the metropolis. This Commission published three reports, in which the defective drainage, sewage, and water-supply of London were discussed in detail; and these have recently been followed by important acts of legislation.

We cannot here enter upon any description of Mr. Chadwick's numerous valuable reports; but will mention his report (published in 1845) on the Drainage, Paving, Cleansing, and Water-supply of Towns, as one of the ablest state papers ever issued from a government office.

The sanitary idea at length had its triumph in the enactment of the Public Health Act of 1848, and the appointment of a General Board of Health (of which Mr. Chadwick was a member) to superintend its administration. Numerous supplemental measures have since been enacted, with a view to carrying into practical effect the sanitary principles enunciated by Mr. Chadwick and adopted by the Board. They published reports, from time to time, full of valuable information: for instance, in reference to the application of sewage water to agricultural purposes; on Epidemic Cholera; on Quarantine; on Drainage; on Public Lodging-Houses; and the like. The sanitary movement, in short, became a "great fact;" and that it is so, we have mainly to thank Edwin Chadwick, the missionary of the Sanitary Idea. It is true, he has recently been summarily dismissed from his position of influence at the Board of Health, — partly through spleen, but chiefly because of his own unaccommodating nature, — unaccommodating especially to petty local authorities and individual interests opposed to the public good. But with all thinking and impartial men,

his character stands as high as it did. At all events, his *works* will remain.

We do not know a more striking instance than that presented by this gentleman's career, of the large amount of good which a man strongly possessed by a beneficent idea can accomplish, provided he have only the force of purpose and perseverance to follow it up. Mr. Chadwick also furnishes an illustration of this truth,—that a true man, of high and original powers, works for the service of humanity and not for the honors which it has to bestow. Though he is not an actual legislator, he has nevertheless been the mover of more wise measures than any legislator of our time. He has possessed the legislature with his leading Idea; and he has created a public opinion out of doors in favor of sanitary reform which will not let them lag, even if they would. Take him in all, Edwin Chadwick is one of the most useful of practical men. If he be not esteemed in future times as a Clarkson or a Howard, it will not be because he has not deserved this. He certainly deserves to be regarded as one of the best practical benefactors of his kind.

We conclude our sketch with an account of a somewhat remarkable interview which took place some years ago between Mr. Chadwick and the Emperor of the French, which is not without its interest for the general reader.

At the time of the Great Exhibition in Paris, in 1854, a deputation from England, of whom Mr. Chadwick was one, had occasion to wait upon the Emperor at his palace of St. Cloud. We give the account of the interview exactly as related to us by one who was present, and it will be found to bring out something of the humor of Louis Napoleon, as well as the peculiarities which characterize Mr. Edwin Chadwick.

The appointment was arranged for Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock, and the deputation was punctual. The Emperor,

however, was engaged on business with members of the Diplomatic Corps, and could not receive them for nearly an hour: but, with prompt decision, he ordered the Galleries of Art to be thrown open, and trusted the gentlemen from England would be able to amuse themselves for a short time. His thoughtful kindness was well calculated to make a favorable impression, and the time indeed seemed short when it was announced that the Emperor was waiting. On entering the audience-chamber, Lord Cowley handed to an attendant the names of those forming the deputation, who took their places in the order in which they were written. The attendant withdrew, and soon after the Emperor entered accompanied by some of his officers of state. Lord Cowley introduced the head of the deputation by name, who read an address, to which the Emperor replied in familiar terms, and then, approaching the leader of the deputation, and speaking to him by name, shook him cordially by the hand and bade him welcome. There was nothing surprising in this, because it was natural to suppose that *his* name might be remembered. But when he passed along the semicircle, and shook each by the hand, and spoke to him by name, without reference to any document, they were absolutely amazed. After expressing the hope that they would enjoy their visit to Paris the Emperor returned to Mr. Chadwick, when the following dialogue took place:—

“ Well, Mr. Chadwick, and how do you enjoy Paris? ”

“ May it please your Majesty, I enjoy Paris much, and being here on a special mission, as your Majesty is aware, I shall feel it to be my duty to report faithfully, and to the best of my judgment, on matters connected with the inquiry. ”

“ I hope your report will be favorable, Mr. Chadwick. ”

“ In many respects entirely so; but in others not. All that meets the eye is beautiful, and I find much that is worthy of imitation. But — ” and here Mr. Chadwick paused.

"But — I suppose you were about to add, Mr. Chadwick — but all that meets the nose is not so agreeable." (The Emperor here smiled, — so did the deputation.)

"In this presence," replied Mr. Chadwick, "I should not have ventured to say so much, but your Majesty has accurately interpreted the thought I wished to convey."

"Could you suggest any remedy, Mr. Chadwick?"

"Undoubtedly, your Majesty! Nothing could be easier than the drainage of Paris. The area of the city is small, and the gradient so good, that the system might be made the most perfect, and the Paris atmosphere the purest of any city in the world."

"Would you drain the refuse matter of Paris into the Seine, as you drain London into the Thames, Mr. Chadwick?"

"No, your Majesty; that has been found to be a terrible mistake; and we are about to entirely change the system. We have in England a town drained on what we consider a model system. I refer to the town of Rugby. The authorities have completed their drainage, and entered into an agreement with an enterprising agriculturist, who pays a certain fixed sum per annum for the entire sewage, of which he takes possession at the boundary of the town, and, by means of pipes laid at his own cost, conveys it to such points of his farm as will enable him best to spread it equally all over his land. And the result is, that he has several crops of grass in each year of immense weight and value."

"Do you mean, Mr. Chadwick, that your enterprising agriculturist spreads that unpleasant stuff on the green grass?"

"I do, your Majesty."

"Then it must be very unpleasant to sit upon!"

The whimsicality of this remark broke down all restraint. The deputation laughed outright, and in their laughter the Emperor heartily joined.

Here was a fine opening for a bucolic member of the

deputation, who eagerly seized the opportunity of stepping forward to enlighten the Emperor. He begged to assure his Majesty that it was neither unpleasant, nor dangerous to health. It was the nature of all vegetation to greedily absorb the food suitable to it. Sewage matter was the natural food of plants, and —

The Emperor, however, fearing a tedious lecture upon agricultural chemistry, suddenly turned from his new friend, and again addressed himself to his imperturbable friend Chadwick.

“If your time admits, Mr. Chadwick, perhaps you will kindly proceed, and give me a few practical hints as to the *how* of the case?”

“Your Majesty will allow that, of all places, the greatest demand for vegetables of every variety exists in Paris. To economize labor, and thus lessen the cost of a prime necessity of food, is a question well worthy the consideration of your Majesty. The surrounding land is hungry for the refuse of your city, and every visitor cries, ‘Away with it!’ By a proper and simple system, arrangements might be made by which, within a radius of twenty miles of Paris, a larger quantity of vegetables might be produced than is now obtained from a radius of fifty miles. Your houses are so high, that they are almost like perpendicular streets, and half drain themselves by simple gravity. The gradients are all good, and only require the necessary pipes and a sufficient supply of water. But, in my humble opinion, if your Majesty wills it, the work is half done.”

“I thank you, Mr. Chadwick, and the gentlemen present; and if I can do anything to make your stay in Paris more pleasant, let your wishes be made known through the Minister, and they shall be promptly attended to. I shall appoint a commission to inquire into the question Mr. Chadwick has introduced; and should they find it necessary to visit London for further information, I assume they may reckon upon receiving the assistance of this deputation?”

A promise to that effect was given ; and here the interview might have closed. But Mr. Chadwick desired another last word, and, moving a step in advance, he said :—

“ It was the boast of Augustus, that he found Rome brick, and left it marble ; but it will be a greater, a wiser, and a prouder boast, if, in the time to come, it can be truly said, ‘ The Emperor Napoleon the Third found Paris offensively odorous, and left it sweet ! ’ ”

The Emperor seemed greatly pleased with these parting words of the sanitary philosopher, and the deputation withdrew amidst general hilarity.

The unexpected frankness, familiarity, and humor of the Emperor, during the interview, astonished everybody ; and, to judge from the look of surprise which the faces of his attendants expressed, it was quite clear that it was to them an unusual scene. That Louis Napoleon thoroughly entered into the spirit of the interview, there can be no doubt. But whether he laughed with, or at, the deputation, no one now can tell ; and it is one of the secrets which time itself will be unable to divulge. It is, nevertheless, gratifying to find that the plans introduced in a way so peculiar are being gradually carried out ; and it is by no means improbable, that the ideal of Mr. Chadwick may be more than accomplished, and that Paris will eventually be, not only the most beautiful, but also one of the healthiest, because one of the purest, cities in the world.

## ROBERT NICOLL.

**T**HE name of Robert Nicoll will always take high rank among the poets of Scotland. He was one of the many illustrious Scotchmen who have risen up to adorn the lot of toil, and reflect honor on the class from which they have sprung, — the laborious and hard-working peasantry of their land. Nicoll, like Burns, was a man of whom those who live in poor men's huts may well be proud. They declare, from day to day, that intellect is of no class, but that even in abodes of the deepest poverty there are warm hearts and noble minds, wanting but the opportunity and the circumstances to enable them to take their place as honorable and zealous laborers in the work of human improvement and Christian progress.

The life of Robert Nicoll was not one of much variety of incident. It was, alas! brought to an early close; for he died almost ere he had reached manhood. But in his short allotted span, it is not too much to say, that he *lived more* than most men have done who reach their threescore years and ten. He was born of hard-working, God-fearing parents, in the year 1814, at the little village of Tulliebelton, situated near the foot of the Grampian Hills, in Perthshire. At an early period of his life, his father had rented the small farm of Ordie-braes; but having been unsuccessful in his farming, and falling behind with his rent, his home was broken up by the laird; the farm-stocking was sold off by public roup; and the poor man was reduced to the rank of a common day-laborer.



Robert was the second of a family of seven children, six sons and one daughter, the "sister Margaret" of whom the poet afterwards spoke and wrote so affectionately. Out of the bare weekly income of a day-laborer, there was not, as might be inferred, much to spare for schooling. But the mother was an intelligent, active woman, and assiduously devoted herself to the culture of her children. She taught them to read, and gave them daily lessons in the Assembly's Catechism; so that before being sent to school, which they all were in due course, this good and prudent mother had laid the foundations in them of a sound moral and religious education.

"My mother," says Nicoll, in one of his letters, "in her early years, was an ardent book-woman. When she became poor, her time was too precious to admit of its being spent in reading, and I generally read to her while she was working; for she took care that the children should not want education."

Robert's subsequent instruction at school included the common branches of reading, writing, and accounts; the remainder of his education was his own work. He became a voracious reader, laying half the parish under contribution for books. A circulating library was got up in the neighboring village of Auchtergaven, which the lad managed to connect himself with, and his mind became stored apace.

Robert, like the rest of the children, when he became big enough and old enough, was sent out to field-work, to contribute by the aid of his slender gains towards the common store. At seven he was sent to the herding of cattle, an occupation, by the way, in which many distinguished Scotchmen — Burns, James Ferguson, Mungo Park, Dr. Murray (the Orientalist), and James Hogg — spent their early years. In winter, Nicoll attended the school with his "fee." When occupied in herding, the boy had always a book for his companion; and he read going to his work and returning

from it. While engaged in this humble vocation he read most of the Waverley novels. At a future period of his life, he says, "I can yet look back with no common feelings on the wood in which, while herding, I read Kenilworth." Probably the perusal of that beautiful fiction never gave a purer pleasure, even in the stately halls of rank and fashion, than it gave to the poor herd-boy in the wood at Tulliebelton.

When twelve years of age, Robert was taken from the herding, and went to work in the garden of a neighboring proprietor. Shortly after, when about thirteen, he began to scribble his thoughts, and to string rhymes together. About this time also, as one of his intimate friends has told us, he passed through a strange phasis of being. He was in the practice of relating to his companions the most wonderful and incredible stories as facts, — stories that matched the wonders of the Arabian Tales, — and evidencing the inordinate ascendancy at that time of his imagination over the other faculties of his mind. The tales and novel literature, which, in common with all other kinds of books, he devoured with avidity, probably tended to the development of this disease (for such it really seemed to be) in his young and excitable nature. As for the verses which he then wrote, they were not at all such as satisfied himself; for, despairing of ever being able to write the English language correctly, he gathered all his papers together and made a bonfire of them, resolving to write no more "poetry" for the present. He became, however, the local correspondent of a provincial newspaper circulating in the district, furnishing it with weekly paragraphs and scraps of news, on the state of the weather, crops, &c. His return for this service was an occasional copy of the paper, and the consequence attendant on being the "correspondent" of the village. But another person was afterwards found more to the liking of the editor of the paper, and Robert, to his chagrin, lost his profitless post.

Nicoll's next change was an important one to him. He left his native hamlet and went into the world of active life. At the age of seventeen he was bound apprentice to a grocer and wine-merchant in Perth. There he came in contact with business, and activity, and opinion. The time was stirring with agitation. The Reform movement had passed over the face of the country like a tornado, raising millions of minds to action. The exciting effects of the agitation on the intellects and sympathies of the youth of that day are still remembered ; and few there were who did not feel more or less influenced by them. The excitable mind of Nicoll was one of the first to be influenced ; he burned to distinguish himself as a warrior on the people's side ; he had longings infinite after popular enlargement, enfranchisement, and happiness. His thoughts shortly found vent in verse, and he became a poet. He joined a debating-society, and made speeches. Every spare moment of his time was devoted to self-improvement, — to the study of grammar, to the reading of works on political economy, and to politics in all their forms. In the course of one summer, he several times read through with attention Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, not improbably with an eye to some future employment on the newspaper press. He also read Milton, Locke, and Bentham, and devoured with avidity all other books that he could lay hands on. The debating-society with which he was connected proposed to start a periodical, and Nicoll undertook to write a tale for the first number. The periodical did not appear, and the tale was sent to Johnstone's *Edinburgh Magazine*, where it was published under the title of "Jessie Ogilvy," to the no small joy of the writer. It decided Nicoll's vocation, — it determined him to be an author. He proclaimed his Radicalism, — his resolution to "stand by his order," that of "the many." His letters to his relatives, about this time, are full of political allusions. He was working very hard, too, — attending in his mistress's shop, from

seven in the morning till nine at night, and afterwards sitting up to read and write; rising early in the morning, and going forth to the North Inch by five o'clock, to write or to read until the hour of shop-opening. At the same time he was living on the poorest possible diet, — literally on bread and cheese, and water, — that he might devote every possible farthing of his small gains to the purposes of mental improvement.

Few constitutions can stand such intense labor and privation with impunity; and there is little doubt but Nicoll was even then undermining his health, and sowing the seeds of the malady which in so short a time after was to bring him to his grave. But he was eager to distinguish himself in the field of letters, though but a poor shop-lad; and, more than all, he was ambitious to be independent, and have the means of aiding his mother in her humble exertions for a living; never losing sight of the comfort and welfare of that first and fastest of his friends. At length, however, his health became seriously impaired, so much so that his Perth apprenticeship was abruptly brought to a close, and he was sent home by his mistress to be nursed by his mother at Ordie Braes, — not, however, before he had contributed another Radical story, entitled "The Zingaro," a poem on "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," and an article on "The Life and Times of John Milton," to Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine. An old friend and schoolfellow, who saw him in the course of this visit to his mother's house, thus speaks of him at the time: "Robert's city life had not spoiled him. His acquaintance with men and books had improved his mind without chilling his heart. At this time he was full of joy and hope. A bright literary life stretched before him. His conversation was gay and sparkling, and rushed forth like a stream that flows through flowery summer vales."

His health soon became re-established, and he then paid a visit to Edinburgh, during the period of the Grey Festival,

—and there met his kind friend Mrs. Johnstone, William Tait, Robert Chambers, Robert Gilfillan, and others known in the literary world, by all of whom he was treated with much kindness and hospitality. His search for literary employment, however, which was the main cause of his visit to Edinburgh, was in vain, and he returned home disappointed, though not hopeless.

He was about twenty when he went to Dundee, there to start a small circulating library. The project was not very successful; but while he kept it going, he worked harder than ever at literary improvement. He now wrote his Lyrics and Poems, which, on their publication, were extremely well received by the press. He also wrote for the liberal newspapers of the town, delivered lectures, made speeches, and extended his knowledge of men and society. In a letter to a friend, written in February, 1836, he says: "No wonder I am busy. I am at this moment writing poetry: I have almost half a volume of a novel written; I have to attend the meetings of the Kinloch Monument Committee; attend my shop; write some half-dozen articles a week for the Advertiser; and, to crown all, I have fallen in love." At last, however, finding the library to be a losing concern, he made it entirely over to the partner who had joined him, and quitted Dundee, with the intention of seeking out some literary employment by which he might live.

The Dundee speculation had involved Nicoll, and through him his mother, in debt, though to only a small amount. This debt weighed heavy on his mind, and he thus opened his heart in a highly characteristic letter to his parent about it: "This money of R.'s (a friend who had lent him a few pounds to commence business with) hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid, I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great

battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle, and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation, — to which earth is the gate. Cowardly is that man who bows before the storm of life, — who runs not the needful race manfully, and with a cheerful heart. If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid, — poverty included, — there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and mammon worship on earth than is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man. To man it cannot be made a source of happiness unless it be cultivated; and cultivated it cannot be unless, I think, little [here some words are obliterated]; and much and well of purifying and enlightening the soul. This is my philosophy; and its motto is, —

‘Despair, thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.’

Half the unhappiness of life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. That is not my way. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Fear not for me, dear mother; for I feel myself daily growing firmer, and more hopeful in spirit. The more I think and reflect, — and thinking, instead of reading, is now my occupation, — I feel that, whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better. Pain, poverty, and all the other wild beasts of life which so affright others, I am so bold as to think I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing respect for myself, faith in man’s high destinies, and trust in God. There is a point which it costs much mental toil and struggling to gain, but which, when once gained, a man can look down from, as a traveller from a lofty mountain, on storms

raging below, while he is walking in sunshine. That I have yet gained this point in life, I will not say, but I feel myself daily nearer it."

About the end of the year 1836, Nicoll succeeded, through the kind assistance of Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, in obtaining an appointment as editor of an English newspaper, the Leeds Times. This was the kind of occupation for which he had longed; and he entered upon the arduous labors of his office with great spirit. During his year and a half of editorship his mind seemed to be on fire; and on the occasion of a Parliamentary contest in the town in which the paper was published, he wrote in a style which to some seemed bordering on frenzy. He neither gave nor took quarter. The man who went not so far as he did in political opinion was regarded by him as an enemy, and denounced accordingly. He dealt about his blows with almost savage violence. This novel and daring style, however, attracted attention to the paper, and its circulation rapidly increased, sometimes at the rate of two or three hundred a week. One can scarcely believe that the tender-hearted poet and the fierce political partisan were one and the same person, or that he who had so touchingly written

"I dare not scorn the meanest thing  
That on the earth doth crawl,"

should have held up his political opponents, in the words of another poet,

"To grinning scorn a sacrifice,  
And endless infamy."

But such inconsistencies are, we believe, reconcilable in the mental histories of ardent and impetuous men. Doubtless, had Nicoll lived, we should have found his sympathies becoming more enlarged, and embracing other classes besides those of only one form of political creed. One of his friends once asked him why, like Elliot, he did not write political

poetry. His reply was, that "he could not: when writing politics, he could be as *wild* as he chose: he felt a vehement desire, a feeling amounting almost to a wish, for vengeance upon the oppressor: but when he turned to poetry, a softening influence came over him, and he could be bitter no longer."

His literary labors while in Leeds were enormous. He was not satisfied with writing from four to five columns weekly for the paper; but he was engaged at the same time in writing a long poem, a novel, and in furnishing leading articles for a new Sheffield newspaper. In the midst of this tremendous labor, he found time to go down to Dundee to get married to the young woman with whom he had fallen in love. The comfort of his home was thus increased, though his labors continued as before. They soon told upon his health. The clear and ruddy complexion of the youth grew pallid; the erect, manly gait became stooping; the firm step faltered; the lustrous eye dimmed; and health gave place to debility: the worm of disease was already at his heart and gnawing away his vitals. His cough, which had never entirely left him since his illness, brought on by self-imposed privation and study while at Perth, again appeared in an aggravated form; his breath grew short and thick; his cheeks became shrunken; and the hectic flush which rarely deceives, soon made its appearance. He appeared as if suddenly to grow old; his shoulders became contracted; he appeared to wither up, and the sap of life to shrink from his veins. Need we detail the melancholy progress of a disease which is, in this country, the annual fate of thousands.

As Nicoll's illness increased, he expressed an anxious desire to see his mother, and she was informed of it accordingly. She was very poor, and little able to afford an expensive journey to Yorkshire by coach; nevertheless she contrived to pay the visit to her son. Afterwards, when a friend inquired how she had been able to incur the expense,



as poor Robert was in no condition to assist her even to the extent of the coach fare, her simple but noble reply was, "Indeed, Mr. —, I shore for the siller." The true woman, worthy mother of so worthy a son, earned as a reaper the means of honestly and independently fulfilling her boy's dying wish, and the ardent desire of her own loving heart. So soon as she set eyes on him on her arrival at Leeds, she felt at once that his days were numbered.

It almost seemed as if, while the body of the poet decayed, his mind grew more active and excitable, and that, as the physical powers become more weakened, his sense of sympathy became more keen. When he engaged in conversation upon a subject which he loved, — upon human progress, the amelioration of the lot of the poor, the emancipation of mind, — he seemed as one inspired. Usually quiet and reserved, he would on such occasions work himself into a state of the greatest excitement. His breast heaved, his whole frame was agitated, and while he spoke, his large lustrous eyes beamed with unwonted fire. His wife feared such outbursts, which were followed by sleepless nights, and the aggravation of his complaint.

Throughout the whole progress of his disease, down to the time when he left Leeds, Nicoll did not fail to produce his usual weekly quota of literary labor. They little know, who have not learnt from experience, what pains and anxieties, what sorrows and cares, lie hid under the columns of a daily or weekly newspaper. No galley-slave at the oar tugs harder for life than the man who writes in newspapers for the indispensable of daily bread. The press is ever at his heels, crying, "Give, give!" and well or ill, gay or sad, the Editor must supply the usual complement of "leading article." The last articles poor Nicoll wrote for the paper were prepared whilst he sat up in bed, propped about by pillows. A friend entered just as he had finished them, and found him in a state of high excitement: the veins on his

forehead were turgid and his eyes bloodshot ; his whole frame quivered, and the perspiration streamed from him. He had produced a pile of blotted and blurred manuscript, written in his usual energetic manner. It was immediately after sent to press. These were the last leaders he wrote. They were shortly after followed by a short address to the readers of the paper, in which he took a short but affectionate farewell of them, stating that he went "to try the effect of his native air, as a last chance for life."

Almost at the moment of his departure from Leeds, an incident occurred which must have been exceedingly affecting to Nicoll, as it was to those who witnessed it. Ebenezer Elliott, the "Corn-Law Rhymer," who entertained an enthusiastic admiration for the young poet, had gone over from Sheffield to deliver a short course of lectures to the Leeds Literary Institution, and promised himself the pleasure of a kindly interview with Robert Nicoll. On inquiring about him, after the delivery of his first lecture, he was distressed to learn the sad state to which he was reduced. "No words," says Elliott, in a letter to the writer of this memoir, "can express the pain I felt when informed, on my return to my inn, that he was dying, and that if I would see him I must reach his dwelling before eight o'clock next morning, at which hour he would depart by railway for Edinburgh, in the hope that his native air might restore him. I was five minutes too late to see him at his house, but I followed him to the station, where about a minute before the train started he was pointed out to me in one of the carriages, seated, I believe, between his wife and his mother. I stood on the step of the carriage and told him my name. He gasped, — they all three wept ; but I heard not his voice."

The invalid reached Newhaven, near Leith, sick, exhausted, distressed, and dying. He was received under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Johnstone, his early friend, who tended him as if he had been her own child. Other friends

gathered around him, and contributed to smooth his dying couch. It was not the least of Nicoll's distresses, that towards his latter end he was tortured by the horrors of destitution; not so much for himself as for those who were dependent on him for their daily bread. A generous gift of £50 was forwarded by Sir William Molesworth, but Nicoll did not live to enjoy the bounty; in a few days after, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife.

The remains of Robert Nicoll rest in a narrow spot in Newhaven Churchyard. No stone marks his resting-place; only a small green mound, that has been watered by the tears of the loved he has left behind him. On that spot the eye of God dwells; and around the precincts of the poet's grave, the memories of friends still hover with a fond and melancholy regret.

Robert Nicoll was no ordinary man; Ebenezer Elliott has said of him, "Burns at his age had done nothing like him." His poetry is the very soul of pathos, tenderness, and sublimity. We might almost style him the Scottish Keats; though he was much more real and lifelike, and more definite in his aims and purposes, than Keats was. There is a truthful earnestness in the poetry of Nicoll, which comes home to the universal heart. Especially does he give utterance to that deep poetry which lives in the heart, and murmurs in the lot of the poor man. He knew and felt it all, and found for it a voice in his exquisite lyrics. These have truth written on their very front;—as Nicoll said truly to a friend, "I have written my *heart* in my poems; and rude, unfinished, and hasty as they are, it can be read there."

"We are lowly," "The Ha' Bible," "The Hero," "The Bursting of the Chain," "I dare not scorn," and numerous other pieces which might be named, are inferior to few things of their kind in the English language. "The Ha' Bible" is perhaps not unworthy to take rank with "The Cotter's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns. It is as follows:—

## "THE HA' BIBLE.

" Chief of the Household Gods

Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!  
 While looking on thy signs,  
 That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon me comes, —  
 With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirred,  
 Like Childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!

" The Mountains old and hoar, —

The chainless Winds, — the Streams so pure and free, —  
 The God-enamelled Flowers, —  
 The waving Forest, — the eternal Sea, —  
 The Eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow, —  
 Are Teachers all; but oh! they are not such as thou!

" O, I could worship thee!

Thou art a gift a God of love might give;  
 For Love and Hope and Joy  
 In thy Almighty-written pages live! —  
 The Slave who reads shall never crouch again;  
 For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!

" God! Unto Thee I kneel,

And thank Thee! Thou unto my native land —  
 Yea, to the outspread Earth —  
 Hast stretched in love Thy Everlasting hand,  
 And Thou hast given Earth and Sea and Air, —  
 Yea, all that heart can ask of Good and Pure and Fair!

" And, Father, Thou hast spread

Before men's eyes this Charter of the Free,  
 That all Thy Book might read,  
 And Justice love, and Truth and Liberty.  
 The Gift was unto Men, — the Giver God!  
 Thou Slave! it stamps thee Man, — go spurn thy weary load

" Thou doubly-precious Book!

Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe? —  
 Thou teachest Age to die,  
 And Youth in Truth unsullied up to grow!  
 In lowly homes a Comforter art thou, —  
 A sunbeam sent from God, — an Everlasting bow!

“ O'er thy broad ample page  
How many dim and aged eyes have pored?  
How many hearts o'er thee  
In silence deep and holy have adored?  
How many Mothers, by their Infants' bed,  
Thy Holy, Blessed, Pure, Child-loving words have read!

“ And o'er thee soft young hands  
Have oft in truthful plighted Love been joined,  
And thou to wedded hearts  
Hast been a bond, — an altar of the mind! —  
Above all kingly power or kingly law  
May Scotland reverence aye the Bible of the Ha'!”

## SAMUEL BAMFORD.

**S**AMUEL BAMFORD, the handloom weaver of Lancashire, is a true specimen of the poet of the working class. Into his heart the sacred fire of poetry has descended, and the music of his lyre is not the less sweet that his mind has been tempered, and his affections tried, by persecution and suffering. Nor has stern poverty, which, for many of the best years of his life, condemned him to work hard and fare meanly, in any wise served to close his eyes or ears to the beauties and melodies, of nature, whose spirit-whispers have spoken eloquently to his soul on the mountain-side, and in his home-valley; and which have often found for themselves beautiful and cheerful echoes in his songs and lyrics.

Bamford is a Lancashire man born and bred, — an inheritor of that sturdy spirit of independence, which the indomitable old Saxons carried with them into the forests and morasses of South Lancashire, when driven thither before the superior discipline and prowess of the mailed Norman men-at-arms, — a spirit which they have retained to the present day. The inhabitants of the southwestern districts of Lancashire are a robust, manly, industrious, shrewd, and hard-headed race. They have peculiar physical characteristics, and their moral features correspond to them. They inhabit a rugged and naturally barren district; deemed unworthy of being taken possession of by the followers of the Norman William, who, having possessed themselves of the rich pasture-

lands of the low country, drove their former occupiers into the morasses of the interior, and the forests of Pendle and Rossendale. The conquerors then built fortresses at the entrances of all the valleys commanding the "wild" district, at the mouths of the Ribble, the Lune, and the Mersey, the ruins of which are still to be seen; and thus they hemmed in the Saxon foresters who would not consent to resign their independence. It was long, indeed, before their resistance to the Norman authority entirely ceased; and in all great popular movements, even down to our own day, the men of these districts have usually been among the foremost. In the civil wars of the Stuarts, — more especially during the "Great Rebellion" in Charles the First's time, — the inhabitants of the Lancashire forests were almost to a man on the side of the Parliament; and the first open encounter in which blood was shed took place at Manchester, then, as now, the great metropolis of the district. Bradshaw, President of the Council of the Commonwealth, one of the purest of the great public men of that period, was born in the forest of Rossendale, in the midst of a bold and freedom-loving population, and in a district calculated to develop the republican tendencies of his nature. Indeed, the resistance which the people of that district have uniformly offered to the ascendant aristocratic power may be regarded as part of the same struggle between Norman and Saxon which formerly ravaged the country. And to this day, it still is, in some measure, a struggle of races as well as of classes. The institutions of the Conqueror have never been heartily recognized; the Church which it offered has been rejected, almost the whole population being even now extreme Dissenters. The recent Anti-Corn-Law agitation, which originated with and was virtually carried by the men of Lancashire, was a striking instance of the hereditary resistance offered even to this day, by the men of Saxon descent, to the institutions of the conquerors.

In such a district, and amid such a people, was Samuel

Bamford born. Though sprung from poor and hard-working parents, we find in one of his books, presently to be mentioned, that he claims gentle blood; the elder branch of the lords of Bamford, from whom our poet is descended, having lost his lands by rebellion against the king during the civil wars, whilst the loyal younger brother, at the Restoration, obtained possession of the estate. The birthplace of the subject of our sketch was the town or village of Middleton, near Manchester, where he first saw the light, in February, 1788. His parents were poor but respectable, and were deeply imbued with religious feelings, belonging to the then new sect which followed John Wesley. His mother, like the mothers of most men of strength of character and intellect, was a remarkable woman,—and to a strong mind in her were united a great tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which caused her no less to sympathize with others in distress, than to be sensitive of wrongs received by herself and her family from proud and unfeeling relations. The father having succeeded in obtaining a situation in the Manchester workhouse, the family removed thither; but small-pox and fever suddenly fell upon them, and in a very short time two of the children were carried off by the one, and Bamford's mother and uncle by the other.

His father having contracted a second marriage which turned out most unhappily for the children, they were shortly after sent out into the world to make their way as they could, "shorn to the very quick." Samuel had, however, by this time—about his tenth year—acquired the art of reading, and already become a devourer of such books as he could obtain. His school education was very scanty, but it was sufficient for his purpose then. He read all sorts of romantic legions and ballads, varied by Wesley's Hymns, and Hopkins and Sternhold's Psalms, on Sundays. An old cobbler, whose acquaintance he made, taught him tunes to such ballads as "Robin Hood" and "Chevy Chace;" and also excited



his wonder, by remarkable ghost-stories, and accounts of fairies, witches, and wonderful apparitions, in all of which — like most of the Lancashire peasantry of that day — he was a rigid believer.

Bamford, after leaving his father's home at this early age, was taken to reside with an uncle and aunt at Middleton, where the monotony of the bobbin-wheel and the loom soon cast a shade over his buoyant spirits. A merely mechanical, gin-horse employment, like that now before him, was intolerable to his mind ; and he seized the opportunity of every piece of out-of-doors drudgery which presented itself to escape from his hated in-doors occupation.

The relations with whom he lived were, like his parents, of the Methodist persuasion. They regularly attended chapel and class, and were frequently visited by the ministers on the circuit. Jonathan Barker, a first-rate preacher, was one of the favorites. Jabez Bunting, then a very young preacher, excited great expectations, but when in the pulpit he had a most unseemly way of winking both eyelids at once, like two shutters, which caused some mirth and much observation amongst the youngsters as to the cause of it. John Gaulter was always heard with pleasure, both in the pulpit and out of it. He imparted an interest to whatever he said, by introducing anecdotes, short narratives, and other apt illustrations of his subjects ; and if it became of an affecting turn, as it was almost sure to do, the good man and his congregation generally came to a pause amid tears. He and Mr. Barker had no slight influence on the feelings, convictions, and opinions of Bamford, in his after years.

The Sunday school connected with this place of worship Bamford, of course, had to attend with the other members of the family. He was one of the Bible-class, and was probably a better reader than any person about the place except the preacher. The only things he desired to be taught were writing and arithmetic, and as he felt his want,

particularly of writing, and was anxious to get on, he was placed at a desk, and after a copy or two of "hooks and O's," he began to write "joynt hand," as it was termed in the homely phrase of his instructor; and from that time he made his own way in self-culture.

Meanwhile time passed, and Bamford was promoted from the bobbin-wheel to the loom, turning out a good and ready weaver. He became more reconciled to his condition, and, as if to vary its sameness, love, which is seldom absent where the spirit of poetry is present (and he was imbued with that), now made approaches in an unmistakable form, and to him proved an angel both of light and of darkness. More than one tender acquaintance was formed in succession, and the romantic susceptibility of his temperament seldom permitted him to remain uninfluenced by some "Cynosure of neighboring eyes." But this sort of life could not be continued without leading to temptations which require the guardianship of better angels than Bamford had the grace to invoke. The usual consequences followed, and regret and deep humiliation were the dregs found at the bottom of his cup of sweetness.

The evil example also, and conversation of reckless acquaintances, corrupted his better nature, and a wild and perilous course of life ensued. Feeling but little satisfaction at home, he resolved to seek it in far other scenes abroad. In the nineteenth year of his age he entered into an engagement with a large ship-owner at Shields, and went on board his brig, the *Eneas*, engaged in the coasting-trade betwixt Shields and London. A storm of three days was the first circumstance that welcomed him to the ocean. Many vessels were lost in that storm; and though the old sailors on board said nothing to him, and but little to each other, he could not but remark the expressive looks which they interchanged. He remained some time with this vessel, and made a number of voyages coastwise, but the almost irresponsible power of

the captain, and his capricious use of it, disgusted Bamford, as it was sure to do, with his situation and with the sea-service in general. He accordingly embraced an opportunity of leaving the ship at London, and set out on foot to walk the journey homewards into Lancashire. At St. Albans he was stopped and questioned by a press-gang, and escaped only by his presence of mind, and the fortunate circumstance that the commander of the party could not read writing.

Bamford reached home a more thoughtful man than he had left it. He now obtained a situation in a warehouse at Manchester, and having, at times, considerable leisure, he resumed his habits of reading. "Cobbett's Register" was now amongst the prose-works which he read with avidity, and those of Shakespeare and Burns were the chief poetical ones, — the latter being his especial favorite. He was now, if possible, more imbued with romance than ever, and when not at his place in the warehouse he lost no opportunity of seeking out "fresh woods and pastures new." Manchester and its suburbs were not then what they are now. The heights of Cheetwood were rural knolls, with quiet dells out in the country. Cromsal, with its undulating pastures and gentle slopes, was interlaced with meadow and field walks, where one might have "wandered many a day," without being disturbed by unwelcome observation. Broughton, with its old Roman Causey, its Giant-stone, and its woodlands, offered a complete labyrinth of by-paths, shady lanes, and quaint cottages, with vines, rose-bushes, and creepers trailing down from the thatch, — to say nothing of those delightful domestic attractions which are always found in cottages which are happy, and in gardens that are like Paradise.

We now come to the middle life of Bamford, during which he took a prominent part in the stirring political movements of his time, some forty years ago. This portion of his life is to be found detailed in a remarkably graphic and deeply interesting book which he has published, and by which he is

chiefly known beyond the range of his own district, entitled "Passages in the Life of a Radical." This is truly a remarkable book, — written with great force and brilliancy, teeming with fine poetic descriptions of rural scenery, wonderful in its delineations of character and its descriptions of persons, which are hit off, like Retsch's outlines, almost at a stroke, — in other parts, shrewd, homely, and humorous, — and, again, earnest, emphatic, and truly eloquent in the advocacy of the best means of elevating the condition of the great body of workmen to whom the author belongs. But the chief value of the book, in our estimation, is in that it is a true and faithful *history* of a deeply eventful period in the political life of England, — not of the heads of parties and leaders of factions, but of the masses of his industrious countrymen, — portrayed by a leading actor in the stirring events which he describes. We have had many lives of Pitt, and lives of Canning, and lives of this, that, and the other party leader; but the humble political life of Samuel Bamford, modestly entitled "Passages in the Life of a Radical," gives a truer insight into the life and political condition of the English people in recent times, than all the lives of political leaders that we know of put together.

Bamford begins his political life with the introduction of the Corn Bill, in 1815, — one of the first-fruits of that long series of victories and havoc which covered Britain with "glory," the aristocracy with stars and ribbons, and the people with taxes. Waterloo had just been fought; the banded kings of Europe had hunted Napoleon from his throne; and the lords of England proceeded at once to celebrate their triumph by the enactment of a Corn Law. Riots took place in most of the large towns, — in London and Westminster, Bridport, Bury, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Glasgow, Dundee, Nottingham, Birmingham, Walsall, Preston, and numerous other places. The public mind was deeply excited, and organized political agitation commenced. Cobbett's writings

were extensively read among the working classes, and he directed their attention to the main cause of the then misgovernment, in the corruption of Parliament and the insufficient representation of the people. Hampden Clubs were formed in the towns, villages, and districts of the country, which gathered around them the active spirits of the time. One of these clubs was established at Middleton, in 1816, of which Samuel Bamford, by reason of his knowledge of reading and writing, was chosen Secretary. Religious services were connected with the political discussions of the members; and the influence of the clubs extended over almost the entire working population. Meetings of delegates from various parts of Lancashire took place, and the organization of the movement rapidly spread. Some members of the clubs went out as missionaries, Bamford being himself frequently sent to rouse the inactive in remote parts. When these Hampden Clubs had been sufficiently extended over the country, a general meeting of delegates was summoned, to be held in London, under the presidency of Sir Francis Burdett, about the beginning of the year 1817. Bamford attended as a representative of the Middleton Club, and while in London he had interviews with most of the leading "Reformers," graphic descriptions of many of whom are given in his "Passages." Bamford again returned to Middleton, with a report of his mission; but by this time the alarm of the government was excited, and the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended. Then followed the infatuated "Blanket Expedition," to which Bamford was always opposed: still worse, destructive physical force projects were recommended. The usual consequences followed: public meetings were put down, and secret ones took place; spies went among the people, blowing the embers of rebellion; apprehensions of the suspected followed; and Bamford, among others, was arrested on suspicion of high treason, carried across the Manchester "bridge of tears," and imprisoned in the New Bailey. Noth-

ing can be more interesting than Bamford's description of his wanderings in company with his odd friend, "Doctor Healey," among the moors and morasses of the wild districts of South Lancashire, in their attempts to evade apprehension, and of their after confinement and adventures in the New Bailey. Here is the portrait which he gives of himself, his wife, and family, at this period. Of himself:—

"Behold him then. A young man, twenty-nine years of age; five feet ten inches in height; with long, well-formed limbs, short body, very upright carriage, free motion, and active and lithe rather than strong. His hair is of a deep dun color; coarse, straight, and flakey; his complexion a swarthy pale; his eyes gray, lively, and observant; his features strongly defined and irregular, like a mass of rough and smooth matters, which, having been thrown into a heap, had found their own subsidence, and presented, as it were by accident, a profile of rude good-nature, with some intelligence. His mouth is small; his lips a little prominent; his teeth white and well set; his nose rather snubby; his cheeks somewhat high; and his forehead deep and rather heavy about the eyes."

Then follows Bamford's portrait of his home, his wife, and his children:—

"Come in from the frozen rain, and from the night wind, which is blowing the clouds into sheets, like torn sails before a gale. Now down a step or two. 'T is better to keep low in the world, than to climb only to fall.

"It is dark, save when the clouds break into white scud; and silent, except the snort of the wind, and the rattling of hail, and the eaves of dropping rain. Come in! A glimmer shows that the place is inhabited; that the nest has not been rifled whilst the bird was away.

"Now shalt thou see what a miser a poor man can be in the heart's treasury. A second door opens, and a flash of light shows we are in a weaving-room, clean and flagged,

and in which are two looms with silken work of green and gold. A young woman, of short stature, fair, round, and fresh as Hebe, with light brown hair escaping in ringlets from the sides of her clean cap, and with a thoughtful and meditative look, sits darning beside a good fire, which sheds warmth upon the clean-swept hearth, and gives light throughout the room, or rather cell. A fine little girl, seven years of age, with a sensible and affectionate expression of countenance, is reading in a low tone to her mother :

“And he opened his mouth and taught them, saying, Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek ; for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness ; for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers ; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you for my sake.’

“Observe the room and its furniture. An humble but cleanly bed, screened by the dark, old-fashioned curtain, stands on our left. At the foot of the bed is a window closed from the looks of all passers. Next are some chairs, and a round table of mahogany ; then another chair, and next it a long table, scoured very white. Above that is a looking-glass, with a picture on each side, of the Resurrection and Ascension, on glass, ‘copied from Rubens.’ A well-stocked shelf of crockery-ware is the next object ; and in the nook near it are a black oak carved chair or two, with a curious desk or box to match : and lastly, above the fire-place are hung a rusty basket-hilted sword, an old fusee, and a leathern cap. Such are the appearance and furniture of that humble abode. But my wife !

'She looked; she reddened like the rose;  
Syne, pale as ony lily.'

Ah! did they hear the throb of my heart, when they sprung to embrace me? my little loving child to my knees, and my wife to my bosom.

"Such are the treasures I had hoarded in that lowly cell. Treasures that, with contentment, would have made into a palace

'The lowliest shed  
That ever rose on England's plain.'

They had been at prayers and were reading th Testament before retiring to rest. And now, as they a hundred times caressed me, they found that indeed 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.'

Such was the home, and such the domestic treasures, from which Bamford was torn, to be immured in a jail. But he did not remain long in the Manchester New Bailey. He was sent to London, the "Manchester Rebels" exciting no small degree of interest in the towns through which they passed. They were lodged in Borough Street prison, and shortly after their arrival were examined before Sidmouth, Castlereagh, and others of the Privy Council; and after a short residence in Coldbath Fields prison, and several other examinations before the Council, the prisoners were discharged, as no case could be made out against them. Bamford reached home, and for a time found happiness in the bosom of his family. But political excitement continued to have its attractions for him, and again he engaged with greater ardor than ever in the movements of the day. "I now," he says, "went to work, my wife weaving beside me, and my little girl, now doubly dear, attending school or going short errands for her mother. Why was I not content? What would I more? What could mortal enjoy beyond a sufficiency to satisfy hunger and thirst, — apparel to make him warm and decent, — a home for shelter and repose, —



and the society of those I loved? All these I had, and still was craving, — craving for something for ‘the nation,’ — for some good for every person, — forgetting all the while to appreciate and to husband the blessings I had on every side around me.”

Political agitation recommenced on the termination of the Habeas Corpus Act suspension, and immediately Bamford was in the midst of it. Hunt came down to Manchester, and a row took place at the theatre; female political unions were started; and almost the whole population became enlisted in the movement. At length a series of great public meetings was projected, the first of which was to be held at Manchester on the 16th of August, 1819. The men in the mean time were drilling themselves by night, in marching, counter-marching, and military evolutions. They were divided into companies under captains and drill-masters, — so, at least, said the depositions before the magistrates, — and they were, it was further rumored, ready for the most desperate deeds. Not so, however, does Samuel Bamford think of the intentions of the agitators; their sole object being, he says, to excite public respect by the regularity of their march and the orderliness of their demeanor.

The 16th of August arrived. Streams of men, marching in regular order, poured into Manchester, with bands of music and banners flying, from all the neighboring towns and villages. Bamford went thither with the rest, — one of the leaders of six thousand marching men, whom “he formed into a hollow square, at the sound of a bugle,” and addressed on the importance of preserving order, sobriety, and peace during that eventful day. The meeting was one of great magnitude, and was held in St. Peter’s Field, nearly on the spot where the great Free-Trade Hall now stands, — the principal banners (remarkable coincidence!) having inscribed on them “No Corn-Laws!”

The business of the meeting had scarcely commenced.

when "a noise and strange murmur arose towards the church, and a party of cavalry in blue and white uniform came trotting, sword in hand, round the corner of the garden-wall, and to the front of a row of new houses, where they reined up in a line."

"On the cavalry drawing up they were received with a shout of good-will, as I understood it. They shouted again, waving their sabres over their heads; and then, slackening rein, and striking spur into their steeds, they dashed forwards, and began cutting the people.

"Stand fast!" I said, "they are riding upon us, stand fast. And there was a general cry in our quarter of 'Stand fast!' The cavalry were in confusion; they could not, with all the weight of man and horse, penetrate that compact mass of human beings; their sabres were plied to hew a way through naked held-up hands, and defenceless heads; and then chopped limbs, and wound-gaping skulls were seen; and groans and cries were mingled with the din of that horrid confusion. 'Ah! ah!' 'For shame! for shame!' was shouted. Then 'Break! break! they are killing them in front, and they cannot get away!' And there was a general cry of 'Break!' For a moment the crowd held back in pause; then was a rush, heavy and resistless as a headlong sea; and a sound like low thunder, with screams, prayers, and imprecations from the crowd-moiled and sabre-doomed who could not escape.

"On the breaking of the crowd, the yeomanry wheeled, and, dashing wherever there was an opening, they followed, pressing and wounding. Many females appeared as the crowd opened; and striplings and mere youths also were found. Their cries were piteous and heart-rending, and would, one might have supposed, have disarmed any human resentment; but here their appeals were vain.

"Women, white-vested maids, and tender youths were indiscriminately sabred or trampled; and we have reason

for believing that few were the instances in which that forbearance was vouchsafed which they so earnestly implored.

“In ten minutes from the commencement of the havoc the field was an open and almost deserted space. The sun looked down through a sultry and motionless air. The curtains and blinds of the windows within view were all closed. A gentleman or two might occasionally be seen looking out from one of the new houses before mentioned, near the door of which a group of persons (special constables) were collected, and apparently in conversation; others were assisting the wounded, or carrying off the dead.

“The hustings remained, with a few broken and hewed flag-staves erect, and a torn and gashed banner or two drooping; whilst over the whole field were strewed caps, bonnets, hats, shawls, and shoes, and other parts of male and female dress, trampled, torn, and bloody. The yeomanry had dismounted, — some were easing their horses’ girths, others adjusting their accoutrements, and some were wiping their sabres. Several mounds of human beings still remained where they had fallen, crushed down, and smothered. Some of these were still groaning, — others with staring eyes were gasping for breath, and others would never breathe more.

“All was silent, save those low sounds and the occasional snorting and pawing of the steeds. Persons might sometimes be noticed peeping from attics and over the tall sidings of houses, but they quickly withdrew, as if fearful of being observed, or unable to sustain the full gaze of a scene so hideous and abhorrent.”

Such is Bamford’s graphic account of the “Massacre at Peterloo,” as it is still called in the neighborhood. The author was too much mixed up with the movement to escape detection, and he was again apprehended and imprisoned in Manchester New Bailey, from which he was transferred to Lancaster Castle. He was shortly after liberated on bail, to take his trial at the next York assizes. In the mean time,

he proceeded to London, with the view of obtaining some connection with the press. Disappointment was in every case the result; and after a ramble through the rural districts of England, and being reduced to great poverty in London, he returned to Lancashire to prepare for his trial at York. Bamford defended himself with great shrewdness and skill, conducting his case with much propriety. The result, however, much to the astonishment of the court, was that he was found "Guilty," and was bound in recognizances to appear in London the ensuing Easter, at the Court of King's Bench, to receive his sentence. He returned for a short time to Middleton, and on his way home, at Oldham, he met his wife and child.

Bamford's journey to London on foot was full of incident and adventure, and his description of it reminds one of some of the best passages in Fielding and Smollett's novels. His adventures among the booksellers, hunting for a publisher; his cold and inhospitable treatment by Hunt and the London "patriots;" the impending destitution with which he was threatened; the suspense connected with his sentence; constitute a most painful relation, though told in a highly graphic style. He was eventually sentenced to another twelve months' imprisonment in Lincoln jail, which he endured, comforted by the sympathy and aid of many kind friends, but also pained by the calumnies and slander of secret enemies. At length he was liberated, and in company with his wife, a noble-hearted woman, whom Bamford invariably speaks of in terms of the warmest affection, he walked homewards to his native village, — his sixth and his last imprisonment at an end. On leaving the prison, he left "Old Daddy," the turnkey, his pair of Lancashire clogs, at which he "expressed great delight, saying he would place them in his collection of curiosities." Before leaving, the magistrates and the governor complimented Bamford and his fellow-prisoners on their good behavior; and Bamford in return

thanked them sincerely for their kindness during his confinement. He went northwards by Great Markham, Worksop, and Sheffield, up the beautiful vale of Hathersage, past Peveril's Castle of the Peak, to Chapel-on-the-Frith, Stockport, Manchester, and then home. "We entered Middleton," he says, "in the afternoon, and were met in the streets by our dear child, who came running, wild with delight, to our arms. We soon made ourselves comfortable in our own humble dwelling; the fire was lighted, the hearth was clean swept, friends came to welcome us, and we were once more at home!"

We have left ourselves little room to speak of Bamford's writings as a poet. Yet here one might descant at considerable length. Many of his best pieces were written in prison; and he has since added to them from time to time. The last edition of his poems was published in 1843, and we regret to perceive that he has excluded from it many productions which, though inferior to those retained, and deemed unworthy of republication by their author, are nevertheless valuable as marking the historical features of the period at which they were written, as well as showing the gradual development of the poet's mind. A kindly feeling, however, seems also to have influenced Bamford in the selection. "Many topics," he says in his Preface to this last edition, "of exciting public interest, which the author does not wish to be a means for perpetuating, are either totally omitted, or considerably modified. This may disappoint some of our pertinacious friends, but neither can that be avoided, except by the sacrifice of a good and rightful feeling; if we learn not to forget and forgive, how can we expect to be forgiven? — how can we pray, 'Forgive us our trespasses as we have forgiven those that trespassed against us'?"

Of all the poems of Bamford, the most touching, in our opinion, are his "Lines Addressed to my Wife," — equal almost to the "Miller's Daughter" of Tennyson, — the

“Verses on the Death of his Child,” and “God Help the Poor,”—lines such as none but a man who has known and lived amongst poverty could have written. Take the following two verses:—

“God help the poor! An infant’s feeble wail  
Comes from yon narrow gateway; and behold  
A female crouching there, so deathly pale,  
Huddling her child, to screen it from the cold!  
Her vesture scant, her bonnet crushed and torn,  
A thin shawl doth her baby dear enfold:  
And there she bides the ruthless gale of morn,  
Which almost to her heart hath sent its cold!  
And now she sudden darts a ravening look,  
As one with new hot bread comes past the nook;  
And, as the tempting load is onward borne,  
She weeps. God help thee, hapless one forlorn!  
God help the poor!

“God help the poor, who in lone valleys dwell,  
Or by far hills, where whin and heather grow!  
Theirs is a story sad indeed to tell;  
Yet little cares the world, and less ’t would know  
About the toil and want they undergo.  
The wearying loom must have them up at morn;  
They work till worn-out Nature will have sleep;  
They taste, but are not fed. The snow drifts deep  
Around the fireless cot, and blocks the door;  
The night-storm howls a dirge across the moor,—  
And shall they perish thus, oppressed and lorn?  
Shall toil and famine hopeless, still be borne?  
No! God will yet arise and **HELP THE POOR!**”

Bamford’s “Pass of Death,” written on the death of George Canning, has also been much admired. Ebenezer Elliott, in his “Defence of Modern Poetry,” has said of this piece: “I have an imperfect copy of a poem, written by an artisan of Oldham, to which, I believe, nothing equal can be found in all the plebeian authors of antiquity, with Æsop at their head.” Take one or two stanzas:—

“The sons of men did raise their voice  
And cried in despair,  
‘We will not come, we will not come,  
Whilst Death is waiting there!’

“ But Time went forth and dragged them on  
 By one, by two, by three;  
 Nay, sometimes thousands came as one,  
 So merciless was he.

“ For Death stood in the path of Time  
 And slew them as they came,  
 And not a soul escaped his hand,  
 So certain was his aim.

“ The beggar fell across his staff,  
 The soldier on his sword;  
 The king sank down beneath his crown,  
 The priest beside the Word.

“ And Youth came in his blush of health,  
 And in a moment fell;  
 And Avarice, grasping still at wealth,  
 Was rolled into hell.

“ And some did offer bribes of gold,  
 If they might but survive;  
 But he drew his arrow to the head,  
 And left them not alive!”

For many years Bamford continued to work at his trade of a hand-loom weaver at Middleton, occasionally enlivening his labors at the loom with exercises of the pen. He wrote out and published his “*Passages in the Life of a Radical*,” and many of his best poetical pieces, such as his “*Wild Rider*,” Béranger’s “*La Lyonnaise*,” and “*The Witch o’ Brandwood*.” More recently he has written an interesting little volume, entitled “*Walks in South Lancashire*,” in which he gives many highly instructive sketches of the moral and physical condition, interspersed with descriptions of the domestic life, of the industrious classes of his neighborhood. From one of the chapters in this last work, entitled “*A Passage of my Later Years*,” we find that Bamford was personally instrumental, in 1826, in preventing a mischievous outbreak and destruction of machinery, which would certainly have been accompanied with great loss of life (as the military were on the alert) in his native place. Indeed, Bamford, towards his later years, invariably set himself

determinedly against all physical force projects, which some of the working class political leaders were but too ready to recommend, and their admirers but too ready to follow. In the note to his "La Lyonnaise," which he published in 1839, when the physical force policy was in considerable favor, he says, alluding to the sentiment which runs throughout Béranger's poem: "Unfortunately for the too brave French, their common appeal against all grievances has been, 'To arms!' And their indomitable poet naturally falls in with the sentiment of the nation. By arms, *in three days*, (the 'glorious' ones,) they obtained freedom! and *they lost it in one!* — a lesson to make the heart bleed, were it not perhaps sternly necessary to admonish mankind, that, without high wisdom and entire self-devotion, mere valor is helpless, as a blind man without his guide. It is true the middle and upper classes have not dealt justly towards you (the working class). All ranks have been in error as respects their relative obligations, and prejudice has kept them strangers and apart. But the delusion is passing away like darkness before the sun; and knowledge, against which gold is powerless, comes like the spreading day, raising the children of toil, and making their sweat-drops more honorable than pearls."

And in a "Postscriptum" to his volume of poems, Bamford thus concludes: "The salvation of a people must come at last from their own *heads* and *hearts*. Souls must be matured, giving life to healthful minds. Hands may be learned to use weapons, and the feet to march, but the warriors who take freedom and keep it **MUST BE ARMED FROM WITHIN.**"

Bamford eventually gave up working at his loom, and maintained himself for some time by his pen. An appointment which he obtained in a public office in London, followed by a pension from the government against which, when a younger man, he had so often been in rebellion, have enabled him to spend his declining years in peace and comfort in his native village of Middleton, where he still lives.



## JOHN CLARE.

**A**MONG the uneducated poets of England, who have risen up from the humblest ranks, and poured the melody of their poetry into the world's ear, John Clare will ever hold a distinguished place. The gifts of nature are of no rank or order; they come unbidden and unsought; as the wind wakens the chords of the Æolian harp, so the spirit breathes upon the soul, and brings its music to life. It is not necessary to graduate at a university to see nature with a poetic eye. The heart can be fed elsewhere than in the schools; Nature and Life are better teachers. Even the poor man, who daily toils for bread, may be surrounded by natural harps that yield the sweetest music; he may even catch higher utterances from the spirit-whispers that speak to his soul from the leafy wood, the purling brook, or the mist-capped mountain, than have ever been awakened by the finger or the mind of the most highly-cultured man.

It is not often, however, that the peasant has overleaped the barriers of his class, and vindicated his claim as an author to the poetic wreath. He may be a true poet, struggling for utterance, deep thoughts lying brooding within him quick with life; but the hand of poverty lies heavy on him; he is a laborer, and has to work for bread; his lot forbids contemplation, ease, and study; perhaps he is uneducated, and his mental apprehension is impeded by early neglect. If he has struggled on, and risen into the region of authorship, perhaps he finds he has mounted into a sphere where

he has no natural supporters ; where he is petted, patronized, perhaps spoiled ; and where, severed from the class to which he naturally belonged, he floats adrift upon the surface of society, without a definite place or function, ill at ease, miserable, and sometimes frantic with disappointment. He may wear the crown which he has won ; but, while to some it may look green, he feels it burning around his brows like fire. The painful instances of the Scottish peasant poets — Burns, Tannahill, and Thom — will at once start up before the mind's eye. Nor are those of the English peasant poets — Bloomfield, Kirke White, and Clare — less melancholy, the fate of the last, still living, being the most unhappy of all. He is, and has been for many years, subject to the restraints of a lunatic asylum.

John Clare is a child of genius, a born poet, inspired by nature, but destroyed by the world. His poetry is not the result of books, but of loving intercourse with the flowers, the woods, the fields, "the common air, the sun, the skies." His poems are thoroughly original ; there is nothing hackneyed nor commonplace about them ; you see in them at once that he has looked on nature with his own eyes, loving her with his whole heart. He seizes incidents in the fields, features in the flowers, aspects of the skies and the clouds, which less faithful and accurate observers had entirely overlooked. In this admiration of nature he is earnest almost to an excess. His poems present a perfect calendar of rural on-goings, of atmospheric beauties, of the life of the flowers, woods, and fields. While he lived in the presence of nature, and worshipped her with deep passion, he had also a loving eye for the common people among whom he lived, — their customs, their loves, their griefs, and their amusements ; and these he has immortalized in his verse, linking nature and humanity together in one golden chain.

The life of Clare presents a striking and affecting example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties ; but it also

furnishes an exceedingly painful illustration of the misery which is occasionally produced by the gift of poetry descending upon a mind struggling in a humble station, and without the requisite means of development and sustenance. John Clare was born at Helpstone, a village near Peterborough, Northamptonshire, in 1793; his father was a crippled day-laborer, afterwards a parish pauper. He obtained no education, save what he gave to himself; and he contrived, by working extra hours as a ploughboy, to obtain, in about eight weeks, as many pence as would pay for a month's schooling. John Clare educated himself; but he was no common youth; in multitudes of cases similar to his own, in England, children grow up altogether illiterate, and remain so through life. He learned to read; and at thirteen he "ambitioned" buying a book. He had seen a copy of Thomson's Seasons, and hoarded up a shilling for the purpose of buying it. The shilling was accumulated by slow degrees, and at last it was saved. What a fever of delight he was in all that night! he could scarcely sleep; he was up by daylight, and away to Stamford, six or seven miles off, brushing the early dew of the fields in that bright spring morning. When he reached the town, the shopkeepers were still abed, and there stood John Clare at the bookseller's door, waiting impatiently the taking down of the shutters. What a picture of boyish enthusiasm and thirsting genius! Well, the book was purchased, carried lovingly away in the hand, put into the pocket, then taken out again, and the leaves turned over and gazed into wistfully. Then he hurried homeward full of joy. No wonder he felt inspired then! And so, as he passed on through the beautiful scenery of Bingley Park, with the sky shining overhead, and the birds carolling in mid-air, and all nature fresh and fair and beautiful, the peasant-boy composed his first piece of poetry, "The Morning Walk." He was unable to muster funds to procure paper, but he could carry the verses in his head. Nor could he write, even

though he had been rich enough to buy paper. But a kindly-hearted exciseman, feeling an interest in the youth, took him in hand, and taught him writing and arithmetic; so, in course of time, he was enabled to commit his verses to paper.

“Most of his poems,” says the memoir prefixed to his first volume, “were composed under the immediate impression of his feelings in the fields, or on the road-sides. He could not trust his memory, and therefore he wrote them down with a pencil on the spot, his hat serving him for a table; and if it happened that he had no opportunity soon after of transcribing these imperfect memorials, he could seldom decipher them, or recover his first thoughts. From this cause, several of his poems are quite lost, and others exist only in fragments. Of those which he had committed to writing, especially his earlier pieces, many were destroyed from another circumstance, which shows how little he expected to please others with them. From a hole in the wall of his room, where he stuffed his manuscripts, a piece of paper was often taken to hold the kettle with or light the fire!”

He was twenty-four years old when he bethought him of risking the publication of a volume. He was then working as a laboring man at Bridge Casterton, in Rutlandshire. By dint of hard working, day and night, he managed to save a pound, for the purpose of printing a prospectus. This was done, and “A Collection of Original Trifles” was announced. Only seven subscribers were got! But one of his prospectuses got into the hands of a bookseller at Stamford, through whom Taylor and Hessey, their publishers in London, were induced to publish the book, and, what was more, they gave the poet £20 for the copyright. They were published with the title of “Poems descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant.” The little volume created quite “a sensation” in literary circles. It was hailed, as it deserved to be, as a truly original book. Highly favor-

able notices appeared in the leading reviews, and the author was sought up. Great men took him by the hand, sent for him to their houses, and made him presents of money. Visitors came to see him working in the fields; the vulgar curiosity that runs agape after every notorious thing, from a poet to a parricide, ran after Clare; he was no longer his own master, but a kind of public property; he had written a book, and everybody thought it but right that he should be exhibited to them. The result, however, was, that his circumstances improved. His second book, "The Village Minstrel," appeared about four years after his first; and what with the profits of this work and the presents made to him by Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord John Russell, the present King of the Belgians, Lord Radstock, and others, his income amounted to about forty pounds a year. On the strength of this, he married his "Patty of the Vale," the daughter of a humble farmer; and, with his young wife, and his poor and infirm parents, he then enjoyed a pleasant cottage in his native village, and basked, for a time, in the sunshine of prosperity.

But the notoriety he had acquired had awakened in him a love of excitement which the quiet village could but ill satisfy. In 1824 he went to London, where he became one of the contributors to the London Magazine, and began to mix in the society of literary men, and to be petted at the brilliant parties of the lion-hunting. De Quincey met him in London, and furnishes the following reminiscence: "By a few noble families and his liberal publishers, he was welcomed in a way that, I fear, from all I heard, would but too much embitter the contrast with his own humble opportunities of enjoyment in the country. The contrast of Lord Radstock's brilliant parties, and the glittering theatres of London, would have but a poor effect in training him to bear that want of excitement which even already, I had heard, made his rural life but too insupportable to his mind. It is singular that what most fascinated his rustic English eye was, not the gorgeous

display of English beauty, but the French style of beauty, as he saw it among the French actresses in Tottenham Court Road. He seemed, however, oppressed by the glow and tumultuous existence of London; and, being ill at the time, from an affection of the liver, which did not, of course, tend to improve his spirits, he threw a weight of languor upon any attempt to draw him out into conversation. One thing, meantime, was very honorable to him, that, even in this season of dejection, he would uniformly become animated when anybody spoke to him of Wordsworth, — animated with the most hearty and almost rapturous spirit of admiration. As regarded his own poems, this admiration seemed to have an unhappy effect of depressing his confidence in himself. It is unfortunate, indeed, to gaze too closely upon models of colossal excellence."

On his return into the country, matters did not improve with poor Clare. Unfortunately, he speculated in farming, which he could not manage; a large family grew up around him, his means were frittered away, and he fell back almost into his original state of poverty, his mind unsettled, his nerves unstrung, and in a state of almost hopeless despondency. He published a third volume of poems in 1839, entitled "The Rural Muse," probably the best of all his works. But he had ceased to be a novelty; the public were no longer astonished by him, as they had been at first; and the book had but a small sale. Indeed, we have heard that it scarcely paid the expenses of its publication. All this preyed upon his mind. His genius did not sustain him; it only embittered his misery. He was the victim of nervous despondency, which ended in a complete unsettlement of the state of his mind, so that confinement in a private asylum at length became necessary.

There he has now been for many years, writing poetry at lucid intervals, which shows that he still retains all that minute and delicate descriptive power which formerly marked his

productions. He has written songs and verses addressed to his Patty, his mind contemplating her as in youth ; all the dark intervening period which had brought age and sorrow upon both being blotted out. Friends have occasionally visited him in his confinement, and found him harmless and docile, though occasionally laboring under strange hallucinations. He once fancied himself to be a great prize-fighter, and that he wore the belt. He would rave about matches to come off, and of his antagonists, who were men most of them long since dead. He would also describe the deaths, executions, and murders of distinguished personages of former times, and fancy himself to have been an eyewitness of them. Through all this, his early love of nature and rural scenery often burst forth in enthusiastic description, colored with the rainbow hues of poetry.

John Clare is entitled to a high place, if not to the highest, among the "uneducated" poets of England. His keen observation of nature amounted to a genius ; his delicacy in painting natural objects, whether a flower, a tree, a sunset, or a spring scene, was next to marvellous. He owed little to books, but wrote from his heart. He saw things with the eye of a true poet, and as he observed, so did he write. Some of his expressions are extremely delicate. Take the following as an instance : —

" Brisk winds the lightened branches shake,  
By pattering, plashing drops confessed,  
And, where oaks dripping shade the lake,  
Paint crimping dimples on its breast."

How well he paints the cottage fireside too, — the farmer reading the news by the tavern ingle, the blacksmith at his anvil, the reapers in the corn-field, the maid a-milking the kine, and the quiet and beauty of rural life ! He has many delicious pictures of the approach of spring, the advent of summer, the rich glory of autumn, and the stern gloom of winter. Here is a stanza, taken from a poem descriptive of the first breath of spring : —

"The sunbeams on the hedges lie,  
 The south-wind murmurs summer soft;  
 The maids hang out white clothes to dry  
 Around the elder-skirted croft.  
 A calm of pleasure loiters round,  
 And almost whispers winter by;  
 While fancy dreams of summer's sound,  
 And quiet rapture fills the eye."

We conclude with a piece which, though by no means one of his best, we select because of its convenient length for the purpose of quotation.

"The snow has left the cottage top,  
 The thatch-moss grows in brighter green;  
 And eaves in quick succession drop,  
 Where grinning icicles have been,  
 Pit-patting with a pleasant noise  
 In tubs set by the cottage door;  
 While ducks and geese, with happy joys,  
 Plunge in the yard-pond, brimming o'er.

"The sun peeps through the window-pane,  
 Which children mark with laughing eye;  
 And in the wet street steal again,  
 To tell each other spring is nigh.  
 Then, as young hope the past recalls,  
 In playing groups they often draw,  
 To build beside the sunny walls  
 Their spring-time huts of sticks or straw.

"And oft in pleasure's dreams they hie  
 Round homesteads by the village side,  
 Scratching the hedgerow mosses by,  
 Where painted pooty shells abide;  
 Mistaking oft the ivy spray  
 For leaves that come with budding spring;  
 And wondering, in their search for play,  
 Why birds delay to build and sing.

"The mavis thrush with wild delight,  
 Upon the orchard's dripping tree,  
 Mutters, to see the day so bright,  
 Fragments of young hope's poesy;  
 And oft dame stops her buzzing wheel  
 To hear the robin's note once more,  
 Who toddles while he pecks his meal  
 From sweetbrier hips beside the door."



## GERALD MASSEY.

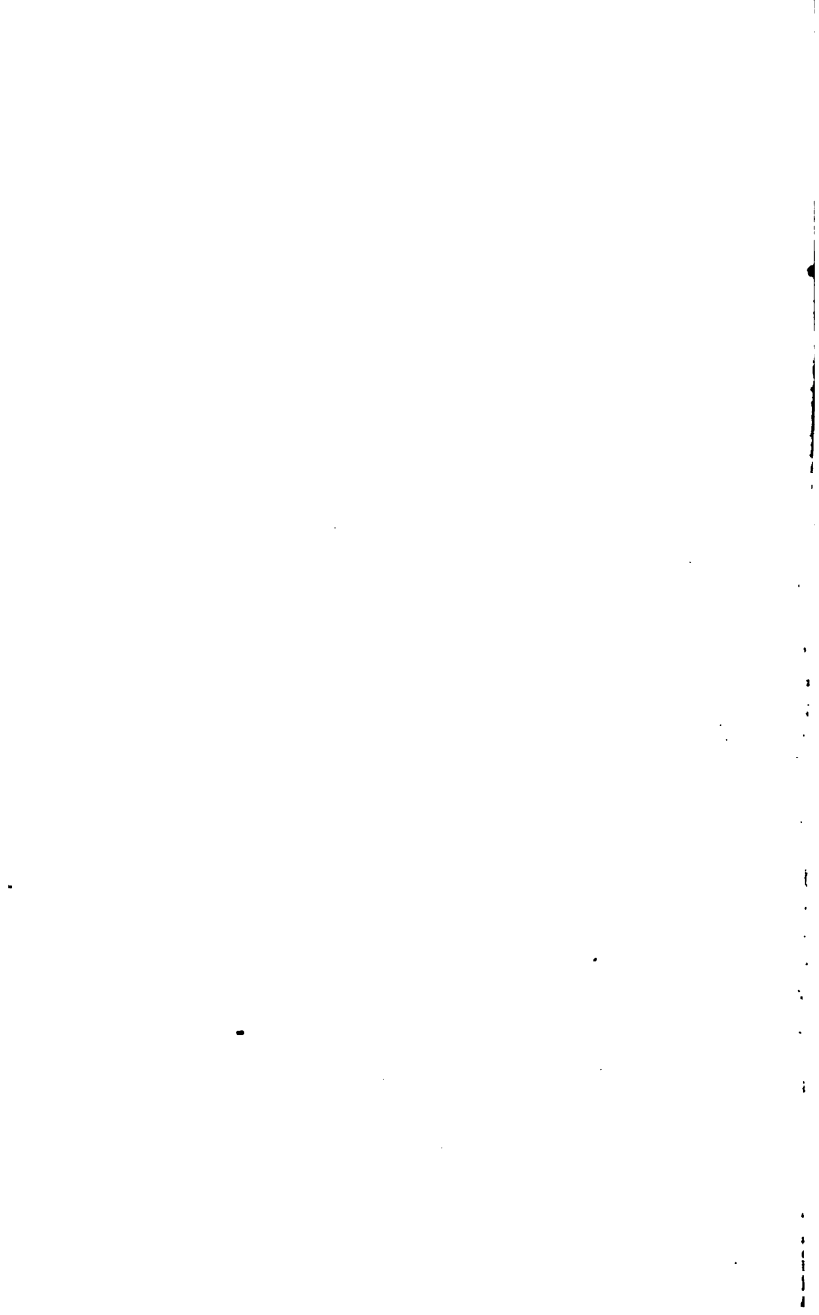
**G**ERALD MASSEY is one of the last poets of the working class who has acquired celebrity by his writings. His history is interesting, and in some respects painful. He was born in May, 1828, near Tring, in Hertfordshire, in a little stone hut, the roof of which was so low that it was scarcely possible for a man to stand upright in it. Ninepence a week was the rent paid for this miserable hovel. Massey's father was a canal-boatman, laboring for a wage of ten shillings a week, — one of the most ignorant of working-men, even of rural laborers. Half a gallon of ale a day was his highest idea of bliss. He never could write his own name, and scarcely could read.

Massey's mother was a totally different person. To her he owed his organization and temperament, so different from those of his father. From her he derived his sanguine enthusiasm, his love of liberty, and his pride of honest poverty. But she too was quite illiterate, and could impart to her boy no book-learning, though she gave him that which books alone could never teach, a truly Spartan spirit. She would, at any time, readily deny herself bread that her children might make a decent appearance. Massey, in after life, was wont to recall to mind one winter during which his father was entirely out of work, and the whole income of the family was *5s. 9d.* a week, derived from the children's labor in an adjoining factory; and upon that scanty pittance the mother contrived to provide for the six members of the family without incurring a penny of debt. The brave woman truly









needed all her strength and courage to bear up under the privations of her hard lot.

None of the children of this poor family were educated, in the common acceptance of the term. Several of them were sent for a short time to a penny school, where the teacher and the taught were about on a par; but so soon as they were old enough to work, they were sent into the silk-mill. The poor cannot afford to keep their children at school, if they are of an age to work and earn money. They must help to eke out the parents' slender gains, even though it be by only a few pence weekly. So, at eight years of age, Gerald Massey went into the silk-manufactory, rising at five o'clock in the morning, and toiling there till half past six in the evening,—up in the gray dawn, or in the winter before the daylight, and trudging to the factory through the mud or in the snow,—seeing the sun only through the factory windows,—breathing an atmosphere laden with rank oily vapor, his ears deafened by the roar of incessant wheels,—

“ Still, all day the iron wheels go onward,  
Grinding life down from its mark;  
And the children's souls which God is calling sunward  
Spin on blindly in the dark.”

What a life for a child! What a substitute for tender prattle, for childish glee, for youthful play-time! Then home shivering under the cold, starless sky, on Saturday nights, with ninepence, one shilling, or one shilling and threepence, for the whole week's work; for such were the respective amounts of the wages earned by the child-labor of Gerald Massey.

But the mill was burned down, and the children held jubilee over it. The boy stood for twelve hours in the wind and sleet and mud, rejoicing in the conflagration which liberated him. Then he went to straw-plaiting,—as toilsome as factory work, and perhaps more unwholesome.

Without exercise, in a marshy district, the plaiters were constantly subject to racking attacks of ague. The boy had the disease for three years, ending with tertian ague. Sometimes four of the family and the mother lay ill of the disease at one time, all crying with thirst, with no one to give them drink, and each too weak to help the other. Massey then used to think of Dives, and wished that he too were in Abraham's bosom. How little do we know of the sufferings endured by the poor and struggling classes of our population, especially in the rural districts! No press echoes their wants or records their sufferings; and they live almost as unknown to us as if they were the inhabitants of some undiscovered country.

Whoever has read Charles Lamb's essays will remember that exquisite one, under the head of Popular Fallacies, entitled, "That Home is Home, though it is never so homely," in which he says, "'T is a fine thing to talk of the humble meal shared together! But what if there be no bread in the cupboard? The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man's poverty! But the children of the very poor do not prattle. It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not bring up their children; they drag them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel, is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humor it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it cries, it can only be beaten. . . . It was never sung to, — no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as an object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labor.

It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace ; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have no young times."

And now, take as an illustration of this picture, the childhood of Gerald Massey as communicated in a letter addressed by him to the author of this memoir. "Having had to earn my own dear bread," he says, "by the eternal cheapening of flesh and blood thus early, I never knew what childhood meant. I had no childhood. Ever since I can remember, I have had the aching fear of want throbbing in heart and brow. The currents of my life were early poisoned, and few, methinks, would pass unscathed through the scenes and circumstances in which I have lived ; none, if they were as curious and precocious as I was. The child comes into the world like a new coin with the stamp of God upon it, and in like manner as the Jews sweat down sovereigns by hustling them in a bag to get gold-dust out of them, so is the poor man's child hustled and sweated down in this bag of society to get wealth out of it ; and even as the impress of the Queen is effaced by the Jewish process, so is the image of God worn from heart and brow, and day by day the child recedes devil-ward. I look back now with wonder, not that so few escape, but that any escape at all, to win a nobler growth for their humanity. So blighting are the influences which surround thousands in early life, to which I can bear such bitter testimony."

And how fared the growth of this child's mind the while? Thanks to the care of his mother, who had sent him to the penny school, he had learnt his letters, and the desire to read had been awakened. Books, however, were very scarce. The Bible and Bunyan were the principal ones to which he had access ; he committed many chapters of the former to memory, and accepted all Bunyan's allegory as *bona fide* history. Afterwards he obtained access to "Robinson



Crusoe" and a few Wesleyan tracts left at the cottage. These constituted his sole reading until he came up to London, at the age of fifteen, to be employed as an errand-boy; and now for the first time in his life he met with plenty of books, reading all that came in his way, from Lloyd's Penny Times to Cobbett's works, "French without a Master," together with English, Roman, and Grecian history. A ravishing awakenment ensued, — the delightful sense of growing knowledge, the charm of new thought, the wonders of a new world. "Till then," he says, "I had often wondered why I lived at all, — whether

'It was not better not to be,  
I was so full of misery.'

Now I began to think that the crown of all desire, and the sum of all existence, was to read and get knowledge. Read! read! read! I used to read at all possible times, and in all possible places; up in bed till two or three in the morning, — nothing daunted by once setting the bed on fire. Greatly indebted was I also to the book-stalls, where I have read a great deal, often folding a leaf in a book and returning the next day to continue the subject; but sometimes the book was gone, and then great was my grief! When out of a situation, I have often gone without a meal to purchase a book. Until I fell in love, and began to rhyme as a matter of consequence, I never had the least predilection for poetry. In fact, I always eschewed it; if I ever met with any, I instantly skipped it over, and passed on, as one does with the description of scenery, &c. in a novel. I always loved the birds and flowers, the woods and the stars; I felt delight in being alone in a summer-wood, with song like a spirit in the trees, and the golden sun-bursts glinting through the verdurous roof, and was conscious of a mysterious creeping of the blood and tingling of the nerves when standing alone in the starry midnight, as in God's own presence-chamber. But until I began to rhyme, I cared nothing for written

poetry ; the first verses I ever made were upon ' Hope,' when I was utterly hopeless ; and after I had begun, I never ceased for about four years, at the end of which time I rushed into print."

Another of Massey's sources of pleasure was music, of which he was passionately fond, and he sought to satisfy the yearnings of his restless nature by indulgence in its practice. He learned to sing, and, having a good voice, he was admitted to the chapel choir of his native village. He there used to stand on his seat to sing, and was very proud of his gift. He entertained bright visions of what he should accomplish with his voice when he grew to be a man ; but alas for his visions ! — when his voice broke, they were all dispelled. Possibly it was his love of music and rhythm which led him to write songs, — " Poems and Chansons " he called them. He was encouraged to print a small collection of them, price one shilling, in his native town of Tring, of which some 250 copies were sold, which left him a little profit. There was, of course, considerable crudeness of thought and expression in these first verses ; but there was nerve, rhythm, and poetry. The leading idea embodied in them was the power of knowledge, virtue, and temperance, to elevate the condition of the poor, — a noble idea truly.

But a new power was now working upon his nature, as might have been expected, — the power of opinion as expressed in books, and in the discussions of his fellow-workers. " As an errand-boy," he says, " I had of course many hardships to undergo, and to bear with much tyranny ; and that led me into reasoning upon men and things, the causes of misery, the anomalies of our societary state, politics, &c. ; and the circle of my being rapidly outsurged ! New power came to me with all that I saw, and thought, and read. I studied political works, — such as Paine, Volney, Howitt, Louis Blanc, &c., which gave me another element to mould into my verse, though I am convinced that a poet must

sacrifice much if he write party political poetry. His politics must be above the pinnacle of party zeal ; the politics of eternal truth, right, and justice. He must not waste a life on what to-morrow may prove to have been merely the question of a day. The French Revolution of 1848 had the greatest effect on me of any circumstance connected with my own life."

These feelings account for the vehement political tone which Massey's next poetical writings assumed. They were, for the most part, in indignant expostulations with society at the wrongs of humanity ; passionate protests against power wrongfully used, against fraud and oppression, mingled with appeals to the higher influences of knowledge, justice, mercy, truth, and love. It is usually thus with the poet who has worked his way to the light through darkness, suffering, and toil. Give a poor downtrodden man culture, and in nine cases out of ten you only increase his sensitiveness to pain ; you agonize him with the sight of pleasures which are to him forbidden ; you quicken his sense of despair at the inequalities of the human lot. There are thousands of noble natures, with minds which, under better circumstances, would have blessed and glorified their race, who have been forever blasted, — crushed into the mire, or condemned to courses of desperate guilt ! — for one who, like Gerald Massey, has nobly risen above his trials and temptations, and triumphed over them. And when such a man does find a voice, surely " rose-water " verses and " hot-pressed " sonnets are not to be expected of him : such things are not by any means the natural products of a life of desperate struggling with poverty. When the self-risen and self-educated man speaks and writes now-a-days, it is of the subjects nearest to his heart. Literature is not a mere intelligent epicurism with men who have suffered and grown wise, but a real, passionate, vehement, living thing, — a power to move others, a means to elevate them-

selves and to emancipate their order. This is a marked peculiarity of our times : knowledge is now more than ever regarded as a power to elevate, not merely individuals, but classes. Hence the most intelligent working-men of this day are intensely political : we merely state this as *a fact* not to be disputed. In former times, when literature was regarded mainly in the light of a rich man's luxury, poets who rose from the working order sang as their patrons wished. Bloomfield and Clare sang of the quiet beauty of rural life, and painted pictures of evening skies, purling brooks, and grassy meads. Burns could with difficulty repress the "Jacobin" spirit which burned within him ; and yet even he was rarely if ever political in his tone. His strongest verses having a political bearing were those addressed to the Scotch representatives in reference to the excise regulations as to the distillation of whiskey. But come down to our own day, and mark the difference: Elliott, Nicoll, Bamford, the author of "Ernest," Massey, and many others, are intensely political ; and they defend themselves for their selection of subjects as Elliott did when he said, "Poetry is impassioned truth ; and why should we not utter it in the shape that touches our condition the most closely, — the political ?"

Full of newly awakened thoughts, and bursting with aspirations for freedom, Massey started, in April, 1849, a cheap journal, written entirely by working-men, entitled "The Spirit of Freedom:" it was full of fiery earnestness, and at least one half of its weekly contents were supplied by Gerald Massey himself, who acted as editor. It cost him five situations during a period of eleven months, — twice because he was detected burning candle far on into the night, and three times because of the tone of the opinions to which he gave utterance. The French Revolution of 1848 having, amongst its other issues, kindled the zeal of the working-men of England in the cause of association, Massey eagerly

joined them, and he was instrumental in giving some impetus to that praiseworthy movement, — the object of which is permanently to elevate the condition of the producing classes, by advancing them to the status of capitalists as well as laborers. For some time he acted as secretary to an association of working tailors in London ; but his attraction towards literature being strong, he subsequently accepted the office of editor of an Edinburgh newspaper, and it was while living in that city that he published his beautiful “Ballad of Babe Christabel.”

If we except Robert Nicoll, who died at twenty-four, there are few men of his class who have done anything to equal Massey, — none who have had anything like the same amount of early privation and difficulty to encounter and overcome.

The peculiar style of Massey is didactic rather than descriptive. He is a teacher through the heart. He is familiar with the passions, and leans towards the tender and loving aspect of our nature. He takes after Burns more than after Wordsworth, Elliott rather than Thomson. He is but a young man, though he has had crowded into his thirty-two years already the life of an old man. He has won his experience in the school of the poor, and nobly earned his title to speak to them as a man and a brother, dowered with “the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love.” Cordially welcoming his volumes already published as the earnest of still better things at his hand, we wish him a long career of useful and honorable labor.

## ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

**F**EMALE poets hold, at this day, a more distinguished place in our literature, and their works occupy a larger space in our libraries, than at any previous period in literary history. Women who write are no longer regarded as a questionable sisterhood, nor are their works noticed merely with fine words by way of courtesy. They have made good their position as honorable literary workers, and thereby entitle themselves to our respect; and their poems demand notice and receive the meed of approbation by right rather than by favor. Nor do we know of any land that possesses a choir of poetesses equal to our own. France and America possess sweet singers, indeed; but we defy the world combined to equal our songstresses. And yet our race of female poets may almost be said to have begun with Joanna Baillie, a woman of our own day. Unquestionably she was a great writer, as strong as a man, but with all the delicate purity and sweetness, the instinctive quickness and fine sensibility, of a woman. After her, the most distinguished and popular was Mrs. Hemans, a great lyrist, a true poet, — a pure and high-minded woman. What exquisite pathos is there in her “Graves of a Household,” on reading which few parents can resist shedding a tear; and her “Treasures of the Deep” and “The Coming of Spring” are familiar in our mouths as household words. Indeed, Mrs. Hemans may be said to have *founded* a school of poetry, which has even more

ardent followers and admirers in America than in England. The young and devout love to resort thither when they desire to raise their hearts by sonorous heroics, or to soften them by the familiar pathos of certain well-known strains. After Mrs. Hemans came Miss Landon, who deliciously improvised her beautiful songs, and then passed away from sight like a bright meteor. But she left behind her many strong and clear singers,—true women, and great poets. Need we do more than name Mrs. Southey, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Norton, and—perhaps greatest of all—Mrs. Browning?

We do not know much of Mrs. Browning, except what we can gather from her published works. It is now some twenty years since a translation, privately circulated, of *Æschylus's* "Prometheus Bound," by a young lady, was favorably spoken of in one or two literary circles. It indicated a remarkable sympathy on the part of the translator for the sculptural old Greek drama; and displayed, also, an accurate knowledge of the dead language, almost wonderful in so young a writer, and that writer a young lady. The Preface was, however, perhaps the most curious part of the book; for it was so crowded full of thoughts and meanings, one jostling the other so hard for outlet, that none was completely seen, and the utterance remained comparatively unintelligible. Speaking of this part of Miss Barrett's published works, Mrs. Browning, in the preface to her collected edition of 1850, thus writes: "One early failure, a translation of the 'Prometheus' of *Æschylus*, which, though happily free of the current of publication, may be remembered against me by a few of my personal friends, I have replaced here by an entirely new version, made for them and my conscience, in expiation of a sin of my youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind." From the dedication of the same collection to her father, we learn that when she was but a child she wrote verses, (Miss Mitford says she wrote largely at ten

years old,) and dedicated them to him; and as she grew into mature years, verse-writing became "the great pursuit of her life." Shortly after accomplishing her translation from Æschylus, Miss Barrett wrote "An Essay on Mind," showing that she was pushing her inquiries in other directions besides poetry. She also acquired a knowledge of the Hebrew language, and even of the Chaldæan, and read through the Bible in the original tongue, from Genesis to Malachi. Plato, in the original Greek, was also one of her favorite books. But a serious illness compelled her, in a measure, to give up these severe pursuits; added to which, a terrible domestic calamity occurred to her, which had the effect of throwing a dark shadow over her entire future life. Here we quote from the "Recollections" of Miss Mitford:—

"My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced about fifteen years ago. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons that I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company,—in technical language, was out. Through the kindness of another invaluable friend, to whom I owe many obligations, but none so great as this, I saw much of her during my stay in town. We met so constantly and so familiarly, that, in spite of the difference of age, intimacy ripened into friendship; and after my return into the country, we corresponded freely and frequently, her letters being just what letters ought to be,—her own talk put upon paper.



“The next year was a painful one to herself and to all who loved her. She broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs, which did not heal. If there had been consumption in the family, that disease would have intervened. There were no seeds of the fatal English malady in her constitution, and she escaped. Still, however, the vessel did not heal, and after attending her for above a twelvemonth at her father’s house in Wimpole Street, Dr. Chalmers, on the approach of winter, ordered her to a milder climate. Her eldest brother, — a brother in heart and in talent worthy of such a sister, — together with other devoted relatives, accompanied her to Torquay; and there occurred the fatal event which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling — especially of devotional feeling — to her poetry. I have so often been asked what could be the shadow that had passed over that young heart, and now that time has softened the first agony, it seems to me right that the world should hear the story of an accident in which there was much sorrow, but no blame.

“Nearly a twelvemonth had passed, and the invalid, still attended by her affectionate companions, had derived much benefit from the mild sea-breezes of Devonshire. One fine summer morning her favorite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing-vessel, for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one; after the catastrophe, no one could divine the cause; but in a few minutes after their embarkation, and in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found. I was told by a party who were travelling that year in Devonshire and Cornwall, that it was most affecting to see, on the corner houses of every village street, on every church

door, and almost on every cliff for miles and miles along the coast, handbills offering large rewards for linen cast ashore marked with the initials of the beloved dead; for it so chanced that all the three were of the dearest and the best,—one, I believe, an only son, the other the son of a widow.

“This tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but a most unjust feeling that she had been in some sort the cause of this great misery. It was not until the following year that she could be removed, in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family and her London home. The house that she occupied at Torquay had been chosen as one of the most sheltered in the place. It stood at the bottom of the cliffs, almost close to the sea; and she told me herself that, during that whole winter, the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. Still she clung to literature and to Greek: in all probability, she would have died without that wholesome diversion to her thoughts. Her medical attendant did not always understand this. To prevent the remonstrances of her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she caused a small edition of Plato to be so bound as to resemble a novel. He did not know, skilful and kind though he were, that to her such books were not an arduous and painful study, but a consolation and a delight.

“Returned to London, she began the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends, (I myself have often joyfully travelled five and forty miles to see her, and returned the same evening without entering another house,) reading almost every book worth reading, in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess.”

Poetry has thus been a serious pursuit with Mrs. Brown-

ing, while it has also been a source of deep pleasure. But if one asks the meaning of the sad wail which runs through her writings, like the moan of a lost seraph, then contemplate the great fact of her life, its prolonged pain and sickness, and we think it will furnish the adequate explanation and meaning. Her poetry is, throughout, earnest, and full of deep feeling. She herself has said, in the Preface to one edition of her poems: "Poetry has been to me as serious a thing as life itself, and life has been a *very* serious thing: there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry, nor leisure for the hour of the poet. I have done my work, so far, as work, — not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being, but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain; and as work I offer it to the public, feeling its short-comings more deeply than any of my readers, because measured from the height of my aspiration; but feeling, also, that the reverence and sincerity with which the work was done should give it some protection with the reverend and sincere."

Mrs. Browning may, therefore, be regarded as not merely a singer, but eminently a poet of purpose. A deep current of religion — sometimes we might regard it as religious melancholy — pervades most of her poetry. The first pieces which she published were "Margret" and "The Poet's Vow," which appeared in a periodical; and her first volume, published in 1838, contained "The Seraphim" and other shorter poems; in all of which an obvious purpose was apparent. Thus, in "Margret," the truth was exhibited that the creature cannot be sustained by the creature; in "The Poet's Vow," she teaches the great truth that the sympathies of humanity are the fountains of beauty, and that no atmosphere of external loveliness can keep alive the poetry whose roots are not nourished by the springs of loving-kindness in the heart. "The Seraphim" was a religious poem, in which

the lofty subject of the Crucifixion is approached in a most reverent spirit, for it is one before which angels may veil their wings. But with its many bursts of delicious music, its rich imagery, its occasional great force, and the beautifully tender distinction which the poet draws between the nature of the two angelic witnesses of the tremendous mysteries of Calvary, this poem was nevertheless felt, we believe, by the authoress herself, to be a failure. It was loose in texture, sometimes capricious in rhythm, and frequently obscure in meaning.

But she was a conscientious and diligent laborer, and went onward with increased power. "The Vision of Poets," and other poems shortly after published, showed a wider sweep and a bolder wing. This noble woman, confined to her sick-chamber for years, for the most part confined to her bed by actual illness, nevertheless devoted herself to the unwearied pursuit of truth and excellence, making of her couch of pain the very seed-ground for the highest and noblest thoughts. Thus shut out from actual intercourse with the world, she was left to feed upon her own thoughts; and books being almost her only companions, she was necessarily led to adopt their language, which subjected her to the charge (made by those who did not know her) of being somewhat of a pedant and a book-worm. The Quarterly Review, who proposed to make a wreath of our English poetesses, commenced with Mrs. Norton as "*The Rose*, or, if she like it, *Love-lies-a-bleeding*," and Miss Barrett as "*Greek Valerian*, or *Ladder to Heaven*, or, if she pleases, *Wild Angelica*." Notwithstanding, however, all that Miss Barrett might glean from books, she, nevertheless, projected herself into her poems, which, with all their occasional ruggedness, apparent affectation, and, as some have called it, *Carlylism*, were yet full of vigor, originality, and true poetic beauty. They were, withal, pervaded by the tenderness and delicacy of a noble woman's heart. Speaking of the spirit in which she wrote "A Vision of Poets," she herself has said:—

“I have endeavored to indicate the necessary relations of genius to suffering and self-sacrifice. In the eyes of the living generation, the poet is at once a richer and poorer man than he used to be; he wears better broadcloth, but speaks no more oracles; and the evil of his social incrustation over a great idea is eating deeper and more fatally into our literature than either readers or writer may apprehend fully. I have attempted to express in this poem my view of the mission of the poet, — of the self-abnegation implied in it, of the great work involved in it, of the duty and glory of what Balzac has beautifully and truly called ‘*la patience angélique du génie* ;’ and of the obvious truth, above all, that if knowledge is power, suffering should be acceptable as a part of knowledge.”

Here spoke the sick poet from her sick-bed. It is not cheerful, — perhaps it is not quite true. In an age which has given us Southey, Shelley, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Tennyson, Bailey, Mrs. Browning herself, and other great and true poets, it does not become us to bewail the decadence of poetry. And with respect to suffering, though it is well to bear it patiently and bravely, not writhing nor querulously murmuring against it, still suffering is, after all, a hindrance, an imperfection, and an evil to be got rid of. Though Shelley’s line,

“We learn in suffering what we teach in song,”

is very often quoted in proof of Mrs. Browning’s theory, yet suffering is by no means to be regarded as the best school for a poet, or for anybody else. We draw no true inspiration from pain; it may discipline us, but it is not beautiful, nor a source of beauty. It may teach us to wrestle with our own weak hearts, but we do not see how it can promote the culture of the poetic powers and faculties. Can we learn gladness in prostration, music in groans, beauty in distortion? No! Mrs. Browning has pushed her theory too far. It is

rather the spirit of love, of cheerfulness, of beauty, and of health, in which the true poet finds his best nourishment. At the same time, it is a beautiful sight to see a poor life-long sufferer like this poet rise above her personal sufferings, and convert her crown of thorns into a circlet of glory and beauty.

The "Drama of Exile" and other poems next followed. The Drama is Mrs. Browning's most ambitious work. In venturing upon a theme that had already been handled so divinely by Milton in "Paradise Lost," and so powerfully by Byron in "Cain," she certainly took a bold step, — almost a daring one. The "Drama of Exile" is, however, a very fine poem, full of beauties. It has been highly praised in many quarters; but the voice of the critics is by no means unanimous. The Westminster Review regarded it as "among the least successful of her efforts;" and the British Quarterly also speaks somewhat disparagingly of it, though admitting "its singularly varied merits, — the very good and the very bad style which distinguishes it." The character of Eve seems to us very fine, indicating the true woman's hand; and the spirit of the whole is pure and elevated. But the style is often crabbed, and wanting in simplicity. The writer has a way of putting adjectives and nouns together in the Carlylian style, which makes her lines sometimes jerk and halt in an odd way, while the force of meaning which was intended is not given. Thus we have such new words as "God-breath," "fire-hearts," "soul-wings," "child-mouth," "shadow-claws," which, in our opinion, detract from the simple force of poetry. Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, and Burns wrote the strongest poetry without needing to compound words to convey their meaning, after the manner of the Germans. There was an abounding well of English undefiled ready at their hand, and if it answered all *their* purposes, why coin new-fangled words now, which neither suit our English tastes, nor help our English understandings? But

there are many detached passages in the "Drama of Exile" which show that Mrs. Browning possesses a full command over the purest and best English, making us lament the more that she should, in so many cases, have departed from the purer and better style. Take the following magnificent passage, descriptive of the effects of "The Fall" on the animal creation, which the greatest of English poets would be proud to own:—

" On a mountain-peak  
 Half sheathed in primal woods, and glittering  
 In spasms of awful sunshine, at that hour  
 A lion couched, — part raised upon his paws,  
 And his calm massive face turned full on thine.  
 . . . . . When the ended curse  
 Left silence in the world, right suddenly  
 He sprang up rampant, and stood straight and stiff,  
 As if the new reality of death  
 Were dashed against his eyes — and roared so fierce —  
 Such thick carnivorous passion in his throat  
 Tearing a passage through the wrath and fear —  
 And roared so wild, and smote from all the hills  
 Such fast keen echoes crumbling down the vales  
 Precipitately — that the forest beasts,  
 One after one, did mutter a response  
 In savage and in sorrowful complaint  
 Which trailed along the gorges."

In the preface to the "Drama of Exile" Miss Barrett spoke modestly of her estimate of the work, observing: "If it were not presumptuous language on the lips of one to whom life is more than usually uncertain, my favorite wish for this work would be, that it be received by the public as a step in the right track towards a future indication of more value and acceptability. I would fain do better, and I feel as if I might do better, — I aspire to do better." And, indeed, she had already done better, though she herself knew it not; for authors are not always the best judges of their own works. But we believe there are not two opinions as to the great superiority of some of Mrs. Browning's minor poems to her

“Drama of Exile.” “Bertha in the Lane” is one of them, — a tribute to the noble disinterestedness of woman, unrivalled in pathetic beauty. “The Cry of the Children” is also a poem of wonderful force, and will always form a worthy companion-piece to Hood’s “Song of the Shirt,” losing nothing by the comparison. It is full of a thrilling energy of thought, clothed in simple, nervous language. Amongst her other best poems we would particularly make mention of “The Romaunt of the Page,” which rings out like a trumpet-strain, “The Rhyme of the Duchess May,” “Little Ellie,” “Catarina to Camoens,” “Crowned and Buried,” “The Dead Pan,” a grand echo from the old Greeks, and “The Lady Geraldine’s Courtship.” This last poem seems to have been suggested by Tennyson’s “Locksley Hall,” and somewhat resembles it, but is wanting in its music. Some of its best verses are injured by serious flaws. She introduces railway locomotives into one stanza, as “resonant steam-eagles,” (in another poem she speaks of horses as “ground-eagles,”) and these said locomotives are engaged in “trailing on a thundrous vapor underneath the starry vigils.” Nevertheless, the poem is a fine poem, though not (as some regard it) her best. It is impetuous and passionate, and the action is carried forward with immense vehemence. Were it within a quotable compass, we would prefer giving it as probably the most characteristic specimen of Mrs. Browning’s peculiar powers and genius.

According to Miss Mitford, “The Lady Geraldine” was composed with great rapidity, under the following circumstances. There wanted a further quantity of “copy” to make up the letter-press of the second volume, in order to complete the uniformity of the two-volume edition; and whatever further copy might be supplied for this purpose must be composed in time to catch the vessel that was to carry the proofs to America, where the edition was also to appear. Under these circumstances, Mrs. Browning (then Miss Barrett) set to work and wrote out “The Lady GERAL-



dine" in twelve hours. As Miss Mitford observes: "The delicious ballad must have been lying unborn in her head and in her heart; but when we think of its length and of its beauty, the shortness of time in which it was put into form appears one of the most stupendous efforts of the human mind, — as the writer was a delicate woman, a confirmed invalid, just dressed and supported for two or three hours from her bed to her sofa, and so back again. Let me add, too, that the exertion might have been avoided by a new arrangement of the smaller poems, if Miss Barrett would only have consented to place 'Pan is Dead' at the end of the first volume, instead of the second. The difference does not seem much. But she had *promised* Mr. Kenyon that 'Pan is Dead' should conclude the collection; and Mr. Kenyon was out of town and could not release her word. To this delicate conscientiousness we owe one of the most charming love stories in any language."

Shortly after Miss Barrett contracted an intimacy with Mr. Browning, the accomplished author of "Paracelsus;" and it grew into a mutual affection, and was shortly consummated by marriage. Strange to say, the invalid was suddenly restored to the world, as if by magic. She left her sick-chamber, and walked abroad with her husband. In ancient times people would have cried out "A miracle!" at less. The newly-married pair went to Pisa and Florence, where they have since chiefly lived, and there Mrs. Browning composed her last poems; amongst others, "Casa Guidi Windows," "Aurora Leigh," and "Poems before Congress." We will only quote a further sentence from Miss Mitford, who said, writing in 1851: "This summer I have had the exquisite pleasure of seeing her [Mrs. Browning] once more in London, with a lovely boy at her knee, almost as well as ever, and telling tales of Italian rambles, of losing herself in chestnut forests, and scrambling on mule-back up the sources of extinct volcanoes. May Heaven continue to her such health and such happiness!"

## FRANCES BROWN.

**F**OR several years past the name of Frances Brown has been familiar to general readers. We believe it was in the columns of the *Athenæum* that many of her smaller poems first appeared. The pieces were dated "Stranorlar," — a place we had never before heard of, — quite out of the beat of business life. It turned out, however, that there really was such a place in the county of Donegal, in the north of Ireland, and that Stranorlar could even boast of its post-office.

We were very much struck by the verses published by Frances Brown in the *Athenæum*. There was something extremely fascinating about them, in their sweet melancholy, their saddened gayety, or their cheerful philosophy. There was something *new* about them, which interested us. They did not run in the common rut, but excited a novel sensation in the reading. Then their rhythm was excellent, a quality in which English verse is often deficient. Take as an example the following well-known lines : —

### " THE FIRST.

" The first, the first! — O, naught like it  
Our after years can bring!  
For summer hath no flowers as sweet  
As those of early spring.  
The earliest storm that strips the tree,  
Still wildest seems, and worst;  
Whate'er hath been again may be,  
But never as at first.

- “ For many a bitter blast may blow  
O'er life's uncertain wave,  
And many a thorny thicket grow  
Between us and the grave;  
But darker still the spot appears  
Where thunder-clouds have burst  
Upon our green unblighted years, —  
No grief is like the first.
- “ Our first-born joy, — perchance 't was vain,  
Yet that brief lightning o'er,  
The heart, indeed, may hope again,  
But can rejoice no more.  
Life hath no glory to bestow  
Like it, — unfa'll'n, uncursed;  
There may be many an after glow,  
But nothing like the first.
- “ The rays of hope may light us on  
Through manhood's toil and strife,  
But never can they shine as shone  
The morning stars of life;  
Though bright as summer's rosy wreath,  
Though long and fondly nursed,  
Yet still they want the fearless faith  
Of those that blessed us first.
- “ It 's first love deep in memory  
The heart forever bears;  
For that was early given, and free,  
Life's wheat without the tares.  
It may be death hath buried deep,  
It may be fate hath cursed;  
But yet no later love can keep  
The greenness of the first.
- “ And thus, whate'er our onward way,  
The lights or shadows cast  
Upon the dawning of our day  
Are with us to the last.  
But ah! the morning breaks no more  
On us, as once it burst,  
For future springs can ne'er restore  
The freshness of the first.”

These lines appeared in the Keepsake for 1843, then

edited by the Countess of Blessington, and from a note added to the poem by the fair editress, we learnt for the first time that the authoress of the numerous verses in the Athenæum, which we, in common with thousands more, had so greatly admired, were written by a blind girl!

We immediately felt interested about the writer's history, and longed to know how, in a remote village in the north of Ireland, a young woman, deprived of most of the ordinary helps to knowledge, having no intercourse with nature except through books, and doomed to live in solitary darkness in the midst of the beauties of the external world, should nevertheless have reared a temple of beauty in her own mind, and found therein not only joy and rejoicing for herself, but to all others whom the press has brought within reach of her utterances.

The story of the inner life of such an one, if it could be related in all its fulness, were indeed most interesting as well as most instructive. In any case, it is curious to watch a strong mind developing itself; but where, as in this case, it is under conditions of social and physical disadvantage so great, it is most profitable as an example, even to those more favorably circumstanced, to watch the ardent mind groping, by the aid of its strong instincts, through the darkness of which it was conscious, appropriating to itself everything whence it could draw nourishment in the barren elements by which it was surrounded, and seizing upon all that could help it onward, while, by its own undirected energies, it was struggling upwards to the light.

Frances Brown is of humble birth. She was born at Stranorlar, in the county Donegal, where her father was postmaster, a humble man of small means but respectable character. At eighteen months old, Frances was seized by the small-pox in its severest form, and when she recovered from the disease it was at the sacrifice of her sight. She has never since seen the light of day. Of her early calamity

Miss Brown has no recollection ; and no forms of the outer world have followed her into her world of darkened meditations. The hues and shapes of things, as they present themselves to human eyes, are to her an utter blank, even in memory. She has been spared that perplexity which often haunts the blind who have lost their sight later in life, in the baffled attempts to summon up and recover the fading impressions and images of a past life ; for of things as seen by her infant eyes she has no recollection whatever, nor is she pursued by regret for the loss of that which she was too young to appreciate. The mind has thus been left more clear to act in the conditions to which it was limited ; and by devices of her own, by the promptings of a clear natural intellect, by a careful process of self-culture, she has been enabled to see into the world of thought, and made the unpromising soil about her yield intellectual fruit of the most delightful and profitable kind.

We cannot better relate the story of Miss Brown's early education than in her own words.

"I recollect very little," she says, "of my infant years. I never received any regular education, but very early felt the want of it : and the first time I remember to have experienced this feeling strongly was about the beginning of my seventh year, when I heard our pastor (my parents being members of the Presbyterian Church) preach for the first time. On the occasion alluded to, I was particularly struck by many words in the sermon, which, though in common use, I did not then understand ; and from that time adopted a plan for acquiring information on this subject. When a word unintelligible to me happened to reach my ear, I was careful to ask its meaning from any person I thought likely to inform me,—a habit which was probably troublesome enough to the friends and acquaintance of my childhood ; but, by this method, I soon acquired a considerable stock of words ; and, when further advanced in life, enlarged it still

more by listening attentively to my young brothers and sisters reading over the tasks required at the village school. They were generally obliged to commit to memory a certain portion of the Dictionary and English Grammar, each day ; and by hearing them read it aloud frequently for that purpose, as my memory was better than theirs, (perhaps rendered so by necessity,) I learned the task much sooner than they, and frequently heard them repeat it. My first acquaintance with books was necessarily formed amongst those which are most common in country villages. 'Susan Gray,' 'The Negro Servant,' 'The Gentle Shepherd,' 'Mungo Park's Travels,' and, of course, 'Robinson Crusoe,' were among the first of my literary friends ; for I have often heard them read by my relatives, and remember to have taken a strange delight in them, when I am sure they were not half understood. Books have been always scarce in our remote neighborhood, and were much more so in my childhood : but the craving for knowledge which then commenced grew with my growth ; and, as I had no books of my own in those days, my only resource was borrowing from the few acquaintances I had, to some of whom I owe obligations of the kind that will never be forgotten. In this way, I obtained the reading of many valuable works, though generally old ones ; — but it was a great day for me when the first of Sir Walter Scott's works fell into my hands. It was "The Heart of Mid-Lothian," and was lent me by a friend, whose family were rather better provided with books than most in our neighborhood. My delight in the work was very great, even then ; and I contrived, by means of borrowing, to get acquainted, in a very short time, with the greater part of the works of its illustrious author, — for works of fiction, about this time, occupied all my thoughts. I had a curious mode of impressing on my memory what had been read, — namely, lying awake, in the silence of night, and repeating it all over to myself. To that habit I probably owe the extreme

tenacity of memory which I now possess ; but, like all other good things, it had its attendant evil, — for I have often thought it curious that, whilst I never forget any scrap of knowledge collected, however small, yet the common events of daily life slip from my memory so quickly, that I can scarcely find anything again which I have once laid aside. But this misfortune has been useful in teaching me habits of order. About the beginning of my thirteenth year," continues Miss Brown, "I happened to hear a friend read a part of Barnes's History of the French War. It made a singular impression on my mind ; and works of fiction, from that time, began to lose their value, compared with the far more wonderful romance of History. But books of the kind were so scarce in our neighborhood, that Hume's History of England, and two or three other works on the same subject, were all I could read, till a kind friend, who was then the teacher of our village school, obliged me with that voluminous work, 'The Universal History.' There I heard, for the first time, the histories of Greece and Rome, and those of many other ancient nations. My friend had only the ancient part of the work ; but it gave me a fund of information, which has been subsequently increased from many sources ; and at present I have a tolerable knowledge of history. In the pursuit of knowledge, my path was always impeded by difficulties too minute and numerous to mention ; but the want of sight was, of course, the principal one, — which, by depriving me of the power of reading, obliged me to depend on the services of others, — and, as the condition of my family was such as did not admit of much leisure, my invention was early taxed to gain time for those who could read. I sometimes did the work assigned to them, or rendered them other little services ; for, like most persons similarly placed, necessity and habit have made me more active in this respect than people in ordinary circumstances would suppose. The lighter kinds of reading were thus easily

managed ; but my young relatives were often unwilling to waste their breath and time with the drier, but more instructive works which I latterly preferred. To tempt them to this, I used, by way of recompense, to relate to them long stories, and even novels, which perhaps they had formerly read but forgotten : and thus my memory may be said to have earned supplies for itself. About the end of my fifteenth year, having heard much of the Iliad, I obtained the loan of Pope's translation. That was a great event to me ; but the effect it produced on me requires some words of explanation. From my earliest years, I had a great and strange love of poetry ; and could commit verses to memory with greater rapidity than most children. But at the close of my seventh year, when a few Psalms of the Scotch version, Watts's Divine Songs, and some old country songs (which certainly were not divine), formed the whole of my poetical knowledge, I made my earliest attempt in versification, — upon that first and most sublime lesson of childhood, the Lord's Prayer. As years increased, my love of poetry and taste for it increased also, with increasing knowledge. The provincial newspapers, at times, supplied me with specimens from the works of the best living authors. Though then unconscious of the cause, I still remember the extraordinary delight which those pieces gave me, — and have been astonished to find that riper years have only confirmed the judgments of childhood. When such pieces reached me, I never rested till they were committed to memory : and afterwards repeated them for my own amusement, when alone, or during those sleepless nights to which I have been all my life subject. But a source of still greater amusement was found in attempts at original composition ; which, for the first few years, were but feeble imitations of everything I knew, — from the Psalms to Gray's Elegy. When the poems of Burns fell in my way, they took the place of all others in my fancy : — and this brings me up to



the time when I made my first acquaintance with the *Iliad*. It was like the discovery of a new world, and effected a total change in my ideas on the subject of poetry. There was at the time a considerable manuscript of my own productions in existence, — which, of course, I regarded with some partiality; but Homer had awakened me, and, in a fit of sovereign contempt, I committed the whole to the flames. Soon after I had found the *Iliad*, I borrowed a prose translation of Virgil, — there being no poetical one to be found in our neighborhood; and in a similar manner made acquaintance with many of the classic authors. But after Homer's, the work that produced the greatest impression on my mind was Byron's *Childe Harold*. The one had induced me to burn my first manuscript, and the other made me resolve against verse-making in future; for I was then far enough advanced to know my own deficiency, but without apparent means for the requisite improvements. In this resolution I persevered for several years, and occupied my mind solely in the pursuit of knowledge; but owing to adverse circumstances, my progress was necessarily slow. Having, however, in the summer of the year 1840, heard a friend read the story of *La Perouse*, it struck me that there was a remarkable similarity between it and the one related in an old country song, called 'The Lost Ship,' which I had heard in my childhood. The song in question was of very low composition; but there was one line at the termination of each verse which haunted my imagination, and I fancied might deserve a better poem. This line and the story of *La Perouse*, together with an irresistible inclination to poetry, at length induced me to break the resolution I had so long kept; and the result was the little poem called 'La Perouse' [since published in Frances Brown's collection of poems and lyrics]. Soon after, when Messrs. Gunn and Cameron commenced the publication of their 'Irish Penny Journal,' I was seized with a strange desire to contribute something to its pages. My first

contribution was favorably received, and I still feel grateful for the kindness and encouragement bestowed upon me by both the editor and the publishers. The three small pieces which I contributed to that work were the first of mine that ever appeared in print, with the exception of one of my early productions, which a friend had sent to a provincial paper. The Irish Penny Journal was abandoned on the completion of the first volume; but the publishers, with great kindness, sent me one of the copies, and this was the first book of any value that I could call my own! But the gift was still more esteemed as an encouragement, — and the first of the kind.”

About this time Miss Brown, in her remote retreat, heard of the Athenæum, and probably desirous of obtaining access to a wider circle of readers, she addressed a number of her small pieces to the editor. Months passed, and she had given up all for lost, when at length the arrival of many numbers of the journal, and a letter from the editor, astonished her, and gratified a wish which had haunted her very dreams. One may easily imagine the interest and the delight which a complimentary letter from the editor of a London journal will excite in the mind of a literary aspirant in a remote village in the country. From that time Frances Brown's name has been often seen in the public journals and magazines, — in Hood's, in the Keepsake, and in several literary periodicals. She has also published a collection of her poems, which we cannot help thinking are full of interest and beauty. And doubtless the reader, who chances to see her name in print again, will read her productions with all the greater interest, after having read the above account of her sufferings, her difficulties, and her triumphs.

## SARAH MARGARET FULLER.

**F**EW women of her time have created a livelier interest throughout the literary world than Margaret Fuller, of Boston, has done. The tragic circumstances connected with her death, which involved at the same time the destruction of her husband and child, have served to deepen that interest; and therefore it is that the Memoirs of her life and labors, edited by Emerson and Ellery Channing, have been hailed in England as among the most welcome books which have come across the Atlantic for many a day.

Margaret Fuller had not done much as a writer; but she had given great *promise* of what she could do. Her "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," and a collection of papers on Literature and Art, originally published in the American periodical called "The Dial," with the book entitled "A Summer on the Lakes," include her principal writings, and even these are of a comparatively fragmentary character. It was chiefly through her remarkable gifts of conversation that she was known and admired among her contemporaries; it was to this that her great influence among them was attributable; and, like John Sterling, Charles Pemberton, and others of kindred gifts, the wonder to many who never came within the reach of her personal influence is, how to account for the literary reputation she has achieved, upon a basement of writings so slender and so incomplete. It was the individual influence, the magnetic attraction, which she exercised over the minds within her reach, which accounts for the whole.

From early years Margaret Fuller was regarded as a kind of prodigy. Her father, Mr. Timothy Fuller, who was a lawyer and a representative of Massachusetts in Congress, from 1817 to 1825, devoted great pains — far too great pains — to the intellectual culture of the little girl. Her brain was unmercifully taxed, to the serious injury of her health. In after-life she compared herself to the poor changeling, who, turned from the door of her adopted home, sat down on a stone, and so pitied herself that she wept. The poor girl was kept up late at her tasks, and went to bed with stimulated brain and nerves, unable to sleep. She was haunted by spectral illusions, nightmare, and horrid dreams; while by day she suffered from headache, weakness, and nervous affections of all kinds. In short, Margaret Fuller had *no natural childhood*. Her mind did not grow, — it was forced. Thoughts did not come to her, — they were thrust into her. A child should expand in the sun, but this dear little victim was put under a glass frame, and plied with all manner of artificial heat. She was fed, not on “milk for babes,” but on the strongest of meat.

Thus Margaret Fuller leaped into precocious maturity. She was petted and praised as a “prodigy.” She lived among books, — read Latin at six years old, and was early familiar with Virgil, Horace, and Ovid. Then she went on to Greek. At eight years of age she devoured Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière! Her world was books. A child without toys, without romps, without laughter; but with abundant nightmare and sick-headaches! The wonder is, that this monstrously unnatural system of forced intellectual culture did not kill her outright! “I complained of my head,” she said afterwards; “for a sense of dulness and suffocation, if not pain, was there constantly.” She had nervous fevers, convulsions, and so on; but she lived through it all, and was plunged into still deeper studies. After a course of boarding-school, she returned home at fifteen to

devote herself to Ariosto, Helvetius, Sismondi, Brown's Philosophy, De Stael, Epictetus, Racine, Castilian Ballads, Locke, Byron, Sir William Temple, Rousseau, and a host of other learned writers!

Conceive a girl of fifteen immersed in all this farrago of literature and philosophy! She had an eye to politics, too; and in her letters to friends notices the accession of Duke Nicholas, and its effect on the Holy Alliance and the liberties of Europe! Then she goes through a course of the Italian poets, accompanied by her sick-headache. She lies in bed one afternoon, from dinner till tea, "reading Rammohun Roy's book, and framing dialogues aloud on every argument beneath the sun." She had her dreams of the affections, too, — indulging largely in sentimentality and romance, as most young girls will do. She adored the moon, — fell in love with other girls, and dreamt often of the other subject uppermost in most growing girls' minds.

This wonderfully cultivated child, as might be expected, ran some risk of being spoilt. She was herself brilliant, and sought equal brilliancy in others. She had no patience with mediocrity, and regarded it with feelings akin to contempt. But this unamiable feeling she gradually unlearned, as greater experience and larger-heartedness taught her wisdom, — a kind of wisdom, by the way, which is not found in books. The multitude regarded her, at this time, as rather haughty and supercilious, — fond of saying clever and sarcastic things at their expense, — and also as very inquisitive and anxious to "read characters." But it is hard to repress or dwarf the loving nature of a woman. She was always longing for affection, for sympathy, for confidence, among her more valued friends. She wished to be "comprehended," — she looked on herself as a "*femme incomprise*," as the French term it. Even her sarcasm was akin to love. She was always making new confidants, and drawing out their heart-secrets, as she revealed her own.

The family removed from Cambridge Port, where she was born, to Cambridge, where they remained till 1833, when they went to reside at Groton. Margaret had by this time written verses which friends deemed worthy of publication, and several appeared. But her spirit and soul, which gave such living power to her conversation, usually evaporated in the attempt to commit her thoughts to writing. Of this she often complains. "After all," she says in one of her letters, "this writing is mighty dead. O for my dear old Greeks, who *talked* everything!" Again she said: "Conversation is my natural element. I need to be called out, and never think alone without imagining some companion. Whether this be nature, or the force of circumstances, I know not; it is my habit, and bespeaks a second-rate mind."

But she was a splendid talker, — a New England Corinne, — an improvisatrice of unrivalled powers. Her writings give no idea of her powers of speech, — of the brilliancy with which she would strike a vein of happy thought, and bring it to the daylight. Her talk was decidedly masculine, critical, common-sense, full of ideas, yet, withal, graceful and sparkling. She is said to have had a kind of prophetic insight into characters, and drew out, by a strong attractive power in herself, as by a moral magnet, all their best gifts to the light. "She was," says one friend, "like a moral Paganini: she played always on a single string, drawing from each its peculiar music, — bringing wild beauty from the slender wire no less than from the deep-sounding harp-string."

In 1832 she was busy with German literature, and read Goethe, Tieck, Körner, and Schiller. The thought and beauty of these works filled her mind and fascinated her imagination. She also went through Plato's Dialogues. She began to have infinite longings for something unknown and unattainable, and gave vent to her feelings in such thoughts as this: "I shut Goethe's 'Second Residence in Rome,'

with an earnest desire to live as he did, — always to have some engrossing object of pursuit. I sympathize deeply with a mind in that state. While mine is being *used up* by ounces, I wish pailfuls might be poured into it. I am dejected and uneasy when I see no results from my daily existence ; but I am suffocated and lost when I have not the bright feeling of progression.”

But she was always full of projects, which remained such. She meditated writing “six historical tragedies, *the plans* of three of which are quite perfect.” She had also “a favorite *plan*” of a series of tales illustrative of Hebrew history. She also meditated writing a life of Goethe. She tried her hand on the tragedies. Alas ! what a vast difference is there, she confesses, between conception and execution ! She proceeded, as Coleridge calls it, “to take an account of her stock,” but fell back again almost in despair. “With me,” she says, “it has ended in the most humiliating sense of poverty ; and only just enough pride is left to keep your poor friend off the parish.” But in this confession you will find the germs of deep wisdom. She now, more than ever, felt the need of self-culture. “Shall I ever be fit for anything,” she asked, “till I have absolutely re-educated myself ? Am I, can I make myself, fit to write an account of half a century of the existence of one of the master-spirits of this world ? It seems as if I had been very arrogant to dare to think it.” She nevertheless proceeded to accumulate materials for the Life of Goethe, which, however, was never written.

Yet often would the woman come uppermost ! She longed to possess *a home for her heart*. Capable of ardent love, her affections were thrown back upon herself, to become stagnant, and for a while to grow bitter there. She could not help feeling how empty and worthless were all the attainments and triumphs of the mere intellect. A woman’s heart must be satisfied, else there is no true, deep happiness

of repose for her. She longed to be loved *as a woman*, rather than as a mere human being. What woman does not? The lamentation that she was not so loved broke out bitterly from time to time. She knew that she was not beautiful; and, conceal her chagrin as she might, she felt the defect keenly. There was weakness in this, but she could not master it.

In her journal is a bitter sentence on this topic, the meaning of which cannot be misunderstood. She is commenting on the character of Mignon, by Goethe: "Of a disposition that requires the most refined, the most exalted tenderness, *without charms to inspire it*, poor Mignon! fear not the transition through death; no penal fires can have in store worse torments than thou art familiar with already." Again she writes, in the month of May: "When all things are blossoming, it seems so strange not to blossom too, — that the quick thought within cannot remould its tenement. Man is the slowest aloe, and *I am such a shabby plant of coarse tissue. I hate not to be beautiful, when all around is so.*" She writes elsewhere: "*I know the deep yearnings of the heart, and the bafflings of time will be felt again; and then I shall long for some dear hand to hold.* But I shall never forget that *my curse* is nothing, compared with those who have entered into these relations, but not made them real; who only *seem* husbands, wives, and friends." But she endeavors to force herself to feel content: "I have no child; but now, as I look on these lovely children of a human birth, what low and neutralizing cares they bring with them to the mother! The children of the Muse come quicker, and have not on them the taint of earthly corruption." Alas! It is evidently a poor attempt at self-comfort.

Her personal appearance may be noted. A florid complexion, with a tendency to robustness, of which she was painfully conscious, and endeavored to compress by artificial methods, which did additional injury to her already wretched



health. Rather under the middle size, with fair complexion, and strong, fair hair. She was near-sighted, from constant reading when a child, and peered oddly, incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids with great rapidity. She spoke through the nose. From her passionate worship of Beauty in all things, perhaps she dwelt with the more bitterness on her own personal short-comings. The first impression on meeting her was not agreeable; but continued intercourse made many fast friends and ardent admirers, — that is, intellectual admirers. An early attack of illness destroyed the fineness of her complexion. “My own vanity,” she said of this, “was severely wounded; but I recovered, and made up my mind to be *bright and ugly*. I think I may say, *I never loved*. I but see my possible life reflected in the clouds. The bridal spirit of many a spirit, when first it was wed, I have shared, but said adieu before the wine was poured out at the banquet.”

The Fuller family removed to Groton in 1833, and two years after Margaret's father died suddenly of cholera. He left no will behind him; there was little property to will, — only enough to maintain the widow and educate the children. Margaret was thrown into fresh lamentations, — wished she had been a man, in order to take charge of the family; but she “always hated the din of such affairs.” About this time she had made the acquaintance of Miss Martineau, then in the States, and clung to her as an “intellectual guide,” hoping to be “comprehended” by her. She had strongly desired to accompany Miss Martineau back to England, but the sad turn in the family affairs compelled her to give up the project; and she went to Boston instead, to teach Latin, Italian, and French, in Mr. Alcott's school. She afterwards went to teach, as principal, in another school at Providence. She still read tremendously, — almost living upon books, and tormented by a “terrible feeling in the head.” She had a “distressing weight on the top of the brain,” and seemingly

was "able to think with only the lower part of the head." "All my propensities," she once said, "have a tendency to make my head worse: it is a bad head, — as bad as if I were a great man."

Amid all this bodily pain and disease, she suffered moral agony, — heartache for long days and weeks, — and on self-examination, she was further "shocked to find how vague and superficial is all my knowledge." Some may say there is a degree of affectation in all this; but it is the fate of the over-cultivated, without any solid basis of wisdom; they are ever longing after further revelations, greater light, — to pry into the unseen, to aim after the unattainable. Hence profound regrets and life-long lamentations. The circlet which adorns the brow of genius, though it may glitter before the gazer's eye, has spiked thorns for the brow of her who wears it, and the wounds they make bleed inwards. Poor Margaret!

Emerson's memoir of his intercourse with Margaret Fuller is by far the most interesting part of the volume. He was repelled by her at first, being a man rather given to silence; but she gradually won upon him as upon others, and her bright speech at length reached his heart. He met her first in the society of Miss Martineau, and often afterwards in the company of others, and alone. He was struck by the *night side* of her nature; — her speculations in mythology and demonology; in French Socialism; her belief in the ruling influence of planets; her sympathy with sortilege; her notions as to the talismanic influence of gems; and her altogether mystic apprehensions. She was strangely affected by dreams, was a somnambule, was always full of presentiments. In short, as Emerson says, "there was somewhat a *little pagan* about her." She found no rest for the sole of her restless foot, except in music, of which she was a passionate lover. Take a few instances of her strange meditations. "When first I met with the name Leila," she

said, "I knew from the very look and sound, it was music; I knew that it meant night, — *night, which brings out stars, as sorrow brings out truths.*" Later on, she wrote: "My days at Milan were not unmarked. I have known some happy hours, but *they all lead to sorrow*, and not only the cups of wine, but of milk, seem drugged with poison for me. It does not seem to be my fault, *this destiny.* I do not court these things, — they come. I am a poor magnet, with power to be wounded by the bodies I attract."

But Emerson, like everybody else, was especially attracted by Margaret's powers of conversation. "She wore her circle of friends, as a necklace of diamonds about her neck. The confidences given her were their best, and she held to them. She was an active, inspiring correspondent, and all the art, the thought, and the nobleness in New England seemed at that moment related to her, and she to it. Persons were her game, especially if marked by fortune, or character, or success; to such was she sent. She addressed them with a hardihood, — almost a haughty assurance, — queen-like. She drew her companions to surprising confessions. She was the wedding-guest to whom the long-pent story must be told; and they were not less struck, on reflection, at the suddenness of the friendship which had established, in one day, new and permanent covenants. She extorted the secret of life, which cannot be told without setting mind and heart in a glow; and thus had the best of those she saw: the test of her eloquence was its range. It told on children and on old people; on men of the world, and on sainted maids. She could hold them all by the honeyed tongue. The Concord stage-coachman distinguished her by his respect; and the chambermaid was pretty sure to confide to her, on the second day, her homely romance." But she lived fast. In society she was always on the stretch. She was in jubilant spirits in the morning, and ended the day with nervous headache, whose spasms produced total

prostration. She was the victim of disease and pain. "She read and wrote in bed, and believed she could understand anything better when she was ill. Pain acted like a girdle, to give tension to her powers." Her enjoyment consisted of brief but intense moments. The rest was a void. Emerson says: "When I found she lived at a rate so much faster than mine, and which was violent compared with mine, I foreboded a rash and painful crisis, and had a feeling as if a voice had said, *Stand from under!* as if, a little farther on, this destiny was threatened with jars and reverses, which no friendship could avert or console."

There was one very prominent feature in Margaret Fuller, which she could never conceal, and that was her intense individuality, — some would call it self-esteem: she was always thoroughly possessed by *herself*. She could not hide the "MOUNTAINOUS ME," as Emerson calls it. In enumerating the merits of some one, she would say, "He appreciates *me*." In the coolest way, she boasted, "I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find *no intellect comparable to my own*." She idealized herself as a queen, and dwelt upon the idea that she was not her parents' child, but a European princess confided to their care. "I take my natural position always," she said to a friend; "and the more I see, the more I feel that it is regal. Without throne, sceptre, or guards, *still a queen*." In all this there was exhibited a very strong leaning towards a weak side.

Yet, at other times, she was strongly conscious of her imperfections. She was impatient of her weakness in production. "I feel within myself," she said, "an immense force, but *I cannot bring it out*." Notwithstanding her "arrogant talk," as Emerson called it, and her ambition to *play the Mirabeau* among her friends, she felt her defect in *creative power*. Her numerous works remained projects. She was the victim of Lord Bacon's *idols of the cave*. She was a genius of impulse, but wanted the patience to elabo-

rate. "How can I ever write," she asked, "with this impatience of detail? I shall never be an artist; *I have no patient love of execution*; I am delighted with my sketch; but if I try to finish it, I am chilled. Never was there a great sculptor who did not love to chip the marble." And then she attributed her inability to sex. Speaking of the life of thought, she said: "*Women*, under any circumstances, can scarce do more than dip the foot in this broad and deep river; they have not strength to contend with the current. It is easy for women to be heroic in action; but when it comes to interrogating God, the universe, the soul, and, above all, trying to live above their own hearts, *they dart down to their nests like so many larks*, and if they cannot find them, fret like the French Corinne." A little later she says: "I shall write better, but never, I think, so well as I talk; for then I feel inspired. *The means are pleasant; my voice excites me, my pen never*. I want *force*, to be either a genius or a character."

She had, however, a genuine fund of practical benevolence about her. She visited the prisons and penitentiaries on many occasions, for the purpose of restoring to new life and virtue the poor, degraded women confined there. Behind all her wit, there was always a fountain of woman's tears ready to flow. She had a passionate love of truth, and ardent thirst for it. "In the chamber of death I prayed in early years, 'Give me Truth; cheat me by no illusion.' O, the granting of this prayer is sometimes terrible to me! I walk on the burning ploughshares, and they sear my feet. Yet nothing but Truth will do." And she might be said almost to worship beauty, — in art, in literature, in music. "Dear Beauty!" she would say, "where, where, amid these morasses and pine-barrens, shall we make thee a temple? where find a Greek to guard it, — clear-eyed, deep-thoughted, and delicate enough to appreciate the relations and gradations which nature always observes?"

We can only notice very briefly the remaining leading events in Margaret Fuller's life. There was not much dramatic character in them, except towards their close. The student's story is generally a quiet one; it is an affair of private life, of personal intimacies and friendships. She went on teaching young ladies, conducting conversation-classes, and occasionally making translations from the German for the booksellers. The translation of Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" was by her, as also that of the "Letters of Gunderode and Bettine." In 1843 she travelled into Michigan, and shortly afterwards published her "Summer on the Lakes." She then became a writer for "The Dial," an able Boston review, chiefly supported by Emerson, Brownson, and a few more of the "Transcendental" writers of America. There she reviewed German and English books, and first published "The Great Lawsuit, or Woman in the Nineteenth Century," an eloquent expression of discontent at the social position of woman. Her criticisms of American books were not relished, and often gave great offence. The other critics said of her, that she thought that books, like brown stout, were improved by the motion of a ship, and that she would praise nothing unless it had been imported from abroad. She certainly gave a less hearty recognition to merit in American than in German or English books. Afterwards, she went to New York, to perform an engagement on Mr. Horace Greeley's newspaper, the New York Tribune. But she had a contempt for newspaper writing, saying of it: "What a vulgarity there seems in this writing for the multitude! We know not yet, have not made ourselves known, to a single soul, and shall we address those still more unknown?"

The deep secret of her heart again and again comes uppermost in her communications to her bosom friends. A living female writer has said, that, though few may confess it, the human heart may know peace, content, serene endurance, and even thankfulness; but it never does and never can know

*happiness*, the sense of complete, full-rounded bliss, except in the joy of a happy love. The most ardent attachment of woman for others of their own sex cannot supply the want. Margaret Fuller tried this, but it failed, as you may see from her repeated complaints. "Pray for me," she said, "that I may have a little peace, — some green and flowery spot amid which my thoughts may rest; yet not upon fallacy, but upon something genuine. *I am deeply homesick, yet where is that home?* If not on earth, why should we look to heaven? I would fain truly live wherever I must abide, and bear with full energy on my lot, whatever it is. Yet my hand is often languid, and my heart is slow. I would be gone; but whither? I know not. If I cannot make this spot of ground yield the corn and roses, famine must be my lot for ever and ever, surely." *This* is the dart within the heart, as well as I can tell it: "At moments the music of the universe, which daily I am upheld by hearing, seems to stop. I fall like a bird when the sun is eclipsed, not looking for such darkness. The sense of my individual law — that lamp of life — flickers. I am repelled in what is most natural to me. I feel as, when a suffering child, I would go and lie with my face to the ground, to sob away my little life." "Once again I am willing to take up *the cross of loneliness*. Resolves are idle; but the anguish of my soul has been deep. It will not be easy to profane life by rhetoric." In a pathetic prayer, found among her papers, she says: "*I am weary of thinking*. I suffer great fatigue from living. O God, take me! Take me wholly! It is not that I repine, my Father, but I sink from want of rest, and none will shelter me. Thou knowest it all. Bathe me in the living waters of Thy Love."

Thus the consciousness of an unfulfilled destiny hung over the poor sufferer, and she could not escape from it; she felt as if destined to tread the wine-press of life ALONE. To hear the occasional plaintive tone of sorrow in her thought

and speech, Mr. Channing beautifully says, was "like the wail of an *Æolian* harp, heard at intervals from some upper window." And amid all this smothered agony of the heart, disease was constantly preying on her. Headache, rooted in one spot, — fixed between the eyebrows, — till it grew real torture. The black and white guardians, depicted on Etruscan monuments, were always fighting for her life. In the midst of beautiful dreams, the "great vulture would come, and fix his iron talons on the brain," — a state of physical health which was not mended by her habit of drinking strong potations of tea and coffee in almost limitless quantities.

At length, in search of health, Margaret resolved to accomplish her long-meditated, darling enterprise, of a voyage to Europe, — to the Old World, where her thoughts lived, — to England, France, Germany, and Rome. She left New York in the summer of 1846, in the *Cambria*, and on reaching England sent home many delightful, though rapid, sketches of the people she had seen and the places she had visited. These letters are, to us, the most delightful part of the volumes; perhaps because she speaks of people who are so much better known to us than her American contemporaries. In England and Scotland, she saw Wordsworth, De Quincey, Dr. Chalmers, Andrew Combe, the Howitts, Dr. Southwood Smith, and, above all, Carlyle, of whom she gives an admirable sketch, drawn to the life. In England, also, she first formed an acquaintance with Mazzini, which she afterwards renewed, amid most interesting circumstances, at Rome, during the tumult of the siege. At Paris, she made the personal acquaintance of George Sand, of whom she gives a lifelike description, and saw many other notorieties of that time.

But she longed to be at Rome; and sped southward. She seems immediately to have plunged into the political life of the city. But her means were cramped, and she "longed for a little money." Yet what she had, she was always



ready to give away to those who were more in need than herself. "Nothing less than two or three years," she says, "free from care and forced labor, would heal all my hurts, and renew my life-blood at its source. Since destiny will not grant me that, I hope she will not leave me long in the world, for I am tired of keeping myself up in the water without corks, and without strength to swim. I should like to go to sleep, and be born again into a state where my young life should not be prematurely taxed."

All the great events of 1847 and 1848 occurred while Margaret Fuller remained in the Eternal City. She was there when the Pope took the initiative in the reforms of that convulsed period; witnessed the rejoicings and the enthusiasm of the people; then the reaction, the tumult, the insurrection, and the war. Amidst all this excitement, she is "weary." "The shifting scenes entertain poorly. I want some scenes of natural beauty; and, imperfect as love is, *I want human beings to love, as I suffocate without.*" Then came the enthusiastic entrance of Gioberti into Rome, then Mazzini, then ensued the fighting. Margaret looked down from her window on the terrible battle before St. Angelo, between the Romans and the French. Mazzini found her out in her lodgings, and had her appointed by the "Roman Commission for the succor of the Wounded" to the charge of the hospital of the *Fata-Bene Fratelli*. She there busied herself as a nurse of those heroic wounded,—the flower of the Italian youth. But the French entered, and she had to fly. "I cannot tell you," she writes, "what I endured in leaving Rome; abandoning the wounded soldiers; knowing that there is no provision made for them, when they rise from the beds where they have been thrown by a noble courage, where they have suffered with a noble patience. Some of the poorer men, who rise bereft even of the right arm,—one having lost both the right arm and the right leg,—I could have provided for with a small sum. Could I have

sold my hair, or blood from my arm, I would have done it. These poor men are left helpless, in the power of a mean and vindictive foe. You felt so oppressed in the Slave States; imagine what I felt at seeing all the noblest youth, all the genius of this dear land, again enslaved."

So the battle was lost! Margaret Fuller fled from Rome to her child at Rieti. Her child? Yes! She had married! The dream of her life had ended, and she was now a wife and a mother. But in this sweet, new relationship, she enjoyed but a brief term of happiness. Her connection with Count Ossoli arose out of an accidental meeting with him in the church of St. Peter's, after vesper service. He waited upon her to her dwelling; returned; cultivated her acquaintance; offered her his hand, and was refused. But Ossoli was a Liberal, and moved in the midst of the strife. He had frequent opportunities of seeing Margaret, pressed his suit, and was finally accepted. There did not seem to be much in common between them. He was considerably her junior; but he loved her sincerely, and that was enough for her.

The marriage was kept secret for a time, because the Marquis's property might have gone from him at once, had his marriage with a Protestant become known while the ecclesiastical influence was paramount at Rome. But when the Liberal cause had suffered defeat, there was no longer any need of concealment. Ossoli had lost all; and the marriage was confessed. Margaret had left her child in safety at Rieti, to watch over her husband, who was at Rome, engaged in the defence of the city against the French; and we have seen how she was engaged while there. She returned to her child, whom she found ill, and half starved; but her maternal care made all right again. Writing to her mother, she said: "The immense gain to me is my relation with the child. I thought the mother's heart lived within me before, but it did not; I knew nothing about it." "He is to me a source of ineffable joys, — far purer, deeper, than

anything I ever felt before, — like what Nature had sometimes given, but more intimate, more sweet. He loves me very much ; his little heart clings to mine.”

Margaret is at length happy ; but how brief the time it lasted ! The poor Marquis, with his wife and child, must leave Florence, where they for a brief time resided after their flight from Rome ; and they resolved to embark for the United States in May, 1850. Writing beforehand, she said : “ I have a vague expectation of *some crisis*, — I know not what. But it has long seemed that in the year 1850 I should stand on a *plateau* in the ascent of life, where I should be allowed to pause for a while, and take more clear and commanding views than ever before. Yet my life proceeds as regularly as the fates of a Greek tragedy, and I can but accept the pages as they turn.” And at the close of a letter to her mother, she said : “ I hope we shall be able to pass some time together yet in this world. But if God decrees otherwise, — here and **HEREAFTER**, my dearest mother, I am your loving child, **MARGARET**.” Ossoli had never been at sea before, and he had an undefined dread of it. A fortune-teller, when he was a boy, had uttered a singular prophecy of him, and warned him to “ *beware of the sea*.”

The omens proved true. Everything went amiss on the ill-fated voyage. The captain sickened and died of small-pox. The disease then seized the child, Angelino, whose life was long despaired of. But he recovered, and the coast of America drew nigh. On the eve of the landing, a heavy gale arose, and the ship struck on Fire Island Beach, on the Long Island shore.

“ At the first jar, the passengers, knowing but too well its fatal import, sprang from their berths. Then came the cry of ‘ Cut away,’ followed by the crash of falling timbers, and the thunder of the seas, as they broke across the deck. In a moment more the cabin skylight was dashed in pieces by the breakers, and the spray, pouring down like a cataract, put

out the lights; while the cabin-door was wrenched from its fastenings, and the waves swept in and out. One scream — one only — was heard from Margaret's state-room; and Sumner and Mrs. Hasty, meeting in the cabin, clasped hands, with these few but touching words: 'We must die.' 'Let us die calmly, then.' 'I hope so, Mrs. Hasty.' It was in the gray dusk, and amid the awful tumult, that the companions in misfortune met. The side of the cabin to the leeward had already settled under water; and furniture, trunks, and fragments of the skylight were floating to and fro; while the inclined position of the floor made it difficult to stand; and every sea, as it broke over the bulwarks, splashed in through the open roof. The windward cabin-wall, however, still yielded partial shelter, and against it, seated side by side, half-leaning backwards, with feet braced upon the long table, they awaited what next should come. At first, Nino, alarmed at the uproar, the darkness, and the rushing water, while shivering with the wet, cried passionately; but soon his mother, wrapping him in such garments as were at hand, and folding him to her bosom, sang him to sleep. Celeste, too, was in an agony of terror, till Ossoli, with soothing words, and a long and fervent prayer, restored her to self-control and trust. Then calmly they rested, side by side, exchanging kindly partings, and sending messages to friends, if any should survive to be their bearer."

A long night of agony passed, and at last the tragedy drew to a close: —

"It was now past three o'clock, and as, with the rising tide, the gale swelled once more to its former violence, the remnants of the barque fast yielded to the resistless waves. The cabin went by the board, the after-parts broke up, and the stern settled out of sight. Soon, too, the fore-castle was filled with water, and the helpless little band were driven to the deck, where they clustered round the foremast. Presently, even this frail support was loosened from the hull, and rose and fell with every billow. It was plain to all that the

final moment drew swiftly nigh. Of the four seamen who still stood by the passengers, three were as efficient as any among the crew of the *Elizabeth*. These were the steward, carpenter, and cook. The fourth was an old sailor, who, broken down by hardship and sickness, was going home to die. These men were once again persuading Margaret, Ossoli, and Celeste, to try the planks, which they held ready in the lee of the ship; and the steward, by whom Nino was so much beloved, had just taken the little fellow in his arms, with the pledge that he would save him or die, when a sea struck the forecastle, and the foremast fell, carrying with it the deck and all upon it. The steward and Angelino were washed upon the beach, both dead, though warm, some twenty minutes after. The cook and carpenter were thrown far upon the foremast, and saved themselves by swimming. Celeste and Ossoli caught for a moment by the rigging, but the next wave swallowed them up. Margaret sank at once. When last seen, she had been seated at the foot of the foremast, still clad in her white night-dress, with her hair fallen loose upon her shoulders. It was over, — that twelve hours' communion, face to face, with death! It was over! and the prayer was granted, 'that Ossoli, Angelino, and I may go together, and that the anguish may be brief!'

"The only one of Margaret's treasures which reached the shore was the lifeless form of little Angelino. When the body, stripped of every rag by the waves, was rescued from the surf, a sailor took it reverently in his arms, and, wrapping it in his neckcloth, bore it to the nearest house. There, when washed, and dressed in a child's frock found in Margaret's trunk, it was laid upon a bed; and as the rescued seamen gathered round their late playfellow and pet, there were few dry eyes in the circle. The next day, borne upon their shoulders in a chest, it was buried in a hollow among the sand-hills."

And thus terribly ended the tragedy of Margaret Fuller's life.

## SARAH MARTIN.

**A**MONG the distinguished women in the humble ranks of society, who have pursued a loving, hopeful, benevolent, and beautiful way through life, the name of Sarah Martin will long be remembered. Not many of such women come into the full light of the world's eye. Quiet and silence befit their lot. The best of their labors are done in secret, and are never noised abroad. Often the most beautiful traits of a woman's character are confided but to one dear breast, and lie treasured there. There are comparatively few women who display the sparkling brilliancy of a Margaret Fuller, and whose names are noised abroad like hers on the wings of fame. But the number of women is very great who silently pursue their duty in thankfulness, who labor on, — each in their little home-circle, — training the minds of growing youth for active life, moulding future men and women for society and for each other, imbuing them with right principles, impenetrating their hearts with the spirit of love, and thus actively helping to carry forward the whole world towards good. But we hear comparatively little of the labors of true-hearted women in this quiet sphere. The genuine mother, wife, or daughter is good, but not famous. And she can dispense with the fame, for the doing of the good is its own exceeding great reward.

Very few women step beyond the boundaries of home and seek a larger sphere of usefulness. Indeed, the home is a sufficient sphere for the woman who would do her work

nobly and truly there. Still, there are the helpless to be helped, and when generous women have been found among the helpers, why should we not rejoice in their good works, and cherish their memory? Sarah Martin was one of such, — a kind of Elizabeth Fry, in a humbler sphere. She was born at Caister, a village about three miles from Yarmouth, in the year 1791. Both her parents, who were very poor people, died when she was but a child; and the little orphan was left to be brought up under the care of her poor grandmother. The girl obtained such education as the village school could afford, — which was not much, — and then she was sent to Yarmouth for a year, to learn sewing and dress-making in a very small way. She afterwards used to walk from Caister to Yarmouth and back again daily, which she continued for many years, earning a slender livelihood by going out to families as an assistant dressmaker at a shilling a day.

It happened that, in the year 1819, a woman was committed to the Yarmouth jail for the unnatural crime of cruelly beating and ill-using her own child. Sarah Martin was at this time eight and twenty years of age, and the report of the above crime, which was the subject of talk about the town, made a strong impression on her mind. She had often, before this, on passing the gloomy walls of the borough jail, felt an urgent desire to visit the inmates pent up there, without sympathy, and often without hope. She wished to read the Scriptures to them, and bring them back lovingly — were it yet possible — to the society against whose laws they had offended. Think of this gentle, unlovely, ungifted, poor young woman taking up with such an idea! Yet it took root in her and grew within her. At length she could not resist the impulse to visit the wretched inmates of the Yarmouth jail. So one day she passed into the dark porch with a throbbing heart, and knocked for admission. The keeper of the jail appeared. In her gentle, low voice, she

mentioned the cruel mother's name, and asked permission to see her. The jailer refused. There was "a lion in the way," — some excuse or other, as is usual in such cases. But Sarah Martin persisted. She returned; and at the second application she was admitted.

Sarah Martin afterwards related the manner of her reception in the jail. The culprit mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, her guilt, her need of God's mercy, &c., *she burst into tears, and thanked me!*" Those tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's subsequent life.

A year or two before this time Mrs. Fry had visited the prisoners in Newgate, and possibly the rumor of her labors in this field may have in some measure influenced Sarah Martin's mind; but of this we are not certain. Sarah Martin herself stated that, as early as the year 1810 (several years before Mrs. Fry's visits to Newgate), her mind had been turned to the subject of prison visitation, and she had then felt a strong desire to visit the poor prisoners in Yarmouth jail, to read the Scriptures to them. These two tender-hearted women may, therefore, have been working at the same time, in the same sphere of Christian work, entirely unconscious of each other's labors. However this may be, the merit of Sarah Martin cannot be detracted from. She labored alone, without any aid from influential quarters; she had no persuasive eloquence, and had scarcely received any education; she was a poor seamstress, maintaining herself by her needle, and she carried on her visitation of the prisoners in secret, without any one vaunting her praises: indeed, this was the last thing she dreamt of. Is there not, in this simple picture of a humble woman thus devoting her leisure hours to the comfort and improvement of outcasts, much that is truly noble and heroic?

Sarah Martin continued her visits to the Yarmouth jail.



From one she went to another prisoner, reading to them and conversing with them, from which she went on to instructing them in reading and writing. She constituted herself a schoolmistress for the criminals, giving up a day in the week for this purpose, and thus trenching on her slender means of living. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dressmaking to serve the prisoners. This, regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

She next formed a Sunday service in the jail, for reading of the Scriptures, joining in the worship as a hearer. For three years she went on in this quiet course of visitation, until, as her views enlarged, she introduced other ameliorative plans for the benefit of the prisoners. One week, in 1823, she received from two gentlemen donations of ten shillings each, for prison charity. With this she bought materials for baby-clothes, cut them out, and set the females to work. The work, when sold, enabled her to buy other materials, and thus the industrial education of the prisoners was secured; Sarah Martin teaching those to sew and knit who had not before learnt to do so. The profits derived from the sale of the articles were placed together in a fund, and divided amongst the prisoners on their leaving the jail to commence life again in the outer world. She, in the same way, taught the men to make straw hats, men's and boys' caps, gray cotton shirts, and even patchwork, — anything to keep them out of idleness, and from preying upon their own thoughts. Some, also, she taught to copy little pictures, with the same object, in which several of the prisoners took great delight. A little later on, she formed a fund out of the prisoners' earnings, which she applied to the furnishing of work to prisoners upon their discharge; "affording me," she says, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

Thus did humble Sarah Martin, long before the attention

of public men had been directed to the subject of prison discipline, bring a complete system to maturity in the jail of Yarmouth. It will be observed that she had thus included visitation, moral and religious instruction, intellectual culture, industrial training, employment during prison hours, and employment after discharge. While learned men, at a distance, were philosophically discussing these knotty points, here was a poor seamstress at Yarmouth, who, in a quiet, simple, and unostentatious manner, had practically settled them all!

In 1826 Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and left her an annual income of ten or twelve pounds. She now removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in an obscure part of the town; and from that time devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labors in the jail. A benevolent lady in Yarmouth, in order to allow her some rest from her sewing, gave her one day in the week to herself, by paying her the same on that day as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that assistance, and a few quarterly subscriptions of two shilling and sixpence each, for Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and books for distribution, she went on, devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But her dressmaking business—always a very fickle trade, and at best a very poor one—now began to fall off, and at length almost entirely disappeared. The question arose, Was she to suspend her benevolent labors, in order to devote herself singly to the recovery of her business? She never wavered for a moment in her decision. In her own words, "*I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up.* If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others." Therefore did this noble, self-sacrificing woman go straightforward on her road of persevering usefulness.

She now devoted six or seven hours in every day to her

superintendence over the prisoners, converting what would otherwise have been a scene of dissolute idleness into a hive of industry and order. Newly-admitted prisoners were sometimes refractory and unmanageable, and refused to take advantage of Sarah Martin's instructions. But her persistent gentleness invariably won their acquiescence, and they would come to her and beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Men old in years and in crime, pert London pickpockets, depraved boys, and dissolute sailors, profligate women, smugglers, poachers, the promiscuous horde of criminals which usually fill the jail of a seaport and county town, — all bent themselves before the benign influence of this good woman; and under her eyes they might be seen striving, for the first time in their lives, to hold a pen, or master the characters in a penny primer. She entered into their confidences, watched, wept, prayed, and felt for all by turns; she strengthened their good resolutions, encouraged the hopeless, and sedulously endeavored to put all, and hold all, in the right road of amendment.

What was the nature of the religious instruction given by her to the prisoners may be gathered from Captain Williams's account of it, as given in the "Second Report of the Inspector of Prisons" for the year 1836:—

"*Sunday, November 29, 1835.* — Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled. A female resident in the town officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the Liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well, — much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid

the profoundest attention and the most marked respect; and, as far as it was possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her, afterwards, to the female prisoners."

Afterwards, in 1837, she gave up the labor of writing out her addresses, and addressed the prisoners extemporaneously, in a simple, feeling manner, on the duties of life, on the connection between sin and sorrow on the one hand, and between goodness and happiness on the other, and inviting her fallen auditors to enter the great door of mercy which was ever wide opened to receive them. These simple but earnest addresses were attended, it is said, by very beneficial results; and many of the prisoners were wont to thank her, with tears, for the new views of life, its duties and responsibilities, which she had opened up to them. As a writer in the Edinburgh Review has observed, in commenting on Sarah Martin's jail sermons: "The cold, labored eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us; the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the fathers, or of the Middle Ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor, uneducated seamstress."

But Sarah Martin was not satisfied merely with laboring among the prisoners in the jail at Yarmouth. She also attended in the evenings at the workhouse, where she formed and superintended a large school; and afterwards, when that school had been handed over to proper teachers, she devoted the hours so released to the formation and superintendence of a school for factory-girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old Church of St. Nicholas. And after the labors connected with the class were over, she would remain among the girls for the purpose of friendly intercourse with them, which was often worth more than all the class lessons. There were personal communications with this one and with

that; private advice to one, some kindly inquiry to make of another, some domestic history to be imparted by a third; for she was looked up to by these girls as a counsellor and friend, as well as schoolmistress. She had often visits also to pay to their homes; in one there would be sickness, in another misfortune or bereavement; and everywhere was the good, benevolent creature made welcome. Then, lastly, she would return to her own poor, solitary apartments, late at night, after her long day's labor of love. There was no cheerful, ready-lit fire to greet her there, but only an empty, locked-up house, to which she merely returned to sleep. She did all her own work, kindled her own fires, made her own bed, cooked her own meals. For she went on living upon her miserable pittance in a state of almost absolute poverty, and yet of total unconcern as to her temporal support. Friends supplied her occasionally with the necessaries of life, but she usually gave away a considerable portion of these to people more destitute than herself.

She was now growing old; and the borough authorities at Yarmouth, who knew very well that her self-imposed labors saved them the expense of a schoolmaster and chaplain, (which they were now bound by law to appoint,) made a proposal of an annual salary of £12 a year! This miserable remuneration was, moreover, made in a manner coarsely offensive to the shrinkingly sensitive woman; for she had preserved a delicacy and pure-mindedness throughout her life-long labors which, very probably, these Yarmouth bloaters could not comprehend. She shrank from becoming the salaried official of the corporation, and bartering for money those labors which had, throughout, been labors of love.

"Here lies the objection," she said, "which oppresses me: I have found voluntary instruction, on my part, to have been attended with great advantage; and I am apprehensive that, in receiving payment, my labors may be less acceptable. I fear, also, that my mind would be fettered by pecuniary

payment, and the whole work upset. To try the experiment, which might injure the thing I live and breathe for, seems like applying a knife to your child's throat to know if it will cut. . . . . Were you so angry," — she is writing in answer to the wife of one of the magistrates, who said she and her husband would "feel angry and hurt" if Sarah Martin did not accept the proposal, — "were you so angry as that I could not meet you, a merciful God and a good conscience would preserve my peace; when, if I ventured on what I believed would be prejudicial to the prisoners, God would frown upon me, and my conscience too, and these would follow me everywhere. As for my circumstances, I have not a wish ungratified, and am more than content."

But the jail committee savagely intimated to the high-souled woman: "*If we permit you to visit the prison, you must submit to our terms;*" so she had no alternative but to give up her noble labors altogether, which she would not do, or receive the miserable pittance of a "salary" which they proffered her. And for two more years she lived on, in the receipt of her official salary of £12 per annum, — the acknowledgment of the Yarmouth Corporation for her services as jail chaplain and schoolmaster!

In the winter of 1842, when she had reached her fifty-second year, her health began seriously to fail, but she nevertheless continued her daily visits to the jail, — "the home," she says, "of my first interest and pleasure," — until the 17th of April, 1843, when she ceased her visits. She was now thoroughly disabled; but her mind beamed out with unusual brilliancy, like the flickering taper before it finally expires. She resumed the exercise of a talent which she had occasionally practised during her few moments of leisure, — that of writing sacred poetry. In one of these, speaking of herself on her sick-bed, she says: —

"I seem to lie  
So near the heavenly portals bright,

I catch the streaming rays that fly  
From eternity's own light."

Her song was always full of praise and gratitude. As artistic creations, they may not excite admiration in this highly critical age; but never were verses written truer in spirit, or fuller of Christian love. Her whole life was a noble poem, — full also of true practical wisdom. Her life was a glorious comment upon her own words: —

"The high desire that others may be blest  
Savors of heaven."

She struggled against fatal disease for many months, suffering great agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. Her end drew nigh. She asked her nurse for an opiate to still her racking torture. The nurse told her that she thought the time of her departure had come. Clasping her hands, the dying Sister of Mercy exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!" And these were her last words. She died on the 15th of October, 1843, and was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother. A small tombstone, bearing a simple inscription, written by herself, marks her resting-place; and, though the tablet is silent as to her virtues, they will not be forgotten: —

"Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."

## HARRIET MARTINEAU.

**H**ARRIET MARTINEAU is one of the ablest and most vigorous of our living prose-writers. We cannot call to mind any woman of modern or of past times, who has produced a larger number and variety of solid, instructive, and interesting books. She has written well on political economy, on history, on foreign travel, on psychology, and on education; she has produced many clever tales and novels; her books for children and for men are alike good. She has been a copious contributor to the monthly and quarterly reviews, and she is at present understood to be a regular writer of leading articles for one of the best-conducted of our morning daily papers. Her life has been one of hard work, and she seems to work for the love of it, as well as for love of her kind. Even when laid on her bed by sickness, she went on writing, as if it had become habitual to her, and then produced one of her most delightful books, her "Life in the Sick-room."

Miss Martineau is a woman with a manly heart and head. In saying this, we neither desire to cast a reflection on the sex to which she belongs, nor upon herself. It would be well for women generally, did they cultivate as she has done the spirit of self-help and self-reliance. We believe it would tend to their greater usefulness as well as happiness, and render them more efficient co-operators with men in all the relations of life. In ordinary cases, unmarried daughters are a burden in a "genteel" family of slender means; but



in Miss Martineau's case, she has throughout been a mainstay of support to herself and family. Her father was a manufacturer at Norwich, descended from a French refugee family, — French Protestants having settled down there in considerable numbers after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Commercial embarrassments having overtaken the Martineaus, the sons and daughters were under the necessity of bestirring themselves in aid of their family, which they did, honorably and successfully. Miss Martineau, who had first taken to writing as a recreation, afterwards followed it as a pursuit and a profession; and in so doing she realized a competency. What was more, she carefully cherished her independence as a writer; and when, overtaken by illness, her political friends, then in power, bestirred themselves to help her, and, in 1840, obtained for her the offer of a considerable government pension, — with a conscientious and high-minded feeling, which in these modern times finds few if any imitators, she declined to receive it, — holding it to be wrong that she, a political writer, should receive a pension which was not offered by the people, but by a government which, in her opinion, did not represent the people. She sincerely preferred retaining her independence and entire freedom of speech with respect to government and all its affairs, — a decision which, however much it may be at variance with our ideas of worldly prudence, we cannot but respect and admire. More recently, also, she has displayed her force of character in another direction; we mean by the publication, in conjunction with Mr. Atkinson, of the "Letters on Man's Development," &c. With her views, as set forth in that book, we have no sympathy; and we cannot but deplore, in common with her numerous friends, that she was so ill-advised as to publish it. Nevertheless, it was a thoroughly honest act on her part: done at the risk of her popularity, reputation, and good name. She had arrived at conclusions opposed to those generally entertained on certain points; and as a

public writer, she conceived that the "cause of truth" required that she should make a clean breast of it. Here, we think, she committed a grievous mistake; for it can form no part of the duty of any public writer to publish whatever crude notions may get uppermost in her head. The error has, however, been committed; and we merely allude to it here as furnishing a striking illustration of Miss Martineau's character; somewhat similar to her defence of Mesmerism in the Athenæum, when scarcely a voice, except that of Dr. Elliotson, had been raised in its favor.

Miss Martineau displayed reflective powers at an early age. Possibly her deafness, to which she was subject as a child, by shutting her out to some extent from conversational intercourse with those about her, encouraged habits of reflectiveness. She was a timid child, but a quick and accurate observer. Her excellent work on "Household Education" contains some autobiographical revelations of her childhood, of a most curious and interesting character. One of these — describing the feelings of wonder, and almost awe, with which she contemplated a newly-born sister, when she herself was about nine years of age — lets us into a remarkable phase of an observant and thoughtful child's mind. Here is an account of her early reading, from the same interesting book: —

"One Sunday afternoon, when I was seven years old, I was prevented by illness from going to chapel, — a circumstance so rare, that I felt very strange and listless. I did not go to the maid who was left in the house, but lounged about the drawing-room, where, among other books which the family had been reading, was one turned down upon its face. It was a dull-looking octavo volume, thick, and bound in calf, as untempting a book to the eyes of a child as could well be seen: but, because it happened to be open, I took it up. The paper was like skim-milk, — thin and blue, and the printing very ordinary. Moreover, I saw the word

'Argument,' — a very repulsive word to a child. But my eye caught the word 'Satan;' and I instantly wanted to know how anybody could argue about Satan. I saw that he fell through Chaos; found the place in the poetry; and lived heart, mind, and soul in Milton from that day till I was fourteen. I remember nothing more of that Sunday, vivid as is my recollection of the moment of plunging into Chaos: but I remember that from that time till a young friend gave me a pocket edition of Milton, the calf-bound volume was never to be found, because I had got it somewhere: and that, for all those years, to me the universe moved to Milton's music. I wonder how much of it I knew by heart, — enough to be always repeating some of it to myself, with every change of light and darkness, and sound and silence, — the moods of the day and the seasons of the year. It was not my love of Milton which required the forbearance of my parents, — except for my hiding the book, and being often in an absent fit. It was because this luxury had made me ravenous for more. I had a book in my pocket, — a book under my pillow; and in my lap as I sat at meals; or rather on this last occasion it was a newspaper. I used to purloin the daily paper before dinner, and keep possession of it, with a painful sense of the selfishness of the act; and with a daily pang of shame and self-reproach, I slipped away from the table when the dessert was set on, to read in another room. I devoured all Shakespeare, sitting on a footstool, and reading by fire-light, while the rest of the family were still at table. I was incessantly wondering that this was permitted; and intensely, though silently, grateful I was for the impunity and the indulgence. It never extended to the omission of any of my proper business. I learned my lessons; but it was with the prospect of reading while I was brushing my hair at bedtime; and many a time have I stood reading, with the brush suspended, till I was far too cold to sleep. I made shirts with due diligence, being fond of sewing; but it was with

Goldsmith, or Thomson, or Milton open on my lap, under my work, or hidden by the table, that I might learn pages and cantos by heart. The event justified my parents in their indulgence. I read more and more slowly, fewer and fewer authors, and with ever-increasing seriousness and reflection, till I became one of the slowest of readers, and a comparatively sparing one."

Miss Martineau was born in June, 1802, and was already an author at twenty years of age, in 1822, when she published her first little volume, entitled "Devotional Exercises," for the use of young persons. This book was soon followed by another of the same description, entitled "Addresses, with Prayers and Hymns, for the Use of Families and Schools." These works were of the "Orthodox Unitarian" school, to which class of religionists the Martineau family belonged. A number of minor publications followed, chiefly little tales, — some of them intended for children; but the writer's powers were growing apace, and when, in March, 1830, the Monthly Repository published an advertisement by the Committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, offering premiums for the production of three tracts, the object of which should be the introduction and promotion of Christian Unitarianism amongst the Roman Catholics, the Mahometans, and the Jews respectively, she determined to compete for the prizes. Three distinct sets of judges were appointed to adjudicate upon the essays sent in; and when their decision had been come to, much to their own surprise, they found that the same writer had won all the three prizes! Miss Martineau was the successful essayist. It is not our business to enter upon the subject of these essays, which were, perhaps, such as Miss Martineau herself would not now write. They were, however, much praised at the time they appeared, and exhibit a vigor of thought and a finish of style remarkable in so young a writer. But, previous to the production of these essays, Miss Martineau had been

practising her hand extensively in the pages of the *Monthly Repository*, where we find her publishing "Essays on the Art of Thinking," in 1829, with numerous criticisms on books, articles on education, morals, and politics, — tales, chiefly religious, poems, and parables.

But Miss Martineau's name did not come prominently before the public as an author until the appearance of her "Illustrations of Political Economy," which originated in the following way. A country bookseller asked her to write for him some little work of fiction, leaving the choice of subject to herself. About that time machine-breaking riots were frequent in the manufacturing districts; and as the subject would doubtless be a good deal discussed in the Martineaus' home, the head of which was a manufacturer, an interesting plot was at once suggested. "The Rioters," a story, was the result; and it was followed by another in the following year, entitled "The Turn Out." In these tales the author afterwards confessed that she wrote Political Economy for the first time without knowing it. Some time after, on reading Miss Marcet's "Conversations on Political Economy," the idea occurred to her of illustrating the principles of this science in a narrative form. She repeatedly discussed the subject with her mother and brother, now the Rev. James Martineau. She had neither authors nor booksellers to consult; nevertheless she began her series, and wrote her "Life in the Wilds," with which the series of proposed "Illustrations" commenced. But the great difficulty was to find a publisher. No bookseller would take the thing in hand; and many dissuaded her from the project, prophesying that it was sure to fail. She endeavored to raise a subscription amongst her friends for the purpose of publishing the first tale; but the subscription broke down. She offered the tale to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but they rejected it at once. The work went "the round of the trade," but no bookseller of any standing would entertain the idea of publishing it.

At last, after great difficulty, Miss Martineau succeeded in inducing a comparatively unknown publisher to usher the first "Illustration" into the world; but not before she had surrendered to him those advantages which, in virtue of the authorship, she ought to have been able to retain for herself. The book appeared, and its extraordinary success surprised everybody, — none more than the numerous publishers who had refused it. Other and better tales followed, which sold in large editions; and their merit was extensively recognized abroad, where they were translated into French and German, and soon became almost as popular as they were at home. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge afterwards applied to Miss Martineau to write a series of tales illustrative of the Poor Laws; but they were not so successful as her earlier tales, perhaps on account of the nature of the subject. Nor had she afterwards any difficulty in finding publishers for her numerous future works.

The list of successful books rejected by publishers would be a curious one. Milton could with difficulty find a publisher for his "Paradise Lost;" Crabbe's "Library," and other poems, were refused by Dodsley, Beckett, and other London publishers, though Mr. Murray many years after purchased the copyright of them for £3,000. Keats could only get a publisher by the help of his friends. That ever-wonderful book by De Foe, which is the charm of boyhood in all lands, "Robinson Crusoe," was refused by one publisher after another, and was at last sold to an obscure bookseller for a mere trifle; whereas if De Foe could have published it at his own risk, it would have made his fortune. Bulwer's "Pelham" was at first rejected by Mr. Bentley's reader; but fortunately Mr. Bentley himself read it and approved, by mere accident. The "Vestiges of Creation," which has passed through ten large editions within a few years, was repeatedly refused. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was rejected by a magazine. "Mary Burton" and "Jane Eyre" went the round of the

trade. Howitt offered his "Book of the Seasons" to successive publishers, and was at length so disgusted with their repeated refusals, that he was on the point of pitching the manuscript over London Bridge to sink or swim. Even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" could scarcely find a publisher in London; but at last a respectable printer got hold of a copy, and was so riveted by it that he sat up half the night reading it, then woke up his wife, and made her read it too; after which he determined to reprint it, and his steam-engine and printing-presses were kept going by Uncle Tom for many months after. It would thus appear that "the fathers," as Southey calls the publishers, are not always a wise and far-sighted race, — though the many failures of books accepted render them sometimes preternaturally cautious, as in the case of Miss Martineau's oft-rejected, but eventually highly successful "Illustrations of Political Economy."

The number of excellent works which Miss Martineau has since produced has been very great, all of them indicating careful preparation and study, close observation, and conscientious thinking. The two able works, in three volumes each, on "Society in America" and "Western Travel," contained the results of an extensive tour made by her in the United States, with a view to the improvement of her health, in the year 1834. These works are still amongst the best of their kind, and have not been surpassed by later writers in description of scenery, manners, and incidents of travel, or in searching analyses of the social and domestic institutions of the United States. A later work, of a somewhat similar character, published by Miss Martineau in 1848, on "Eastern Life," contained the results of her travels in the East; but it was nothing like so well received as her previous books, jarring strongly upon the religious sympathies and convictions of the majority of her readers; and also, as we cannot but think, perverting and misrepresenting many important events in Egyptian and Hebrew history. The de-

scriptive part of the work was, however, admirably executed ; and there are many passages in it which will bear comparison with even the most graphic descriptions in the marvellous " *Eothen*."

Between the appearance of these works, numerous other books from her pen were turned off, almost too numerous to mention. Among her minor works we would particularly mention one comparatively little known, entitled " *How to Observe — Morals and Manners*." In a small compass, it exhibits a prodigious amount of observation, as well as of reading and reflection. It is a model of composition, full of wisdom, beauty, and quiet power. We recommend those who have not yet seen it to read the book, and they will rise from its perusal with a better idea of the moral and intellectual powers of Miss Martineau than we can convey by any description of our own.

To Knight's series of Guide-books she contributed " *The Maid of All Work*," " *The Lady's Maid*," and " *The Housemaid*" (guides to service), and " *The Dressmaker*" (guide to trade). She also found time to write several good novels, — " *Deerbrook*," " *The Hour and the Man*," and four volumes of " *The Playfellow*," a series of tales for children ; besides numerous able articles in *Tait's Magazine* and the *Westminster Review*. When the *People's Journal* was started, she became a copious contributor to it, and there published the principal portion of her excellent work on " *Household Education*." Long illness confined her to her bed and her room, during which she wrote her " *Life in the Sick-Room*." She then lived at Tynemouth, overlooking the sea, the coast, and the river, near Shields, the scenery about which, as viewed from her chamber window, she vividly describes in that book. Take, for instance, the following charming passage:—

" Between my window and the sea is a green down, as green as any field in Ireland ; and on the nearer half of



this down, hay-making goes forward in its season. It slopes down to a hollow, where the prior of old preserved his fish, there being sluices formerly at either end, the one opening upon the river, and the other upon the little haven below the Priory, whose ruins still crown the rock. From the prior's fish-pond the green down slopes upwards again to a ridge; and on the slope are cows grazing all summer, and half-way into the winter. Over the ridge I survey the harbor and all its traffic, the view extending from the light-houses far to the right, to a horizon of sea to the left. Beyond the harbor lies another country, with, first, its sandy beach, where there are frequent wrecks, — too interesting to an invalid, — and a fine stretch of rocky shore to the left; and above the rocks a spreading heath, where I watch troops of boys flying their kites: lovers and friends taking their breezy walks on Sundays; the sportsman with his gun and dog; and the washerwomen converging from the farm-houses on Saturday evenings to carry their loads, in company, to the village on the yet farther height. I see them, now talking in a cluster, as they walk each with her white burden on her head, and now in file, as they pass through the narrow lane; and finally, they part off on the village green, each to some neighboring house of the gentry. Behind the village and the heath stretches the railroad, and I watch the train triumphantly careering along the level road and puffing forth its steam above hedges and groups of trees, and then laboring and panting up the ascent till it is at last lost between two heights, which at last bound my view. But on these heights are more objects; — a windmill, now in motion and now at rest; a lime-kiln, in a picturesque rocky field; an ancient church-tower, barely visible in the morning, but conspicuous when the setting sun shines upon it; a colliery, with its lofty wagon-way, and the self-moving wagons running hither and thither, as if in pure wilfulness; and three or four farms, at various degrees of ascent, whose yards, paddocks, and

dairies I am better acquainted with than their inhabitants would believe possible. I know every stack of the one on the heights. Against the sky I see the stacking of corn and hay in the season, and can detect the slicing away of the provender, with an accurate eye, at the distance of several miles. I can follow the sociable farmer in his summer-evening ride, pricking on in the lanes where he is alone, in order to have more time for the unconscionable gossip at the gate of the next farm-house, and for the second talk over the paddock-fence of the next, or for the third or fourth before the porch or over the wall where the resident farmer comes out, pipe in mouth, and puffs away amidst his chat, till the wife appears, with a shawl over her cap, to see what can detain him so long, and the daughter follows, with her gown turned over her head (for it is now chill evening), and at last the sociable horseman finds he must be going, looks at his watch, and, with a gesture of surprise, turns his steed down a steep, broken way to the beach, and canters home over the sands, left hard and wet by the ebbing tide, the white horse making his progress visible to me through the dusk."

While Miss Martineau was thus confined to her sick-room, gazing upon such pictures as these, she heard at a distance of the wonders of Mesmerism, how it had raised the palsied from their couch, cured the epileptic, and soothed the nerves of the distracted. Having tried every imaginable remedy, she determined to try this; and whether from the potency of the remedy or the force of the patient's imagination, certain it was that she was shortly after restored to health. The cure has been variously accounted for, some avowing that Nature had accomplished a crisis, and worked out a remedy for herself; others, with Miss Martineau, insisting on the curative power of the mesmeric passes. The subject was well discussed in the Athenæum a few years since, by Miss Martineau on the one side, and by the editor on the other; nor would it be an easy matter to sum up the net results of

the controversy. With all Miss Martineau's amount of unbelief on some points, we cannot but regard her as extremely credulous on others ; and though she is liberal to the full on general questions, there are topics on which she seems to us (particularly in her book on " Man's Development ") to be a considerable bigot. It is quite possible to be bigoted against bigotry, and to be superstitious in the very avoidance of superstition. There was a good deal of force in the rough saying of Luther, that the human mind is like a drunken peasant on horseback : set him up on one side and he falls down on the other.

Miss Martineau's best book is the " History of England during the Peace," published by Charles Knight. It is an extremely able, painstaking, and, we think, impartial history of England since 1815. It exhibits the results of great reading and research, as well as of accurate observation of life and manners. It is, unquestionably, the best work of the kind ; indeed, it may be said to stand by itself as a history of our own times. Its execution does the author much credit, and we trust she will long be spared to produce books of equally unexceptionable quality and character.

## MRS. CHISHOLM.

**H**OW innumerable are the ways in which men and women can benefit their fellow-creatures! There is not a human being, howsoever humble, but can dispense help to others. It needs but the willing heart and the ready hand. There is no want of opportunity for good works to those who desire to perform them. Where will you begin? With your next-door neighbor? This is what John Pounds did. But if you wish for a larger theatre for your philanthropy, you need have no difficulty in finding it out. Most of the genuine philanthropic workers have, however, been directed by no particular effort of choice. The field of labor has lain in their way, and they have set to work forthwith. It was the duty which lay nearest to them, and they set about doing it. Many others had passed it by, and saw no field for exertion there; but the discerning eye of the true lover of men saw the work at a glance, and without the slightest hope or desire for fame, without any expectation of public recognition or eulogium, at once entered diligently and earnestly upon the performance of the duty.

Such was the field of labor to which Mrs. Chisholm devoted herself. She was residing in Sydney, New South Wales, when she was distressed by the sight of many young women arriving at that place without guide or protector, without any idea of the wants of the colony, or how to set about obtaining proper situations there; and often these poor girls, on landing at Sydney, thousands of miles from home,

wandered about in the streets, homeless and destitute, for days together. The heart of this good woman was moved by the sight, and she could not fail to see the moral evils that might arise from such a state of things. She forthwith resolved to place herself *in loco parentis* to these helpless female emigrants, and to shelter and protect them until they could be comfortably provided for in the colony. She applied to the Governor for the use of a government building, which was conceded to her, with the cautious red-tape proviso, that Mrs. Chisholm "would guarantee the government against any expense." This she did, and the first "Female Emigrants' Home" was opened. She then appealed to the public for support, and her appeal was liberally responded to. She freely devoted her own time gratuitously to the protection of her humbler sisters.

Great success attended the establishment of the Female Emigrants' Home. It soon became crowded; and then she had to devote herself to obtaining situations for them, to make room for the fresh arrivals. As many of the female emigrants (a considerable proportion of whom were Irish) were found unsuitable for service in Sydney, but were well adapted for the rough country work of the interior, Mrs. Chisholm proceeded to form branch establishments in the principal towns throughout the colony, and travelled into the interior with this view, taking a large number of the young women with her. The great demand for female labor which everywhere existed enabled her to effect their settlement without much difficulty; and by forming committees of ladies, and opening many country depots, or homes, she provided for the settlement of many others who were to follow. Mrs. Chisholm's exertions were cheerfully aided by the inhabitants of the country districts; for she was doing them a great service, at the same time that she was providing for the comfortable settlement of her young *protégées*. In the first instance, she had to defray their travelling expenses, but

these were afterwards refunded ; the inhabitants of the districts providing supplies of the requisite food.

Where a District Emigrants' Home was established, handbills were distributed throughout the neighborhood, announcing that "Persons requiring Servants are provided with them on applying at this Institution." The young women were supported at the Emigrants' Home until places were found for them. Shortly after, Emigrants' Homes for men were in like manner established, and Mrs. Chisholm's operations at length assumed a colonial importance ; and when the success of her labors began to be apparent, she had no want of ardent co-operators and fellow-laborers. The following is the account which she herself gave of the progress of her work, before the Lords' Committee on Colonization, in the year 1848.

"I met with great assistance from the country committees. The squatters and settlers were always willing to give me conveyance for the people. I never wanted for provisions of any kind ; the country people always supplied them. A gentleman who was examined before your Lordships the other day — Mr. William Bradley, a native of the colony — called upon me, and told me that he approved of my views, and that, if I required anything in carrying my country plan into operation, I might draw upon him for money, provisions, horses, or indeed anything that I required. I had no necessity to draw upon him for a sixpence, the people met my efforts so readily ; but it was a great comfort for me at the time to be thus supported. I was never put to any expense in removing the people, except what was unavoidable. At public inns the females were sheltered, and I was provisioned myself, without any charge : my personal expenses at inns during my seven years' service amounted only to £1 18s. 6d. My efforts, however, were in various ways attended with considerable loss to myself : absence from home increased my family expenditure, and the clerical expense fell heavy

upon me ; in fact, in carrying on this work, the pecuniary anxiety and risk were very great. I will mention one impediment in the way of forwarding emigrants as engaged servants into the interior : numbers of the masters were afraid, if they advanced the money for their conveyance by the steamers, &c., they would never reach their stations. I met this difficulty, — advanced the money ; confiding in the good feeling of the man that he would keep to his agreement, and in the principle of the master that he would repay me. It is most gratifying to me to state, that although in hundreds of cases the masters were then strangers to me, I only lost throughout £16 by casualties. Sometimes I have paid as much as £40 for steamers and land conveyance.

“ My object was always to get one placed. I never attempted more than one at first. Having succeeded in getting one female servant in a neighborhood, I used to leave the feeling to spread. The first thing that gave me the idea that I could work in this manner was this : with some persuasion I induced a man to take a servant, who said that it would be making a fine lady of his wife. However, I spoke to him and told him the years his wife had been laboring for him ; this had the desired effect. The following morning I was told by a neighboring settler : ‘ You are quite upsetting the settlement, Mrs. Chisholm ; my wife is uncommonly cross this morning ; she says she is as good as her neighbor, and she must have a servant ; and I think she has as much right to one.’ It was amongst that class that the girls eventually married best. If they married one of the sons, the father and mother would be thankful ; if not, they would be protected as members of the family. They slept in the same room with their own daughters.

“ One of the most serious impediments I met with in transacting business in the country, was the application made for wives. Men came to me and said, ‘ Do make it known in Sidney what miserable men we are ; do send wives to us.’

The shepherds would leave their sheep, and would come for miles with the greatest earnestness for the purpose.

“I never did make a match, and I told them that I could not do anything of the kind; but the men used to say, ‘I know that, Mrs. Chisholm, but it is quite right that you should know how very thankful we shall be;’ and they would offer to pay the expense of conveyance, &c. I merely mention this to show the demand made for wives in the interior.

“Even up to this date they are writing to me, and begging that I will get their friends and relations to go. I am constantly receiving letters from them; they say that, ‘If my sister was here, she would do so well.’ Certainly I should not feel the interest I do in female emigration, if I did not look beyond providing families with female servants; if I did not know how much they are required as wives, and how much moral good may be done in this way.”

For six years Mrs. Chisholm was engaged in this admirable work, travelling many hundred miles to form branch committees and depots, sometimes convoying with her out of Sydney as many as one hundred and fifty females at one time. During that period she succeeded in settling, throughout the colony, not fewer than eleven thousand immigrants of both sexes, and doing the work which ought properly to have been done by the colonial government. She endeavored to induce the government to take upon itself the management and superintendence of the office for the settlement of emigrants which she established in Sydney, but without effect. The governor and the government emigration agent gave her great praise, and sent home reports glowing with gratitude for her philanthropic exertions in aid of the friendless emigrants; but they provided her with no substantial aid, confining themselves to empty words. The noble woman persevered with her work, not at all disheartened by the result of her repeated applications.



At length Mrs. Chisholm returned to England, — not to suspend her operations, but to extend them. Having planted her Local Committees and Emigrants' Homes all over the colony, where they are carefully superintended by the inhabitants of the several districts, she could venture to leave them and visit England with another noble purpose in view. Having provided the machinery for locating and settling emigrants on their arrival in New South Wales, she desired to rouse the mother country to send out its surplus laborers, its unemployed or half-employed, or greatly-underpaid women, to a country where they would be made welcome, and experience no difficulty in securing at least the means of comfort and physical well-being.

The most recent scheme which Mrs. Chisholm has originated, in connection with the same movement, is the Family Colonization Loan Society, whose object it is to aid poor and struggling families to emigrate, by advancing small loans for the purpose, to be afterwards repaid by them after reaching the colony; and also to effect the reunion of the separated members of families — parents and children, brothers and sisters, wives and husbands — in the Australian colonies, by the same means. For instance, by means of this society, servant-girls in Australia may remit through its agents their weekly contributions of two shillings towards the emigration of their parents, or for their support at home. Assistance is also given by the society in enabling parties to trace out and communicate with their relatives who have emigrated, and in other ways to keep up family relationships and restore domestic ties. And it is matter of gratification to know that the emigrants sent out by Mrs. Chisholm are more eagerly sought after and better liked in the colony than any that enter it. One of the notable features of these detachments of emigrants is this, that they are arranged into groups, each member of which is, to a certain extent, responsible for every other, no one being admitted except after due inquiry. Thus

all immoral contamination is avoided, and a high standard of character is maintained, while a kind of family relationship is established among the members of the several groups.

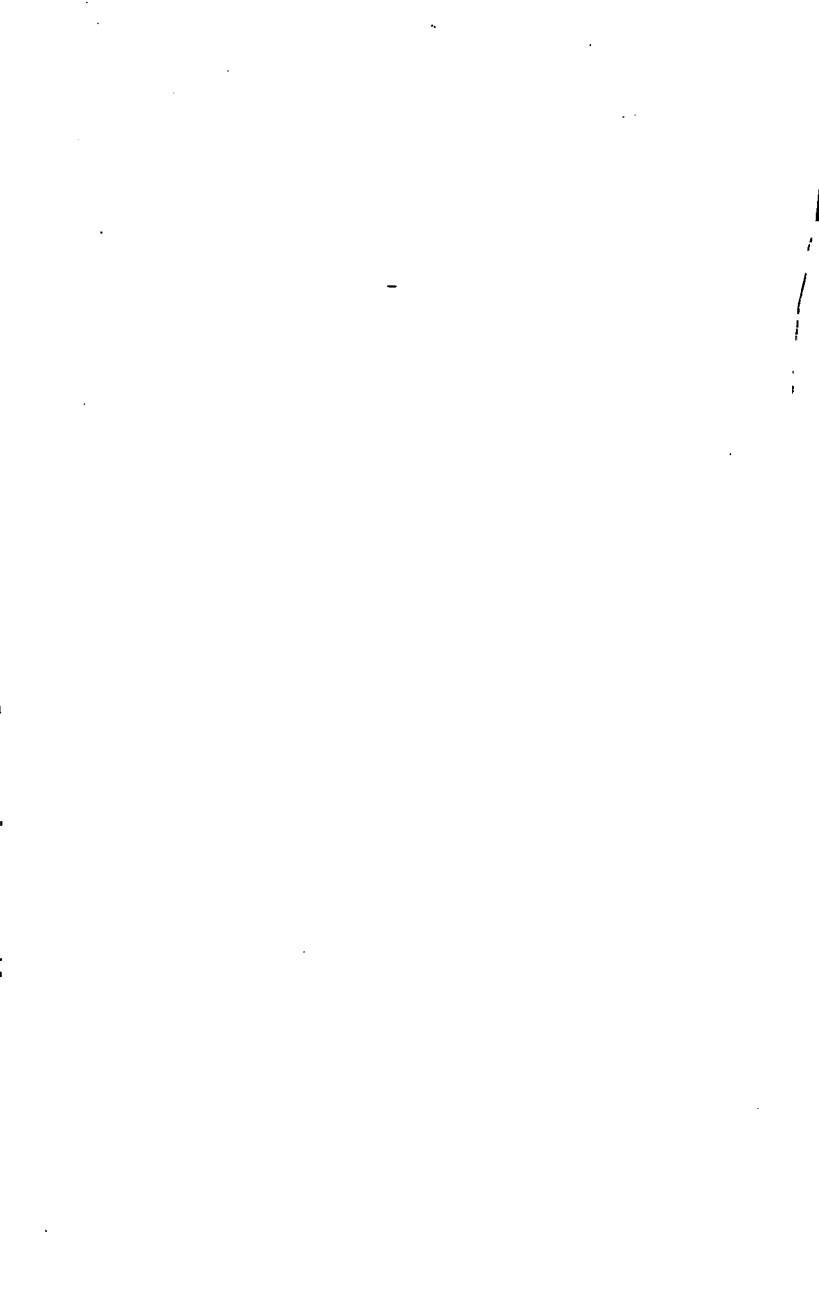
The practical good which Mrs. Chisholm is effecting, by her unwearied exertions in this cause, can scarcely be computed. She is the happy means of introducing many worthy and industrious individuals to positions of competency and independence; and is engaged, in the most effective way, in extending the influence of civilization and Christian liberty to the remote ends of the earth. What reward she may meet with among men may be of small moment to her, but of her greatest reward she is certain.

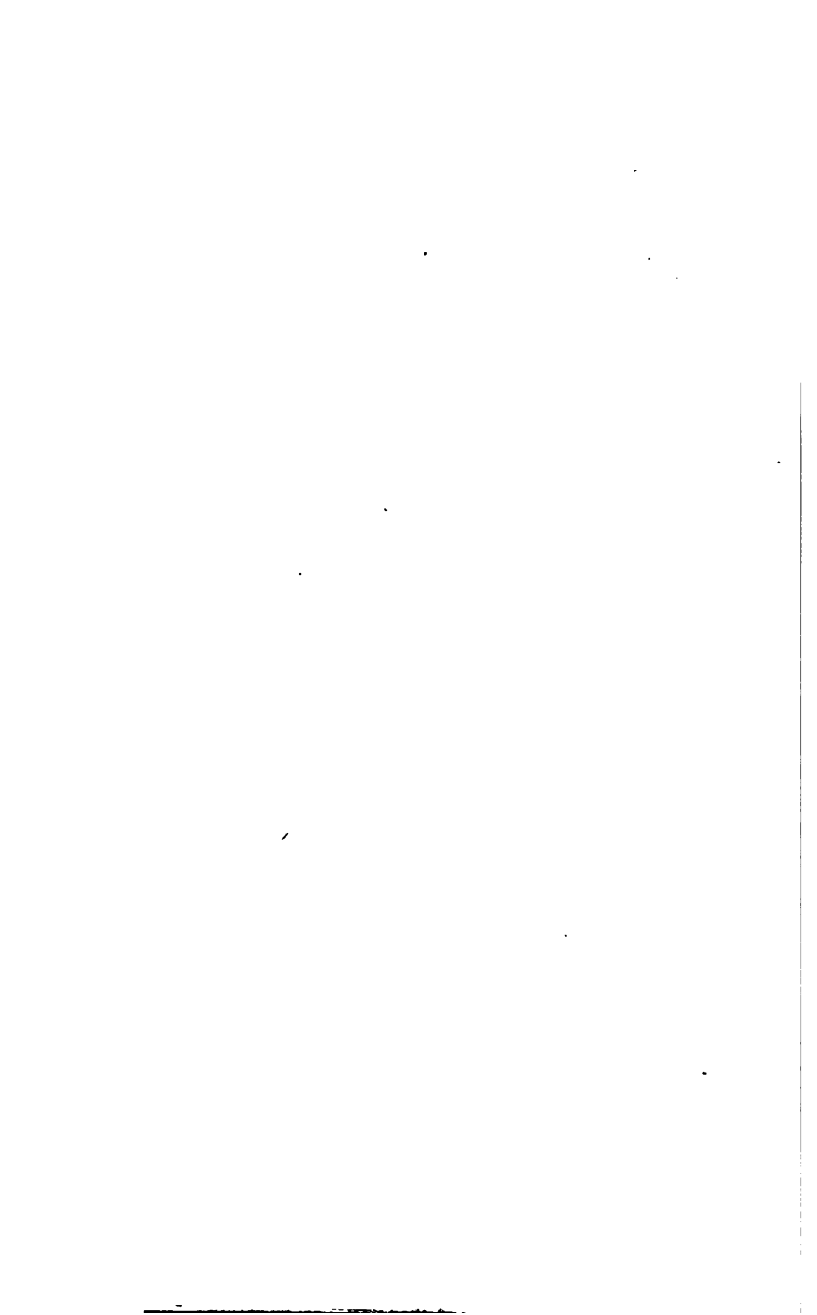
At one of the public meetings of emigrants in London, the Earl of Shaftesbury expressed his cordial admiration of the intelligent zeal and indefatigable exertions of Mrs. Chisholm. The audience, said he, had probably heard something of Bloomerism, the highest order of which Mrs. Chisholm had attained; for she had the heart of a woman, and the understanding of a man. He wished her "God speed," and prayed that she might be made more and more instrumental in carrying out her great and beneficent purposes. To which we add a hearty Amen!

THE END.

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